TORTURED BY RHEUMATISM

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brought Quick and Permanent Relief

MR. P. H. McHUGH

108 Church Street, Montreal.
December 10th, 1917.

"I was a great sufferer from *Rheumatism for over 16 years*, I consulted specialists, took medicines, used lotions; but nothing did me good. Then, I began to use "Fruit-a-tives"; and in 15 days, the pain was easier and the Rheumatism was better. Gradually, *"Fruit-a-tives" overcame my Rheumatism;* and now, for five years, I have had no return of the trouble. Also, I had severe *Eczema and Constipation*, and "Fruit-a-tives" relieved me of these complaints; and gave me a good appetite; and in every way restored me to health". P. H. McHUGH.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent post paid on receipt of price 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.

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—Mr. O. A. Patriquin.

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

Business meeting of the W. C. T. U. the last Friday of every month.

Limit to Forbearance.

Levy Mayer, the well known Chicago lawyer, told the following temperance atory at a banquet recently:

'A long rangy woman accosted the parson on the street one day and said, 'parson, Bill was drunk again last night.'

'Too bad,' sympathized the parson, adding, 'but if you would have a little patience with William, I am sure you could work miracles with him.'

But the woman shook her head.

'Looks to me as if I'd tried patience and forbearance long enough. Talking about forbearance, don't I go for weeks at a time without speaking to the cuss, no matter what he asks me?

'And when it comes to patience, why parson, I've locked him out of the house more times than I've got fingers and toes; and time and again I've sewed him up in a sheet when he was full and walloped him till I was so tired I was ready to drop.

'I've bolted him in the hen house for three days at a time and see if he'd sign the pledge, and I've put vinegar in his booze so it would make him sick, and waited with the patience of Job to see if it would do any good, but it didn't.

'No, parson, it's going to take more than patience and forbearance to cure that man.'

Drank Up His Saw Mill.

A piece of excellent advice is contained in an incident some one tells as follows:—

Tom met an old friend, who was formerly a prosperous young lumber man up in northern Minnesota, but whose bad habits of drinking brought him to a pretty 'hard-up' condition, although he has since reformed and is doing better.

'How are you?' asked Tom.

'Pretty well, thank you; I have just seen a doctor to have him examine my throat.'

'What's the matter?'

'Well, the doctor couldn't give me any encouragement. At least he could not find what I want to find.'

'What did you expect him to find?

'I asked him to look down my throat for the saw mill and farm that had gone down there in drink.'

'And did he see anything of it?'

'No; but he advised me if ever I got another mill to run it by water.'

A TWO-FOLD DUTY

Many thoughtful mothers first give their children

Scott's Emulsion

regularly—and then *take it themselves.* ● It is a tonic-food that contains elements as needful to an adult as to a child. ● *Build up your strength—try Scott's.*

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 22-4

The Losses of the Guards Serve as an Illustration Of Price Paid by England

BRITAIN'S sacrifices in blood, in treasure, and in the self-denial of her people will never be fully realized by the nations whose mainstay and prop she was during the course of the long-drawn-out war. Late comers in the struggle, no matter how valuable their services to the Allied cause, will never be able to grasp the magnitude of Britain's part, and, indeed, are sometimes inclined to minimize it while magnifying their own. The State of New York, for instance, is still agog over the home-coming of its own 27th Division, and still indulging, through its press and politicians, in rather remarkable claims as to the sacrifices and accomplishments of that excellent body of soldiers.

Generally speaking, an American division consists of 25,000 men, and that is the figure given by New York papers in dealing with the 27th, whose total casualties are announced as 8,237, including 58 officers and 1,288 men killed, 9 officers and 356 men died of wounds, 129 officers and 4,479 men wounded, 49 officers and 1,604 men gassed, and the balance being made up of missing men and some who died from other causes than battle. That is a heavy enough casualty list; it means mourning for many, and suffering to the end of their lives for others. But to get an understanding of its comparison with the sacrifices of British manhood it should be read together with the following figures from the London Times relative to the losses during the war of the Guards' Division, which at full strength numbers about 16,000 men:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Grenadiers	4,629	7,176	87
Coldstreams ...	3,606	9,759	113
Scots'	2,134	4,151	595
Irish	2,257	5,739	117
Welsh	855	1,755	2
Guards' Machine-gun Regt. ...	180	1,599	1
Total	13,671	30,179	915

An aggregate of 44,765 killed, wounded, and missing, or more than one and a half times the full strength of the 27th Division, and over three times the strength of the Guards' own division. Many honors were won by the Guards— 24 Victoria Crosses, 132 Distinguished Service Orders, and hundreds of lesser distinctions. But their premier honor will be that to the end they maintained their great traditions, the men who filled up their depleted ranks from time to time proving worthy of their immortal predecessors of "the originals."

The Rule of the Road.

In France the rule of the road is, "Keep to the right"; in England, to the left; and in consquence demobilized motor drivers are finding it difficult to get back to the British custom.

In a press interview, Mr. Blain, the honorary secretary of the London Safety First Council, said:—

"The London General Omnibus Co.'s demobilized drivers are to receive special instructions. But there would be fewer accidents in London if the pedestrian rule of the pavement were altered from 'Keep to the right' into 'keep to the left.' This would mean that the rule of the road and of the pavement would be the same. As it is, when people step off the pavement in passing a crowded spot, they have their backs to the traffic.

"Nearly 40 per cent. of the fatal street accidents are due to this departure from the logical course of things. It would be comparatively easy to alter the rule of the pavement, but to change the rule of the round would involve much money and many difficulties. For instance, all staircases on public vehicles would have to be reconstructed; steering wheels and drivers' seats generally readjusted; tram points altered; and British horses asked to unlearn the habit of a lifetime."

"Flu" In South Africa.

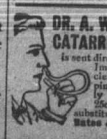
Believing that thousands of lives could have been saved during the terrible influenza epidemic in South Africa had the country been at all prepared for fighting the spread of disease, efforts are being made by the Influenza Commission in Johannesburg to perfect a "skeleton organization" which could be mobilized with great speed should the emergency recur. A Public Health bill, before Parliament in February, provided the machinery for dealing with such outbreaks and strengthened the maritime quarantine, which, it is generally thought, was not severe enough during the epidemic. For the rural districts, however, always the greatest sufferers, the commission seems at a loss to prescribe. "The medical equipment of the Union has been starved in the past," says the Johannesburg Times, "and reforms ought to be introduced without waiting for another calamity."

Preserved His Dignity.

"You stupid man!" exclaimed the exasperated lady, "why in the world did you get seats for 'Madame Butterfly' when I distinctly told you I wanted to hear 'Pagliacci'?" "Well, my dear," was the explanation, "I had to preserve my dignity. When I reached the ticket window I forgot how to pronounce that thing!"

Farming Without Records.

You wouldn't play a game of any kind without determining who was the winner when it was finished, would you? Farming without keeping records is the same thing, except that you are liable to wake up some morning and find that you have lost the game when you had thought you were winning.



DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops dropings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 25c. a box; blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Consequences.

Consequences are unpitying. Our deeds carry their terrible consequences, quite apart from any fluctuations that went before—consequences that are hardly ever confined to ourselves.

Sooner or later what we really believe will work its way into action, and what we think and what we do will one day be in accord. That is one great danger of unrestrained thought.

Boil new potatoes in their jackets, peel and arrange in a vegetable dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley and a little melted butter just before serving.

It is one thing for the professors to talk about the proper time to cut hay and another thing to guess the weather in advance long enough to make it.

The Silo In Western Canada

One of the Recently Built Albertan Silos.

On a Western Cattle Ranch.

To raise two head of cattle where only one could otherwise be raised—that is what thousands of farmers all over the American continent have been able to do with the help of silos. It is no wonder, then, that as the land in Western Canada is becoming more settled, silos should be making their appearance in greater and greater numbers there. Already in Manitoba many farmers are beginning to look upon the silo as a necessary part of the farm, and more than a hundred of them are in use in various parts of the province. Saskatchewan and Alberta, together have probably about half the number as Manitoba, and the number in all the provinces is being slowly but surely added to every year.

With plenty of unoccupied prairie land growing an abundance of nutritious grasses the cattle feed problem in Western Canada has not been a really difficult one in the past. During the summer months the stock could forage over a large section of the country and there was no need for the owner to compute how many acres would support a cow. The obtaining of winter feed was just a matter of energy—a man could have as much hay as he could cut, free for the cutting. With such conditions as these, and they still prevail in many parts of the country, the need for silos has not been greatly felt up to now.

But the days of free range are drawing to a close. Already there are parts of the country where little or none is to be had. And as the country is getting more and more settled, and, moreover, as a system of mixed farming is becoming the rule throughout every province, even in those parts where for many years straight grain growing was practised, the need for some additional means of ensuring a steady supply of feed all the year round is beginning to make itself felt in various parts of Western Canada.

Silos will, therefore, continue to spring up throughout the country. Nea. Lacombe, Alberta, a ranching company, which has made a great reputation for the quality of beef it produces, is contemplating the erection of four new silos this year. This company has found with the silos it has in use that it can maintain double the number of cattle hitherto supported on the same area of land. Many smaller farmers are having the same experience. It is, as one farmer aptly expressed it, "like getting another farm for nothing." In times not long past it was not difficult to get a farm "for nothing" or "next to nothing" almost anywhere in Western Canada, and although land is still very cheap compared with its productive capacity, it is not always easy for a farmer in older settled districts to expand, and the only thing for him to do to increase his production, and thus his prosperity, is to intensify his methods. That this stage is being reached in some districts is a good sign for the future development of the country.

In the large irrigated area in Southern Alberta east of the growing city of Calgary, there is on foot a movement that may eventually lead to the establishment of silos on most of the farms in this territory. It is a country admirably suited for dairying and other branches of the livestock industry, capable of producing sufficient food for the support of hundreds of thousands of horses, cattle, sheep or swine. Most of the farms are for Western Canada, on the small side, generally from 80 to 320 acres each. But the soil is wonderfully fertile, and with an assured supply of moisture made possible by irrigation, will grow abundant crops of grain and fodders, including wheat, oats, barley, alfalfa, various kinds of grasses and clovers, and also roots and vegetables. For ensilage purposes, corn, sunflowers, alfalfa, peas, oats, and many other crops can be grown. In years to come this part of Alberta will be one of the greatest food producing areas in the world.

What crops are used for ensilage purposes in Western Canada? In Manitoba corn is mostly used, but in Alberta peas and oats are most popular. Other crops used are sudan grass, millets, rape, buckwheat and alfalfa. Sunflower is also being tried, but at present it is only in the experimental stage. The success with which peas and oats are grown, the enormous yields and high feeding value of the mixture, together with its succulence, palatability and flavour, account for its popularity and it will always maintain a leading place with the farmers of the most westerly of the Prairie Provinces, no matter what strides may be made in the growth of suitable varieties of corn.

Silos are coming to stay in Western Canada. Their appearance in slowly increasing numbers is a landmark in the development of the country. As they increase in numbers the prosperity of the country will grow, and, as one far-sighted man has put it, "Western Canada will then not only be the granary of the world, but a universal provisioner as well."

From Fighting to Farming

(1) A Soldier and His Family on a C. P. R. Colony Farm. (2) A Soldier Seeding the Soil. (3) A Typical Colony Farmstead.

Not many months ago two men were in the same battalion in France—the one an officer, the other a private. They both were in at the end and in the short interval since the armistice was signed have come back to Western Canada, received their discharge from the army, and are now occupying neighboring farms in one of the farm colonies prepared for returned soldiers by the Canadian Pacific Railway in Southern Alberta.

Here in these colonies are soldiers of all ranks, a number of whom were in the firing line up to the signing of the armistice. What surprises one most is that so many of them have so soon got back to practical work again and the Canadian Pacific Railway is to be congratulated on having had the foresight to adopt a practical scheme which has made it possible for a large number of men to begin farming on their own account in so short a space of time after their release from military duties. But this company has a reputation for making it easy for the right kind of men to get a start at farming, and its soldiers' settlement scheme is only an elaboration of its original "Ready Made Farm" and settlement plans, by means of which many of Western Canada's most successful farmers were enabled to begin farming in a new country under most favourable circumstances and which has contributed in no small measure to their present success.

The soldier settler in these farm colonies has an unusual opportunity to make good. He finds on the farm a comfortable house ready for him to move into with his family soon after. There is a good barn for his horses and cows, his water supply is provided for, his farm is fenced and he has forty acres of land broken and ready for crop which will bring him a revenue during his first season. For this farm he is not required to pay anything for three years; time enough to give a man an opportunity to bring his farm to a fine state of development and with average luck to have acquired a fair sized bank account as well.

Moreover, if he is unable to purchase live stock, farm implements and seed, he is provided with a team of horses and harness, two cows, a sow, some poultry, some necessary implements and small tools and seed for his forty acres, for which payment is to be made under an agreement entered into for the purpose.

Some of the larger implements are available for use by the colonists in common, a set being allotted to every three farms and use by them in turn under the direction of the colony superintendent. A fixed charge per day is made for the use of these implements.

The colony superintendent is an expert agriculturist and it is his duty to assist the colonists with advice as to the best manner of conducting their farming operations. His headquarters is the central control farm, a farm somewhat larger than the rest of the farms in the colony, which is used largely for demonstration purposes, and among other functions, serves as a supply depot for male live stock. The central control farm is situated at a point most conveniently reached by all the settlers in the colony and will no doubt become their chief meeting place.

A more enthusiastic community of farmers will be hard to find anywhere than those in process of formation in these veterans' colonies in Alberta. To see the men at work, for themselves, on their own farms, after what they have gone through is an inspiring sight. The spirit of mutual help and comradeship that is everywhere evident, speaks well for the success of the venture. These farm colonies are sure to become centres of considerable agricultural activity.

Used For Shaving.

Many men are troubled, more particularly in the cold weather, with a sort of roughness of the skin or eczema caused by shaving. The application of Dr. Chase's Ointment after the shave soon cures the trouble and by using it after each shave you keep the skin soft and prevent irritation and soreness. Because of its antiseptic qualities this ointment prevents and cures Barber's Itch.

A man in a certain Irish regiment had lost an arm at Ypres, and was found a job at minding a level crossing on a railway. One of the officials explained his duties to him and showed him the different flags and the way they were used.

'You'll wave this green flag,' he said, 'if everything is all right, but if a train is coming along and you think there is any danger ahead you wave this red flag.'

Pat interruptedly hurriedly, 'No, that'll never do,' he declared, shaking his head. 'I'd never trust meself to remember to wave a red flag when there was a green one handy.'

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Fate at Long Range

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS

(Copyright)

It was somewhere about midnight when a frantic ringing of my bell startled me into throwing the book I had been reading to the floor, and rushing to the great old-fashioned oaken entrance.

I had but recently moved into Trivorton, and had made no firm friendships, nor even acquaintances. My small, six-line advertisement was in the only paper published in the place.

My Great Dane growled, being unused to having his early slumbers thus disturbed.

With the exception of the Great Dane, I was alone. I had permitted my only servant, an old man, to go to visit his sister, almost as old, who was ill.

Opening the door, I saw in the clear, cold light of a winter moon, a young girl. She was pale, extremely agitated and decidedly pretty.

"Oh! Are you Mr. Bayne?" she asked.

"Yes, my name is Bayne—David Bayne," I answered. "In what way may I be of assistance to you?"

"You are a lawyer?"

"Yes, I am a lawyer."

"Then—let me talk to you a moment. We—I—my father—"

"Please take a moment to get your breath. You are excited. My office is rather chilly. Suppose I accompany you to your house. You wish to consult me, I suppose?"

"Yes, come with me. That is why I came here. My father is dying. Is there a printed form of will?"

"Ah! Your father wishes to make his will? I will be with you in a moment. But I know of no printed form of will. However, it will take me but a moment to write it."

"My father is Donald Redbagh," said the girl.

"He wants to make his will," went on the girl with a choking sort of sob, "but I don't want you to write it for him."

"You don't want me to write your father's will?" I asked in amazement. "Does he wish you to be left without inheritance?"

"No. He wants to leave me everything."

"And yet you don't wish—it seems to me there is something more to this than the mere desire of a sick man to make a will. Please explain."

"He has taken a violent dislike to my brother. He wishes to cut him off with a hundred dollars. I do not want that."

"How much is he worth?"

"More than a million."

"You see," she went on, "my brother Donald married—married a poor girl against my father's wishes. Yet I like her, and do not—you understand—I do not wish him cut off. You are a lawyer. You will know how to manage."

"But if he wishes to make a will, I must write it as he commands," I answered.

"Well—I suppose so—but it will be hard on Don."

As we entered the wide iron gateway the girl turned to me again.

"The doctor is with him now. Try to persuade him to be fair."

"The doctor?"

"No. My father. Don't let him die leaving a will that is unjust."

I had no time to reply, and I could not have framed an answer if I tried. A tall, thin old servant answered her ring, and I was ushered into a bedroom where a man lay huddled in a heap of bedclothes, and a grave, intelligent man I had seen driving about the streets sat close at his side.

"You are Byrnes?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Mr. Redbagh wishes to make his will. You will need to—"

He glanced at me significantly. He did not need to finish the sentence. I could see it but a spark of life remained in the shriveled old frame, and that spark was going fast.

"Write—write—" gasped the sick man. "Leave all to Edna. Just a hundred dollars to Donald."

Alone with him, and with a strange feeling of repugnance, I began writing as he ordered.

It was a brief will. He simply left one hundred dollars to his son Donald, and all the residue of his estate, after his funeral expenses had been paid, to his daughter Edna.

While I was writing, a young man entered. He was well set-up, a manly looking young fellow, and there was nothing in his appearance that was not pleasing.

"Father," he said in a low, well-modulated voice, "I am going. Will you shake hands?"

With a scream that seemed beyond his waning strength, the sick man half raised himself on his elbow.

"No!" he said sharply, although feebly. "Shake hands with you? Go. I thought you had gone."

"I know you ordered me out yesterday," said the young man. "I was not here all night. I am going for good now. I wanted to take your hand before I left."

"Go!"

The young man stood for a moment with bowed head. It seemed to me his lips moved. Then he stepped noiselessly to a large oaken cabinet, opened a drawer, took something from it, and thrust it in his pocket.

Again the sick man and I were alone.

I placed the will on a book and held it before the dying man. The doctor bent over him and lifted him. He took the pen and reached out toward the line on which I indicated he should place his signature.

Suddenly the hand that held the pen dropped. A sound, indescribable, came from him, and with a slight gush of blood from a bullet-wound in the right temple, he fell over—dead.

The doctor stared at me.

"Through the window," he said.

He bent himself to the task of holding back the end. It was useless.

"His son," said the physician. "We'll get him. You go—you two. I must do what I can."

The butler and I raced like two maniacs from the room and out into the crisp night air.

"He is not here, sir," said the thin old fellow.

"We can't let this wait," I said. "The police must be notified."

"Yes—the police," said Simmons in a bewildered manner. "Did you hear the shot, sir?"

"No."

This was the first thought that had struck me. I had heard no shot.

We went out through the iron gate and raced like two madmen along the street. The butler knew the way. I had not yet learned enough of Trivorton to be sure where to find the police.

It did not take us long to tell the story—what we had to tell.

The police officer in charge showed the eagerness characteristic of the sleuth.

I told how the son had asked his father to shake hands. How he had been ordered from the house. And how he had taken something from the cabinet and thrust it in his pocket.

"It's a clear enough case," said the officer. "He must have been watching at the window, and fired just as the old man was about to sign the will. We'll have him. There is no way out of Trivorton before six in the morning."

All the available force was at once put on the case.

I followed with a frenzied sort of fascination all the movements of the police.

Miss Redbagh by this time had been aroused, and sat, dry-eyed and half-stunned, at the bedside of her father.

There had been a way out of Trivorton that night. At half-past seven in the morning Miss Redbagh received a telegram.

"Dear Edna:

Millie and I reached Baldwin at three this morning. I borrowed your horse, and we drove over. I am sending the horse back in care of a man from the hotel here. Don't mind about the will. I am going to work.

"Lovingly,

"DONALD."

"Baldwin—three in the morning," said the police officer in charge of the investigation. "If that's true, he never fired that shot."

"Who did?" I asked helplessly.

"We must verify the telegram first."

Now thoroughly determined to know the end of it, I accompanied two detectives to Baldwin.

At the hotel we learned that Donald Redbagh and his wife did arrive there (twenty miles away) at three o'clock that morning. The shot that killed his father had been fired at half-past one.

"The girl—was she in sympathy with her brother?" asked the detective.

"Yes," I said hesitatingly; "but she never shot her father. The will was all in her favor."

Back we went to Trivorton. The doctor had probed for the bullet.

"You thought young Redbagh took a revolver," he said. "This is a rifle-ball. We heard no shot. It was an accident. I am convinced that no murder was committed. And since the man is dead, I am ready to admit that a great injustice was prevented. Donald married a poor girl, and Redbagh was always a—well—he's dead."

In a small town like Trivorton such a case becomes the main topic of conversation. Sleepless, I was in the police station at about five that same afternoon, when a boy came in, white-face, frightened, and carrying under his arm a small rifle.

"I'll give myself up," he said. "I think I shot Mr. Redbagh, although I didn't mean to do so. I was out after rabbits. It's fun on a bright, moonlight night. My dog had scared up several, and I guess I got to shooting wild. Do you think I'll have to go to prison?

Everybody breathed a sigh of relief. The chief of police looked at me peculiarly.

"Redbagh was about gone, wasn't he?" he asked.

"He couldn't have lived through the night."

"The girl is true to her brother?"

"Yes, and Donald to her."

"What's your name?" asked the chief of the frightened boy.

"Tom Wyner."

"The doctor's son?"

"Yes, sir. My father was with Mr. Redbagh, and I was out on the old rye field. I might have shot my father."

"I don't know—I don't know but what we'll keep the rifle," said the chief. "As for you, if you are wanted, we'll send for you. It is not certain that it was your bullet, anyway. Still, the weapon is dangerous at night for a boy to handle."

As I look back, remembering the impressions made on me that night, the favorable light in which I looked on Donald Redbagh, the hardness of his father, the bitterness of fate, I wonder—I wonder if there was not something more than a boy's chance shot in it all. For I was always a believer in the justness of fate.

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.

OTHER FARMS FOR SALE.

At Church St.; Cornwallis
Upper Canard
Hortonville
Annie M. Stuart,
Broker.

Grand Pre, April 8th, 1919.

Public Notice!

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Robert Shaw, late of Avonport, merchant, 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:

L. R. SHAW } Administrators
F. R. COX }

Avonport, May 30, 1919.

Charles Hogan, C. E.

Provincial Land Surveyor

Surveys, Plans, Levelling & Estimates.
Church Street.

Greenwich, Kings Co., N. S.
Long distance telephone, Wolfville exchange.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

Far more effective than Sticky Fly Catchers. Clean to handle. Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere.

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—8-10 a. m., 1-3, 7-9 p. m.

D. S. HART,

Consulting Accountant and Auditor.

Wolfville and Halifax.

If You Have Funds

to invest and want advice notify me and I will call.

R. W. TUFTS

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Phone 10

Geo. C. Farrell, O. D.

Webster St., Kentville
Every Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
Appointments for Examination of the Eyes may be made by mail or phone. 44

PUBLIC NOTICE!

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Avard J. Woodman, late of Wolfville, merchant and undertaker, deceased, are requested to renderthe 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 FOSHAY, Administrator.

Wolfville, October 5, 1919

An unhappy divorce scandal was being discussed in the presence of an English official.

'Poor Smith!' a banker sighed. 'To fall at the age of sixty-nine! He'd climbed to the very top of the moral ladder, too. In fact, he was a Sunday school superintendent. How strange that at sixty-nine Smith should fall from the ladder's top!'

'But wasn't there a woman at the bottom of it?' laughed the official.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A young surgeon, invited out to dinner, was asked to carve a fowl, and not having done so before, he failed lamentably. Instead of trying to cover his confusion the hostess called attention to it pointedly by looking down the table and saying loudly, 'Well, you may be a very clever surgeon but if I wanted a leg off I should not come to you to do it.' 'No, madame,' he replied politely, 'but then, you see, you are not a chicken.'

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A trained nurse was taking care of Jack's grandfather. After having been in the family for some time it became necessary for her to leave and a new nurse was employed. She was a practical nurse and Jack had heard his family discuss the difference between the two nurses. The next day Jack said to his teacher: 'We have a new nurse at our house, half trained and half wild.'

'Where did you find the prisoner, constable?' asked the magistrate. 'In Trafalgar square, sir,' was the reply. 'And what made you think he was intoxicated?' 'Well, sir, he was throwing his walking stick into the fountain and trying to entice one of the stone lions to go and fetch it out again.'

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Wonderous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine—graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

Doctor—You allow no beer in the house, Hubby—No; my wife and I never drink anything but wine and water. 'In what proportion do you take it?' 'I drink the wine and my wife drinks the water!'

St. Swithin's Day this year was bright and clear.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds