

W. C. T. U. Notes.

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. Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way. RM. 14:81. Business meeting of the W. C. T. U. the last Monday of every month. OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION. President—Mrs. B. O. Davidson. 1st Vice President—Mrs. G. W. Miller 2nd Vice President—Mrs. J. G. Elderkin Recording Sec'y—Mrs. Ernest Redden Cor. Secretary—Mrs. W. O. Taylor Treasurer—Mrs. H. Pineo. SUPERINTENDENTS. Evangelistic—Mrs. J. G. Elderkin Parlor Meetings—Mrs. D. G. Widden Labrador Work—Mrs. S. W. Vaughan Fishermen and Lumbermen—Mrs. W. E. Fielding Loyal Temperance Legion—Mrs. W. O. Taylor Flower, Fruit and Delicacies—Mrs. A. W. Bleakney Press and Willard Hall—Mrs. M. P. Freeman. White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Hutchinson. Temperance in Sabbath-schools—Mr. C. A. Patriquin.

Where Medical Science Stands

One of the best known and ablest surgeons in the world is Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Baltimore, professor in John Hopkins University, and head of the Howard A. Kelly Hospital. Not long ago he gave this judgment against alcohol, which, coming from him, is of the greatest possible importance and significance:

"I am opposed to the saloon and to the manufacture of liquor, because my experience as a physician, since I was graduated in 1882, has shown me that it is only an unmitigated evil. I have never seen it do any good, and I have seen it do incalculable harm every year I have been in practice. It destroys the body and the mind, corrupting the moral sense and all finer sensibilities."

Many people seem to suppose that "intoxication" and "drunkenness" are synonymous terms. This is not the case. Intoxication means simply poisoning by alcohol, and one does not need to go to the extreme limit (drunkenness) to be intoxicated. In other words, long before the user of alcohol appears to the casual observer to be drunk, he suffers from a species of alcoholic poisoning which may not be revealed by tests of gait and speech.

Dr. Harvey Wiley, of the United States Bureau of Food, Sanitation and Health, recently stated that alcohol is a toxic substance, whether taken in large or small quantities. He reports a case of an accountant who was mentally incapacitated for the day's work, though not visibly drunk, by indulging in a single glass of beer. Dr. Wiley declared the fact was capable of demonstration that beer containing only one-half of one per cent. of alcohol is intoxicating.

Prince Writes Own Speeches

Canadians who imagine that someone prepares the speeches of the Prince of Wales for him, are entirely wrong.

When staying at Government House, Toronto, the first thought of the young heir to the throne, upon returning tired from some function, was the preparation of the address he was booked to give at the next event. Before taking a rest he was off upstairs to his rooms, there, with a pad of paper and a pencil, to compose his next effort.

"Thanks, but I must get on with my speech. I am going away to write it," was the Prince's reply when his hosts asked him if

he were not going to take a rest. "I can't rest until I have it off my mind."

After composing his speech, re-writing it, until it suited his critical mind, and getting it pretty well memorized, Prince "Davy" relaxed, but only then. He kept a typewritten copy of the original with him in public for reference.

That the Prince has had a good tuition in speech-making is very apparent. His excellent enunciation shows elocution practice. Trained to face an audience without nervousness, he already shows a growing ability to tackle that terror of the novice and test of real oratorical powers, the impromptu speech.

Only A Child

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Linnet, was the child's special favorite. We never could understand what attraction she found in him. He was a dark, stern man, silent and reserved—one who had no babies of his own, and had never shown any fondness for children. His medical skill was of the highest, but his patients were more or less afraid of him, while nurses and subordinates had a wholesome dread of crossing his will.

But Lucile, by some sweet baby instinct, discovered the key to his heart. She had not been long in the ward before she had established the practice of running to meet him with her little tottering step as he entered the ward; and the stern doctor would stoop, lift the little one to his arms, and holding her thus, with the two little arms tightly clasped about his neck, would make the rounds of the ward.

When, in the course of her treatment, it became necessary for the child to lie quietly in bed, Doctor Linnet always extended his daily visit to sit a while by her side, listening to the baby chatter, holding the soft little hand or stroking the curly head, even bending over and allowing the little arms to be placed about his neck, and his head lowered until his face rested for a moment beside the fair little blossom on the pillow.

One other friend had Lucile among the hospital doctors, who loved her with almost a father's affection—Doctor Freeman, the head surgeon on the hospital staff. Short, fat, blond and jolly, he was as entirely the opposite of Doctor Linnet as a man could be. From the day he made her acquaintance he seldom failed to call on Lucile when he came to the hospital. When she was again able to sit up, he brought his own little daughter to play with her while he attended his patients in the surgical ward.

He never came to our ward while Doctor Linnet was in. The two men avoided each other. They had been associated on the hospital staff for years, but during all the time had never spoken. When chance or necessity threw them together, they simply ignored each other's presence.

Among the hospital gossips it was said that the two had been close friends in boyhood and chums at college, but had quarrelled there, which neither had ever forgotten or forgiven.

Lucile grew steadily better, and though her back would never be entirely straight, yet she gained some control of her limbs, and could walk without assistance.

As Christmas approached we planned a Christmas-tree to be set up in the ward dining-room, and invited Mrs. Bliss to bring a dozen of her orphans to share the gifts. Doctors, nurses and patients each contributed something toward the success of this little plan. The unselfish generosity of our little Lucile and the interest we took in her had led us to make this effort to bring some Christmas brightness into the lives of those little orphans.

On the afternoon of the day before Christmas, doctors, nurses and all the patients who were able, assembled on the veranda to watch a procession marching along the street. Our ward being on the second floor, the veranda to which it opened afforded a fine view of the street, and there the hospital inmates had gathered until the veranda was crowded.

Lucile had gone out with the others, but no one noticed her un-

til a sharp cry of pain and terror, and a sound of falling, caused all to turn. There, at the foot of the veranda steps, in a helpless little heap, lay our pet.

Amid frightened shrieks from many voices, two young doctors and Miss Maynor sprang down the steps, but Doctor Linnet was there before them. He had just alighted from his carriage, which a moment before had driven into the yard.

Tenderly lifting the unconscious little form in his arms, he mounted the steps, passed the pale, terror-stricken crowd, his own face drawn as if in pain, and white even to the lips. The little head lay motionless on the doctor's arm, and one little arm hung limp and broken. Gently placing her on the bed, the doctor began a rapid examination. His stern face was almost rigid in its lines, and his lips were compressed as though with an effort at self-control. In a moment he spoke.

"Go for Freeman," he said, sharply; "he can save her if any one can."

As the young doctor by his side started to do his bidding, he turned, and with lips that almost trembled, continued, "Tell him it is Lucile; he'll come for her."

One other command he gave. "Prepare Number Seventy," he said, and bent again over the unconscious form. Number Seventy was a ward in one of the upper stories containing a single bed, and was reserved for the most critical cases. The nurse soon returned. "Number Seventy is ready, sir," she said.

Again lifting the child in his arms, and bidding Miss Maynor to follow, Doctor Linnet passed swiftly from the ward and up the stairs. How slowly the long evening hours dragged by, as we waited in painful suspense for tidings from the little room above!

Doctor Freeman arrived, asked for Doctor Linnet and went up stairs; but still no word of hope reached us. Miss Maynor came down once or twice, and passed through the ward with pale tearful eyes, but to our questioning looks she only shook her head. We took tea in some way; few in our ward cared to eat.

Nurses came and went, arranging all for the night. I do not know if others slept. The shock had brought on me a fit of nervous headache, and I lay, unable to raise my head, trying dumbly to pray for the little life which had grown so dear.

Meantime in the upper ward, doctors and nurse worked silently, swiftly, skilfully. The broken arm was bound up and the bruised little body tenderly cared for. Still there was no sign of life save the faint beating of the little heart.

Hours passed, and at last the little head stirred, the uninjured arm was thrown out, poor Lucile had awakened to unconscious moanings and tossings; and still those two grave-faced men watched and waited. No word had passed between them save the barest professional forms. A messenger came to the hospital for Doctor Freeman, but received answer that he could not come.

Midnight passed, and at last the child grew quiet; the restless moaning ceased, and the little sufferer slept.

Doctor Linnet turned to Miss Maynor. "You may go down and rest," he said, and she went.

The long morning hours crept slowly by, and still the two doctors kept their silent watch over the sleeping child. Just as the faint streak of dawn glimmered over the city, Lucile stirred.

Doctor Linnet bent over her. "Lucile, darling," he said, softly. The little eyes opened with a look of intelligence, and the faint glimmer of a smile played on the sweet lips.

Doctor Linnet grasped his companion's hand. The tears were unheeded on his cheek, his voice broke with emotion. "Thank God! She is saved! She will live!" he exclaimed. "Frank, you saved her. From this day she shall be my child."

And as the Christmas bells rang out the joyful message, Peace on earth to men good-will, the old past was buried, and peace and forgiveness entered two hearts which had so long held enmity and bitterness. In the glad new year which brought back health and happiness to Doctor Linnet's dear adopted daughter, the two physicians returned to their youthful affection, reconciled through the love of a little child.

PILES Do not suffer another day with itching, blood, or protruding piles. No surgery, no operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly cure you. See a box at all drug stores, or H. H. Johnson, Eaton & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

NOTICE! All Persons and Firms having bills against the Municipality of Kings County for Goods supplied or Services rendered are requested to send in the same duly attested to before December 31st, 1919. Particular attention is called to the Resolution that all bills must be attested to before they receive the consideration of the Finance Committee. By order. C. L. DODGE, Municipal Clerk and Treas.

For Sale! Hay, Straw and Oats. —ALSO— TWO HEAVY DRAFT HORSES. THE SUPPLY CO., Ltd CANNING, N. S.

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HIGHEST PRICES paid for all kinds of second hand furniture and any other articles, H. VanZOOSt Wolfville, N. S. Phone 116-11 Store open every night after 6.30.

TENDERS Tenders for the Collection of Rates in the several Wards of the Municipality of Kings County, for the year 1920 will be received at this Office in the Court House at Kentville until 12 o'clock noon, on Thursday, December 31st. Tenders will include the Collection of County Rates, Railway Rates, Patriotic Fund, Dog Tax, Highway Tax, Poor Rate and all Taxes levied by Vote of Municipal Council. The Collector is required to be a Resident of the Ward in which he collects Taxes. The Tenders must give the names of two responsible Parties and their Post Office addresses, who are willing to become Bondsmen in case the Tender is accepted. All Tenders to be marked, "Tenders for Collection of Rates". By order. C. L. DODGE, Mun. Clerk and Treas.

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