

# A LIFETIME OF SICKNESS

**Worn Out, Thin and Miserable Until She Took "Fruit-a-lives"**

PALMER, June 20th, 1914.  
"Stomach Trouble and Distressing Headaches nearly drove me wild. Some time ago, I got a box of 'Fruit-a-lives,' your famous fruit medicine, and they completely relieved me. To-day I am feeling fine and a physician, meeting me on the street, asked the reason for my improved appearance. I said, 'I'm taking 'Fruit-a-lives.'" He said, 'If 'Fruit-a-lives' make you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can say.'"  
—MRS. H. E. WILLIAMS.  
Box a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives 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.  
BACK—A Knot of White Ribbon.  
WATERWORK—Agitate, educate, or organize.  
OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE BRANCH.  
President—Mrs. I. W. Sleep.  
1st Vice President—Mrs. G. Bryant.  
2nd Vice President—Mrs. J. D. Chaney.  
3rd Vice President—Mrs. Geo. Fitch.  
Recording Secy—Mrs. W. Metcalf.  
Cor. Secretary—Mrs. Geo. DeWitt.  
Treasurer—Mrs. H. Paine.  
MEMBERSHIP LIST.  
Peace and Arbitration—Mrs. I. H. H. Brown.  
Evangelists—Mrs. Geo. H. Brown, Miss M. J. Brown.  
Temperance in School—Mrs. M. J. Brown.  
Scientific Temperance in Schools—Mrs. G. C. Gatten.  
Lecturers—Mrs. J. Kenyon, Willard Home—Mrs. M. Freeman, U. B. Bulletin, Mrs. Langille, Press Work—Miss Margaret Harne, Parlor Meetings—Mrs. J. Kaye, J. T. L.—Mrs. Howe.

## I Shall Not Pass Again This Way.

[This poem, much worn, was found in the desk of Mr. Daniel S. Ford, after his death, when his desk was cleared.]

The bread that giveth strength, I want to give!  
The water pure that bids the thirsty live,  
I want to help the faltering day by day,  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.  
I want to give the oil of joy for tears,  
The faith to conquer cruel doubts and fears,  
Beauty for ashes may I give away,  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.  
I want to give good measure, running o'er,  
And into angry hearts I want to pour  
The answer soft that turneth wrath away,  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.  
I want to give to others hope and faith,  
I want to do all that the Master saith,  
I want to live right from day to day,  
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

## Pay Your Way.

It is better to have the reputation of paying your honest debts than of being a leader in society. All the glory of social life cannot compensate for the ignominy of getting through on false pretenses. The wretchedness of a man or woman, who for the sake of display, is haunted night and day by creditors is pitiable. There must be an end to him, and a bitter one. Character is worth more than

## FEELS LIKE A NEW WOMAN

**As Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Dispelled Backache, Headache and Dizziness.**

Piqua, Ohio.—"I would be very ungrateful if I failed to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the praise it deserves. For I have taken it at different times and it always relieved me when other medicines failed and when I hear a woman complain I always recommend it. Last winter I was afflicted with a severe case of organic weakness. I had backache, pains in my hips and over my kidneys, headache, dizziness, lassitude, had no energy, limbs ached and I was always tired. I was hardly able to do my household work. I had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on one other occasion, and it had helped me so I took it again and it has built me up, until now I feel like a new woman. You have my hearty consent to use my name and testimonial in any way and I hope it will benefit suffering women."—Mrs. ORETTA TOMLIN, 611 S. Wayne St., Piqua, Ohio.

Women who are suffering from those distressing conditions to their mind and body should try the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham, Medford, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Minard's Lament—Cure Diphtheria.

## OUT UNDER THE STARS

After He Had Told Helen Whole Truth.

By S. E. KISER.

For three hours Helen Sibley had been waiting at Northport Junction. Luckily the evening was pleasant, so that she was not compelled to sit in the stuffy, dingy little station. There was just one pretty thing about Northport Junction, and that was Helen. If the train for which she was waiting ever came and ever departed again, Northport Junction would resume its habit of being about as unlovely a spot as one might find within the temperate zone.

While Helen remained the place would possess one attraction that would have lent distinction to a far more important and a far more splendid center of activity than the Junction was ever likely to become.

The operator in the bay window that gazed out into the point of land between the branching tracks evidently had an eye for beauty as well as gear for Morse. As Helen walked up and down the platform he watched her and became thoughtful. He wondered why it was that nature bestowed her gifts so lavishly upon some girls and treated others so shabbily. The beauty that Helen possessed might have made a dozen plain girls fair if it had been distributed among them. Such was the operator's reasoning. The operator at Northport Junction was a philosopher.

But Helen was not thinking of philosophy, and if she had noticed that the operator was eagerly watching her she would have been glad to let him see her. For some reason she was taking a great deal of pleasure in the fact that she was being looked at. Perhaps it was because of the loneliness of her surroundings. It was nearly a year since she had refused to listen when Tom had said that he could "explain everything to good time," and for months she had thought that she was never going to have any interest in him again.

Thinking of Tom naturally caused her to think of Mrs. Danforth, the pretty, young grass-widow who had come between them. There was something mysterious about Mrs. Danforth. Few

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who had merely stepped off to get a breath of fresh air, but after the train had gone on she noticed that the man was walking slowly down the cinder path beside the track toward the station. For a moment she gazed at him, and then hurried inside. It was Tom Harlow, carrying a suitcase.

Selecting the darkest corner in the station, Helen sat down, turned her back toward the door, and waited, hoping that no one would come in, fearing something that she could not have explained. Her corner was so dark, and she remained so silent that Tom entered without noticing her.

"When does the train leave for Medford?" he asked at the ticket window.

"A pretty hard to tell," the operator replied. "She's reported fifty minutes late, but there's a washout up the road, and she may be held up all night."

"That's encouraging," Tom remarked. "What I've seen of this place doesn't make me yearn to spend the night here. Where's the town?"

"Isn't there a hotel of any kind?"

"No, nothing in that line except the farm house half a mile down the track, where the night operator and I board."

"I suppose there's no back?"

"None that I've ever heard of."

"What time do you light up here?"

"They ought to let you see plenty of light in a long, narrow place like this. It's getting pretty dark."

"Just a minute. Here's my call."

The operator turned to his instrument, and Tom Harlow waited at the ticket window, hoping there might be encouraging news concerning the train for Medford; but he was doomed to be disappointed.

"I guess you may as well make up your mind to hang round here all night," said the operator after the instrument had ceased clicking the spoke rather loudly for Helen's benefit. "They say the train is supposed to be in half a dozen places. There's been a cloud-burst."

While Tom drummed with his fingers upon the ledge of the ticket window, the operator lighted the lamp in his office and then proceeded to illuminate the waiting room, which served for both men and women.

"For a moment after the light had been turned on Tom Harlow looked at Helen, but she set her back toward him, her head bent and her face hidden in her hands. The operator turned to his instruments, which were clicking happily.

"Helen," Tom said very tenderly after he had passed behind her.

She looked up at him and he saw that there were tears in her eyes. He reached for one of her hands, but she drew it away from him. He shrank a little farther into her corner.

"Helen," he said again. "I've come to explain to you. I supposed you were already at Medford. I was going there to tell you."

She stood up, and when he again attempted to take her hand in his she did not object.

"Outside, under the stars, where I can tell you everything—where nothing will be between us and heaven."

The operator was busy and did not notice that the waiting room was empty.

"You see, Helen, it was necessary for Mrs. Danforth to take somebody into her confidence," Tom said. "For some reason she selected me. Her father had been a secret service agent and she had been smuggling jewelry. It was merely a case of blackmail. She tried to refuse to support him and he tried to force her to do so. He needed somebody to help her establish an alibi, and at the same time she didn't want the story of her troubles to get out. So she drafted me into her service, and we went very well together. She was a woman in distress, and she was all."

"But why didn't you tell me before?"

"Helen had asked me not to tell anybody until she gave me permission to do so."

"Then she has given you permission—hasn't she?"

"No, I have neither seen her nor heard from her. The man has made a confession, and the whole story is in the papers."

She walked away from him, crossed the platform and stood for a long time, looking at the silent hills that lay deep in the gathering shadows of the night.

"She has turned, came half way back to him, but she didn't stop. He approached her, held out his arms, and asked:

"Don't you believe I have told you the truth, Helen—that I have told you all there is to tell?"

She did not speak, but put her arms about his neck and laid her head against his breast, while his arms abouted her. Thus for a long time they stood beneath the stars.

When they returned to the waiting room the operator informed them that the train for Medford would arrive in ten minutes.

At Medford Helen had friends, and at Medford there were preachers. (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)



She Was Thinking of Tom Harlow.

she talked about her, but nobody seemed to know just why. She had come to Springfield a stranger and she had been careful to leave her past behind her. It had not taken her long to find friends, and she was quickly admitted to the best social circles. With plenty of money she lived at the most fashionable hotel, she entertained lavishly, and her clothes were the talk of the town. Then, one day, she disappeared, and on the following morning Tom Harlow told Helen that it had become necessary for him to go to Chicago.

A week later he returned, but a substantial citizen of Springfield had returned before him. The substantial citizen had seen Tom and Mrs. Danforth together in Chicago. Of course Tom had assured Helen that it was all right, but he had not explained. He had merely promised to do so "in good time." And Helen had naturally decided that the "good time" could never come. So Tom went away.

She thought over all this as she impatiently waited at Northport Junction. A dozen times she tried to fill her thoughts on other things, but always they turned back to the old subject, she became angry with herself, at last, and more for the purpose of trying to forget Tom Harlow than with the hope of obtaining information. She went into the station and asked the operator if he was likely that the train for Medford would arrive on time.

"She's just reported fifty minutes late," the operator informed her. "There's a washout up the road." Helen turned away with a feeling of hopelessness and went outside again. If Northport had looked dismal to her before, it now seemed desolate. While she was trying to count the minutes, she heard the whistle of an engine away up the curve around the hill on the main line.

When the long train stopped at the Junction Helen saw a man step down from one of the Pullman cars away from the rear. She paid no attention to him, supposing he was a passenger.

## Fruits as Medicine.

The more we learn about our diet and how valuable fruits are, rather than drugs to keep us in health, the less we will need to employ drugs to relieve distress. The modern tendency seems to be swinging toward the elimination of drugs and medicine entirely, but we still find them efficacious in time of need, yet the future generations, if taught to lead a right living, may have no need of them.

The fresh fruits, such as oranges, grapefruit, apples and reasonable berries, are most wholesome when taken at an early breakfast.

Bananas are more heavy, containing starch, and should never be given to a young child without baking.

Fruits in moderate quantities do not exert medicinal effects, but they encourage the natural processes by which the remedial effects are brought about.

Lemonade is a cooling and refreshing drink in hot weather, and especially agreeable in time of fever. The danger of too much acid or too sweet lemonade is one which will cause trouble if taken too frequently.

Lemon juice is valuable as a complexion beautifier, as it whitens and softens the skin. Lemon also applied to come often enough will soften and remove them, taking away the soreness and making them endurable even before they are cured. Bind on a piece of ribbon, pressing aside up to the foot at night.

Raisins and figs split open are a relief to hoil or ulcer. A split raisin with a pinch of red paper put into it and applied to the pum of an itching tooth will generally bring quick relief. A hot raisin put into the ear for earache is another old-fashioned and good remedy.

Raisins taken on a journey have saved many from car sicknesses. They should be thoroughly masticated, as the skins are hard to digest. The raisin is high in food value and will make a good lunch, both sustaining and agreeable.

**DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c.**  
It is sold direct to the diseased parts by the improved dispenser. Heals the discharge, clears the air passages, stops drops, plugs in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers. Sole and Gen. Mfrs., Wm. C. Black, 100 St. John St., Montreal, P. Q., Canada.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Kaiser says his conscience is clear. Sometimes we think he protests too much.

This year an opinion is a man who starts downtown without his umbrella.

A citizen took his little boy for a bath in the swimming pool. Noticing a small boy using water wings he asked, 'Johnnie, where can I get some of those things for my little boy?'

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## The Vanishing Road.

We are all treading the vanishing road of a song in the air, the vanishing road of autumn glories, the vanishing road of the spring flowers and the winter snows, the vanishing road of the winds and the streams, the vanishing road of beloved faces. But it is this great company of vanishing things we feel that there is a reassuring companionship. We feel that we are the units in a vast, ever moving sea, the vanguard of which is in eternity. The road still stretches ahead of us. For a little while yet we shall experience all the zest and beauty of unending rest. The swift running seasons, like couriers bound for the front, shall still find us on the road, and show us in passing their blossoms and their snows. For while the murmur of the running stream of Time shall be our fellow wayfarer—ill, at last, turn and wave our hands, and know for ourselves where the road winds as it goes to meet the stars. And others will stand as we do, and watch as we disappear, and wonder how it seemed to us to turn that radiant corner and vanish with the rest along the vanishing road.

## Special Notice to Wolfville Folks.

We wish to announce we are exclusive Wolfville agents for the simple mixture of buckhorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adier's Ka. This remedy used successfully for appendicitis, is the most thorough bowel cleanser we ever sold. It is so powerful that ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost ANY CASE of constipation, sour or green stomach. Adier's Ka never grips, is safe to use and the INSTANT action is surprising. Sold by A. V. Rano.

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"No, I have neither seen her nor heard from her. The man has made a confession, and the whole story is in the papers."

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"She has turned, came half way back to him, but she didn't stop. He approached her, held out his arms, and asked:

"Don't you believe I have told you the truth, Helen—that I have told you all there is to tell?"

She did not speak, but put her arms about his neck and laid her head against his breast, while his arms abouted her. Thus for a long time they stood beneath the stars.

When they returned to the waiting room the operator informed them that the train for Medford would arrive in ten minutes.

At Medford Helen had friends, and at Medford there were preachers. (Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

## The Vanishing Road.

We are all treading the vanishing road of a song in the air, the vanishing road of autumn glories, the vanishing road of the spring flowers and the winter snows, the vanishing road of the winds and the streams, the vanishing road of beloved faces. But it is this great company of vanishing things we feel that there is a reassuring companionship. We feel that we are the units in a vast, ever moving sea, the vanguard of which is in eternity. The road still stretches ahead of us. For a little while yet we shall experience all the zest and beauty of unending rest. The swift running seasons, like couriers bound for the front, shall still find us on the road, and show us in passing their blossoms and their snows. For while the murmur of the running stream of Time shall be our fellow wayfarer—ill, at last, turn and wave our hands, and know for ourselves where the road winds as it goes to meet the stars. And others will stand as we do, and watch as we disappear, and wonder how it seemed to us to turn that radiant corner and vanish with the rest along the vanishing road.

## Special Notice to Wolfville Folks.

We wish to announce we are exclusive Wolfville agents for the simple mixture of buckhorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adier's Ka. This remedy used successfully for appendicitis, is the most thorough bowel cleanser we ever sold. It is so powerful that ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost ANY CASE of constipation, sour or green stomach. Adier's Ka never grips, is safe to use and the INSTANT action is surprising. Sold by A. V. Rano.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Kaiser says his conscience is clear. Sometimes we think he protests too much.

This year an opinion is a man who starts downtown without his umbrella.

A citizen took his little boy for a bath in the swimming pool. Noticing a small boy using water wings he asked, 'Johnnie, where can I get some of those things for my little boy?'

"That fellow over there will let you take a pair," replied the kid, "but you got to let him keep your pants for security."

A Lumberman's Opinion.  
"I was troubled with palpitation of the heart and sleeplessness," writes Mr. Wm. Pritchard, Lunenburg Mills, Ont., and used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with very great benefit. As my whole system was strengthened and built up," Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, iron, rich blood and restores the health, natural nerve cells.

Happiness is perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops yourself.

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**Peep again in your oven. See those loaves, those pleasing loaves you've made. How fat—rounded—substantial. No, they won't fall when colder. Because the Manitoba strength that is in FIVE ROSES will hold them up till eaten. This sturdy elastic gluten has kept them from dropping flat in the oven**