SPECIALIST SAID HE MUST OPERATE

She Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES" Instead, And Is Now in Perfect Health.

MME. F. GAREAU

153 Papineau Ave., Montreal.

"For three years, I suffered great pain in the lower part of my body, with swelling or bloating. I saw a specialist, who carefully examined me and gave me several tonics to take, which did not help me. Then he told me I must undergo an operation. This, I refused to permit.

I heard about '*Fruit-a-tives*' and the wonderful results it was giving because *this medicine is made from fruit juices*, so decided to try it.

The first box gave great relief; and I continued the treatment, taking six boxes more. Now, my health is excellent — I am free of pain and swelling—and I give 'Fruit-a-tives' my warmest thanks".

MME. F. GAREAU,

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent 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, or organize.

OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION.

President—Mrs. I. W. Sleep.
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White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Dr. McKenna.
Loyal Temperance Legion—Miss Keen.
Red Cross Work—Mrs. J. Vaughn.

N. S. Women to Vote.

ANNOUNCEMENT MADE AT OPENING OF LEGISLATURE—GRANT FOR HALIFAX.

Halifax, Feb. 21.—The extension of the electoral franchise to women on the same terms as now enjoyed by men is promised in the speech from the throne delivered at the opening of the Nova Scotia Legislature this afternoon by the Lieut.-Governor.

"To the Day"

We are told has been the drinking slogan for many years among the German and Prussian war lords.

The best women of this country, too, have been planning, working and hoping forward 'to a day,' but not the day of the Kaiser's dream of world domination and a people under an iron heel.

We have been looking forward 'to the day,' when every boy should have more than a fighting chance given to him to develop sobriety—and every woman should have her chance to vote out oppression, greed and graft—and to vote in purity, liberty and justice.

THAT DAY IS AT HAND.

The boy is to have his chance, and the woman to have her's and what is she going to do about it?

We must not forget that there are women and women, just as there are men and men—and that all women have not got the right vision—and that her possibilities may develop for woe as well as weal.

Whether or not this shell come to pass depends largely upon the efforts the women of broader vision exert during these history making days. Is not this the time for us to bend our energies more than ever along the lines of educational work among all classes of women?

A vote is a dangerous thing in the hands of one who has not made any study of public affairs and who has left herself open to the impulse of the moment and the strongest pressure that may be brought to bear upon her when the time for action arrives.

It is a dangerous thing in the hands of one who has never given much thought to moral issues—or who may have an indifferent or even a low conception of moral standards. This class of people is always with us and they will continue to come in greater numbers from other countries.

Is it possible for us to start these women thinking along right lines?

Is it possible through the right kind of literature or personal effort to train their conceptions of right and wrong so we shall decline to find them trained when the day comes to vote in more impartial laws.

Is it possible to canvas all classes in the interest of non-partizanship in politics and of an open mind to the moral issues at stake?

Is it possible to arrest thought among thousands of our own younger women, in reference to the weakness of the law as it affects their own sex? as it affects widows and orphans, the mother and father of the illegitimate child—the Red Light question—and the Scarlet Woman, etc., etc?

In short the question comes to us not only are we prepared to make good when our hour comes, but what can we do to that others—the great mass of unorganized Canadian womanhood—may make good also?

MRS. JOSIE MCALLISTER.

A Constipation Cure

A druggist says: "For nearly thirty years I have recommended 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." 50 drops thrice daily. Get the Genuine, at druggists.

The Management of the Draining.

(EXPERIMENTAL FARM NOTE.)

At the Experimental Station, Ste. Anne de la Pocatiere, Que., an experiment on drainage has been conducted, the results of which should be of great interest to farmers, as they teach an eloquent lesson in favor of good soil drainage, a practice which should be encouraged as much as possible in these days when maximum production is the duty of every farmer.

A certain area of level land was taken for the experiment and divided into two fields A and B absolutely similar in every way. Field A was under drained by means of three-inch tile placed at a depth of four feet and thirty feet apart. Field B was not tile drained but had perfect surface drainage. The raw fields were cultivated and treated exactly alike; rotation, cultural methods, manure, choice and quality of seed etc., being the same in each case.

Close observation has shown that the larger yields were obtained on the tile drained area each year than on that which was only surface drained. The difference was rather small the year following the laying of the tile, was larger the following year and became quite marked the third year. It was most marked among crops like corn which require more warmth. In 1917 the crop of corn on the tile drained area was more than twice as great as that on the undrained field, the exact difference being 108 per cent., wheat yielding 72 per cent. more and hay 20 per cent. It might, however, be noted that the fact that the season of 1917 was exceptionally late and damp and gave special advantage to the drained area and the results might not be so marked in a normal year.

The difference in crop yields, however, is not the only point in favor of tile drainage, there are other good effects also. After three years the experiment has proved that the soil of the tile drained area has become much more porous and more mellow, than the soil which was only surface drained. It can be cultivated more easily and can be worked and sown earlier in the spring. It will be readily seen that this is of great importance in Eastern Quebec where the springs are often late and the growing season relatively short. Beside this while the soil on the undrained area dried and cracked, allowing the crops to make hardly any growth during the dry weather in July, the drained land did not show the least cracking and the plants continued their development uninterruptedly. This difference is easily explained; the drained soil was left permeable to air and moisture, the air circulated freely and the moisture rose by capillary action without difficulty through the sub soil to the roots, while the undrained soil hardened and split, and the roots withered for lack of air and moisture.

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 dropping in the throat, and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 50c. a box, blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

The Minister's Missing Wife.

A most astounding slander is reported in the columns of a church paper. As it 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 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.'

I consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the BEST Liniment in use.

I got my foot badly jammed lately. I bathed it well with MINARD'S LINIMENT, and it was as well as ever next day.

Yours very truly,
T. G. McMULLEN

He—'You look nice enough to eat.'

She—'Well, don't forget that this is a meatless day.'

The Husking Bee

By Sarah Estelle Balcom

The husking bee was at its height of jollity and excitement when Ned Dawson was lifted to the seventh heaven of ecstacy. All the evening he had moved about and made a show of stripping the long crisp ears of corn, with eyes only for Arline Woolson.

Three times she had brought to view a red ear and had been speedily captured by her male companion. Then, with pain and longing Ned had seen a kiss stolen from her damask cheek.

Just now he was passing her. The seat beside her was vacant. She darted a bright glance as this shy, but deserving suitor at a distance. She drew aside the skirt of her tasteful merino dress invitingly, making room for him.

"Oh, thank you!" he almost gasped, and amid his confusion upset the high basket between them. Then he nervously set at work at the basket to his left, so dazed, yet happy, that he was all at sea.

"Why, you are helping the next girl and she has a partner," cried Arline, with a sweet trilling laugh. "This is your husking basket. I have found three red ears already."

"I—I wish they were all red ears," stammered Ned, and then at the playful, yet seemingly chiding glance of Arline he dropped his eyes, abashed. She forgave him by sitting up close to him, a teasing curl about the corners of her merry lips.

"I—I am going to the dance up at Bartley's Saturday evening," he happened to say, and halted there.

"I hope you will have a splendid time," said Arline.

"If I only had company," he began, and blushed like a school boy, and felt the ordeal of the moment too much for him.

"There is your sister," suggested Arline heartlessly. "I don't know better company anywhere than Edna. Oh, dear!"

"A red ear!" rang out an excited chorus.

"Catch her, quick, Dawson!" shouted his neighbor. "She runs like a fawn."

This time that was just what Arline did. She was out of sight by the time Ned had crossed the threshold of the big double barn doors.

"Coo-ee!" rang out her clear, tantalizing tones from covert. Then the flashing edge of her dress guided him to a thicket. Thence a sight of twinkling, aggravating feet led him to where a heap of hay shut her out. Round and round the yard, with all its numerous hiding places, he pursued, to find no further trace of her.

He came back to the barn and unobtrusively regained his seat. Amid the dancing that had now begun he was unnoticed. He looked eagerly, but vainly for Arline. His heart sank. "She did not want me to kiss her, but she let the others!" he choked up.

Then his eye fit upon the red ear at his feet that Arline had dropped in her flight. He darted a searching glance all about. No one was looking. Ned seized the precious reminder of bright smiles and dancing eyes, thrust it guiltily into his bosom, arose, went outside and started drearily for home with a muffled sob.

"It's strange, Arline," said Ned's sister confidentially, meeting her friend on the street a few days later, "but Ned is acting peculiarly. Mother says he is in love. If he is, he keeps it close to himself, but mother found some kernels of red corn in his bed. Well, I watched, and what do you think? Ned puts an ear of red corn under his pillow every night. I saw him take it off from the bureau last night and kiss it."

Arline looked sedate, almost solemn.

"Yes," she murmured, "he must have met some girl at the husking bee who struck his fancy."

"But it don't seem to make him very happy. Ned mopes around evenings, don't go anywhere and has written to a friend in the city to find him a position."

"Oh, he mustn't leave, Edna," cried Arline, and then checked herself. "I—I mean he shouldn't," corrected Arline, blushing furiously. "He is just the nicest young man in town."

Then Arline hurried away unceremoniously, and turning a corner, and out of sight of Edna, she brushed her eyes suspiciously.

"Poor fellow! and it is frivolous, heartless me who has done all this wicked harm," she choked up. "Oh, dear, and how can I mend it?"

Arline tried to, at any rate. She made it a point to stroll about the streets where there was a chance of meeting Ned. Once she saw him a square distance, coming her way, and set her face to look its prettiest and most winning, but evidently Ned had noticed her and turned into a side lane.

"I have broken his heart and he despises me," wailed the unhappy Arline.

Two days after that Arline saw Ned, with bowed head and wretched mien, pass the house. He disappeared where a stretch of woods began. She followed him.

Ned came to a fallen tree, took out a pocket knife and began digging in the soft, yielding earth beside it. His lips were set grimly. His face was a map of blank despair. He took from his bosom the red ear of corn.

"The funeral of all my hopes," he mourned, and placed the red ear in the hole he had dug.

Then he lifted the prized token of the husking bee to his lips. Sadly, but reverently, he held it there for a moment. He closed his eyes in mournful thought.

And all the time Arline was in sight and hearing. She had stolen after him into the wood, troubled with maidenly scruples, tempered, however, with a sense of culpability that stirred her heart to kinder emotions. Then, not five feet away from Ned, she peered through a screen of vines, wondering, curious, interested, and finally her soul was stirred to the depths at what she observed.

It might have been ludicrous, this mock burial, to a callous woman of the world, but to gentle, sensitive Arline the circumstance was intensely soulful and pathetic.

"Yes, I will leave home," spoke Ned half audibly. "I must forget her. I may in time and—good bye! good-bye!"

Gently he brushed the earth over the cherished red ear, as though he were shutting from sight and memory the most sacred memento of his first love experience.

"Don't oh, please, don't."

Ned Dawson lifted his eyes to gaze transfixed. Arline had burst through the frail foliage. She was at his side, timid, though resolute, flushed and pale by turns, the ring of real pathos in her mellow accent, the glow of true love in her bonny eyes.

"Why, Arline," stammered the poor fellow. "You here!"

"I followed you," voiced Arline in a wild flutter.

"And ran away from me that night of the husking bee, and let the other fellows kiss you, and not me. You did not run away from them."

"Because I did not love them—can't you see?"

"But—you—did—me?"

She covered her burning face with both hands and kept it from tell-tale view. In muffled tones she sobbed out:

"You won't go away from home?"

"I'll stay here all my life, if you tell me to," he cried, and his soul seemed lifted to the heights.

"You didn't kiss me at the husking bee," whispered Arline, "but—"

"I may now," and her lips, not her cheek, met his in true love submission.

LIVE CHIEFLY ON TURTLES

Residents of Small Islands Off Coast of Ceylon Find Plenty of Food Near at Hand.

A correspondent of a Ceylon journal gives some interesting information about the turtles on the coast in the neighborhood of Jaffna, in the north of the island, which are said to be innumerable. They are of three species, called sea, milk and pariah turtles, respectively.

The ordinary, or sea turtle, is generally large in size, and is met with everywhere at sea around Jaffna. Two tiny islands, called Irnativu, are literally swarming with the creatures.

The islands themselves are sterile and always exposed to inundation; the inhabitants are poor and ignorant of agriculture, and live chiefly on the turtles. They use the shells of the large ones as seats.

In the town of Jaffna the ordinary turtle is always procurable, and is a favorite article of food with the people. The milk turtle is small in size and is to be found only in wells and tanks. It is not an article of food except with the poorer classes. The pariah turtle has a high back, and a shell which somewhat resembles that of the tortoise. It is found in marshes and ditches. It is not an article of food, but is highly valued by native medical men, because its flesh and blood are supposed to be a panacea for ailments peculiar to children.

Burns Inconsistent in Love.

Burns' love affairs were both the product and the inspiration of his genius. Although he had written to Clarinda of Edinburgh that, compared with her, Jean Armour was as the expiring glimmer of a farthing taper beside the glory of the meridian sun, he married Jean within two months. Last year at Sotheby's a letter written a week after his marriage, vindicating Jean entirely, fetched $550. Later a curious Burns letter was offered, dated June 26, 1788 (Burns was married August 8, 1788), in which he states: "I have waited on Mr. Auld about my marriage affair and stated that I was legally fined for an irregular marriage by a justice of the peace. He says if I bring an attestation of this by the two witnesses there shall be no more litigation about it." The "legal" marriage which followed August 8 was apparently the solution of the trouble. Doubts raised in the auction room as to the authenticity of the letter were dispelled.—London Telegraph.

Her Business.

"Is this you, doctor?" asks the nurse over the telephone.

"Yes," answers the physician.

"Well, you know you said Mr. Jones would not show any signs of improvement for five or six days?"

"Yes."

"Well this is only the second day and he is a great deal better already. Shall I give him something to make him worse for the other three or four days?"

Are Your Lungs Strong?

Do colds go down to your throat? Are your bronchial tubes easily affected? Above all, do colds settle on your chest? Then your lungs may not be as strong as you expected—consumption often follows.

Good Physicians Everywhere Prescribe

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Because Its Pure Cod Liver Oil Is Famous

for strengthening delicate throats and weak lungs while its glycerine soothes the tender linings and alleviates the cough.

Start on *Scott's Emulsion* today—It is Nature's building-food free from harmful drugs.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 17-21

An orator, perspiring freely, in a husky voice said: 'In short, ladies and gentlemen, I can only say that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotion of my heart.'

The newspapers printed the speech, leaving the 'n' out of window.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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. GOODY, 925 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.

Real West Canadian Fur

THOSE who have never had the privilege of seeing a wild fox in the full glory of his winter clothing cannot begin to form a conception of the beauty of the dress. In the foothills and mountains of western Canada these animals reach practically the same perfection they do in the bitter cold of the Arctic. Some people claim they possess a more showy coat because they generally fare better.

The ordinary dweller of the cities pictures a fox as an indefinite red creature something like a wolf or a dog, but possessing a big tail. They know a fox is called red generally, but they do not know the shade. Those people who have seen foxes in cages also cannot appreciate the vast difference between the captive and the free.

The true wild fox in winter is a wonderful creature of soft blendings of bright gold, cream, the purest of white, the sharpest of black. Every hair shines with life and vigor, and the brush is a magnificent appendage which would make a true cross-country fox-hunter kill an Irish hunter to obtain.

A splendid type of red fox trotted up the snow-covered ice of the head waters of the Red Deer River in Alberta. He heard the sound of spinning shellice and he paused to listen. Far ahead some Stoney Indians, returning from their big annual game drive to the Clearwater and the Saskatchewan were crossing southward, their ponies, laden with the meat of bear and deer and moose. They were bound for their homes in Morley, thirty miles distant, where they would sit in comfort in the warm log cabins for the remainder of the winter, going out perhaps only to feed their saddle horses or to pose in their blankets on the Canadian Pacific Railway platforms for the benefit of any tourists who might be travelling.

The fox took to the brush. It was high noon; clouds had rolled down from the peaks and soft new snow was falling. Crossing another bend of the river he came to a river flat where the body of a dead horse lay. He was as cautious as any fox but he was confident that no harm lay in the fresh snow and he followed, but not near of this carcass because on the preceding night he had slunk by while coyotes made the darkness ring with their unpleasant bickerings over the feast. So, picking out a choice part of the neck he ate, and then went on.

But sometime during that morning a hunter in the district had "salted" portions of the dead animal. He had heard the coyotes at it and he had been waiting for just that development, knowing that after their caution had been blunted by one feed they would be back again and he would be able to harvest some fur. By and by he came to inspect his "bait." He saw the fox tracks in the snow, and he followed, but not far. In a wooded dell where the spruces and birches gloomed and sparkled, at the foot of an open, snow-filled coulee he spied his catch. It was dead, its toes turned up as is usual with the victims of strychnine. Its shining red and white and black coat, its huge, soft brush, were as striking points of beauty as anything else in that ermine covered, green and silver studded spot of northern beauty. But the hunter was material. He was pleased because he had promised a girl in New York that when he returned some from his holiday in the foothill hunting country he would bring her some real Canadian fur.

The Wolves Were Hungry

Angus McGregor and his collie dog left the Canadian Pacific Railway main line at Kamloops and went north and west for six days to get into good trapping and hunting territory for a winter's work. They made several trips before the snow came and shut them in. When winter shut down there was much cold weather and an excessive amount of snow. The rabbits drifted north to the thicker timber, and McGregor and his dog extended their lines twenty miles further. Big snow came and the wolves found hard work to get a living, though the rabbits and partridges were fat and contented. McGregor took a lot of fur, mink, lynx, marten and fox.

One day while on the trail of a moose he saw a big black wolf looking down. The collie saw it, too, and dashed to the combat. The wolf turned and fled, and when the man topped the rise he saw his dog nearly a half mile away still fiercely pursuing the wolf which had just entered the mouth of a steeply sloped draw. Half way up the draw the wolf stopped, and down from either bank swept two more wolves. The first brute had acted as decoy for the dog.

The collie, realizing his danger, wheeled and ran toward his master, pursued by all three of the wolves. He met them by a few yards and throwing himself finally against the feet of McGregor, while the wolves, seemingly hungry and unusually fierce came right on, and only swerved aside to circle when the man yelled. One he shot before the others fled, and a few days later, having placed out "baits" he had the satisfaction of picking up the other two big, black bodies.—L. T. R.

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GIVE US A TRIAL.

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F. J. PORTER

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

'Dat mean guy I just waited on insulted me wid a dime.'

'What did you do?'

'I accepted it wid indignesshun.'

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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.

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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

"THE WHEEL THAT TURNS GATHERS NO RUST"

The store that is busy has no shelf-worn, old fashioned goods to foist on its customers. The busy store is the one that advertises. Look at the advertisements and you will find the firms that will give you the best service and the best value. They advertise, because they are alive and they are busy because they advertise.

COAL!

Acadia Lump,
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Inverness

A. M. WHEATON

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.

"Earnscliffe Gardens"
WOLFVILLE.

We are importing for our plantings and for others

GOOD PLUM TREES

in following varieties: Shipper's Pride, Monarch, Grand Duke, Reine Claude, Egg, Bradshaw, Fellemburg, Field, Moore's Arctic, and Lombard. Orders Received

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