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, 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
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Press and Willard Hall—Mrs. M. P. Freeman.
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Hutchinson.
Temperance in Sabbath-scohols—Mr. C. A. Patriquin.

What Did You?

When the war has been won,
When our duty is done,
When our sailors come sailing the foam;
When our men of the air
And the guns over there
All the Nation is welcoming home;
They will come to your door;
The young winners of war,
They will look you up, over and through,
And in word or in thought,
They will ask, like as not:
Well, we did quite a lot—
What did You?'

When the years have gone by,
And the pages are dry
That the story of struggle record;
With democracy sure,
When we're living secure
In the strength of our soul and our sword—
In that glorious time
To your knee there will climb
Then a boy, or a girl, or the two,
And will say, 'Some were brave
On the land and the wave,
Some their everything gave—
What did You?'

Or it may be at night
You will sit by the light:
Of a fire in a home that is free,
You will sit all alone
'Neath a roof of your own
In some year of the future to be,
And a voice down inside
Will say, 'Some of them died,
Or they suffered their duty to do,
And the ones who could not
Give their all, gave a lot,
Gave their money—say, what,
What did You?'

The Victoria Cross.

When Queen Victoria created this order at the time of the Crimean War, 64 years ago, she decreed that the cross should be worn in the navy hanging by a blue ribbon and in the army by a red one. Now the difference between the two armed services is done away with, and the red ribbon will be worn with the Victoria Cross by sailors as well as by soldiers.

If you are unhappy, it is probably because you have so many thoughts about yourself, and so few about happiness of others.—Mary Lyon.

If you wish your neighbors to see what God is like, let them see what He can make you like

Not doing things never made any man a Christian.

A Quick Relief for Headache

A headache is frequently caused by badly digested food; the gases and acids resulting therefrom are absorbed by the blood which in turn irritates the nerves and causes painful symptoms called headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc. 15 to 30 drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup will correct faulty digestion and afford relief.

History of Christmas Tree Difficult to Trace.

The history of the Christmas tree is difficult to trace. It has been connected with Ygdrasil, the great tree of Norse mythology, and Christmas trees and Maypoles are known to be relics of that famous Scandinavian Ash. The roots and branches of Ygdrasil, the world-tree, or as it is sometimes called, the Tree of Time, bound together heaven, the earth, and hell. From it, all tribes of nature received nourishment. According to the Scandinavian legend of great antiquity the Christmas tree owes its origin to the service-tree which sprang from soil that had been drenched with the blood of two lovers who had been foully murdered. During the Christmas season flaming lights that no wind could extinguish, sprang mysteriously from its branches at night, and the practice of illuminating the Christmas tree may, perhaps be traced to this tradition, which, no doubt, was strongly influenced by the fact that lights were, and still are, a feature of the Jewish feast of the Chanuca or Lights (December 10.) Among the Greeks Christmas is called the Feast of Lights.

From the earliest times Scandinavia was inhabited by two distinct peoples the Swedes in the north and the Goths in the south. They spoke similar language and were of the same stock. In the fourth century the territory occupied by the Goths extended from the Baltic to the Black Sea, but this vast state was broken by the Huns, whose hordes then overran Europe. To the dispersion of the Goths may be attributed the spread of Scandinavian customs over the continent, and the fact that the Christmas tree is sometimes said to have originated with the Germans.

Sir George Birdwood has traced the history of the Christmas tree to the ancient Egyptian practise of decking houses at the time of the solstice with branches of the date-palm, the symbol of life trumphant over death, and therefore perennial life in the renewal of each bounteous year.

Used for Shaving.

Many men are troubled, more particularly in cold weather with a form 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.

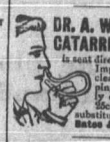
Laying Hens Require Some Animal Protein.

For best egg yields hens need some animal protein supplement in connection with corn. Meat scrap and tankage may be used for this purpose.

Hens fed 1.6 pounds of meat scrap in one feeding test conducted at the Ohio Experiment Station produced an average of 92 eggs in 1 year. Another lot given 11.6 pounds of meat scrap produced 141 eggs per hen in the same time. The extra feed costing 19 cents a hen returned a profit of 74 cents.

Tankage was a satisfactory substitute for meat scrap in the ration for laying hens in another test and reduced the cost of production. While hens fed meat scrap along with corn and bran laid 121 eggs per hen in 1 year, others fed tankage in place of meat scrap produced 122 eggs per hen at a slightly lower cost.

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.

'Isn't it glorious here?' she exclaimed when the waiter had taken their orders.

'Do you think so?' he replied.

'It's perfectly lovely. Everything is in perfect harmony—the fountain, the trees, the swaying lanterns, the music—everything is ideal. It's like fairyland.'

'I'm glad you like it.'

'I'm simply enchanted. Doesn't it make you feel as if you had stepped out of the every day world into something strange and new?'

'Not a bit.'

'What's the matter? You don't seem to be enjoying yourself.'

'My boss is sitting at the third table over there to your left, and I can tell by his look that he's wondering how I can afford to blow myself to a place like this.'

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

The first Tommy was ruddy of countenance, with a huge beard of the hue politely known as auburn.

The second was smooth-shaven. 'I uster have a beard like that till I saw myself in the glass. Then I cut it off.

But the bearded man was not dismayed. 'Much better 'ave left it on, mate. I uster have a face like yours till I saw it in the glass. Then I growed this beard.—Everybody's Magazine.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

The family name is most adequately preserved by a substantial legacy of Victory Bonds.

Over 480,000 Boxes Sold Each Year

This is conclusive proof that thousands find relief from Kidney and Bladder troubles by using

Sold everywhere, for 50c. a box. 159

Coalless Monday

By MARCIA MEREDITH

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Will you please get off the wire?" The voice, though young and feminine, was not entirely pleasant.

"I believe I took my receiver off first," came back good-naturedly. "I am trying to get the janitor. Are you the janitor's wife?"

"How ridiculous! Where is the elevator boy to answer the 'phone? I want the janitor."

A laugh came back through the telephone. "Everybody wants the janitor. The last I heard he had gone out to try and buy soft coal. I dare say you're in the same boat that I am—frozen to death in your apartment. You know it won't do any good to kick, but, like me, nothing else will keep you warm."

There was no answer. Freda Tilson's receiver slammed back on the hook that held it, and if she had been inclined to talk to herself in her little apartment she might have muttered something about an impertinent creature who dared to talk to a girl when he did not know her, and that she hadn't the most remote idea who it was. That would have been a fib, however, for she really did know that it was the young man who dwelt in bachelor state in the somewhat more spacious and luxurious apartment in front of her own, the greater luxury and higher rent of his apartment being due to the fact that while he managed to draw to himself a weekly check for $75 for writing "thrillers" for a popular weekly, she pounded a typewriter somewhere in the "downtown" district to the tune of sixty a month.

To her, having an apartment of her own, with a little place she could call home, was a luxury that she had earned by much economy in the way of amusement and pretty clothes. His living there was put down to his New England origin, for Victor Paige was more of a miser than a spendthrift, and he would rather dine alone on the simple fare that his visiting colored housekeeper made for him than to spend many ducats in alluring restaurants. Now it happened that the typewriter that Freda Tilson pounded was located in the very office whither Victor Paige occasionally strolled to deliver his manuscript, and mayhap chin with the editor. Perhaps she felt a secret grievance, because, though she had noticed the coincidence that he frequented her office and also abode under the same roof, he had sought no excuse to speak to her as they passed in the halls going home or venturing forth. It does seem strange that Victor never sought the excuse, for Freda would have been good to speak to. And there was nothing repelling in her round blue eyes. But then, Victor came from New England.

As Freda performed the task of dusting and straightening up her little apartment, clad to the chin in a sweater and wearing gloves on her hands as she worked, she listened intently for a ring at her doorbell that would mean that the letter she was waiting for had come. When all chance of the delivery was over she descended to the entrance to make sure that the boy in attendance there had not failed to deliver it to her.

Strange that Victor Paige should have gone forth at the same time. He waited while she made her complaint.

"In the first place," she said, "it is perfectly ridiculous that on the one day in the week when we have to be home, and when it would really seem that apartments and houses ought to have enough coal to make them comfortable, we should be made to suffer in this way. Now I am ever going to write on my typewriter, with hands stiff from cold, is more than I can tell. It seems most extraordinary that my manuscripts did not come by the mail this morning. My office is closed, and it is absolutely necessary for me to typewrite some revised manuscript that the editor was sending by special delivery. Are you quite sure nothing has come for me?"

The dusky skinned attendant nodded in the negative.

"And is there no hope of any heat?"

Again a negative nod.

"Well, then, the only thing for me to do is to go and get some oil. Thank goodness, I bought a stove."

Now it was Victor's inning. Having heard Freda's plaint and the unsatisfactory replies, he did not mention the frigid atmosphere that prevailed in his apartment as well as in hers.

"I say, Obadiah—beg pardon, I forgot your name was Hannibal—you haven't seen anything of a stray messenger boy with a typewriter, have you? Of course you haven't. But, you see, the place I usually dictate my copy is closed, and I was going to pound it out for myself today, so I sent for a typewriter. But I guess they had too many orders before mine. Well if there's no hope for heat I'll have to burn oil."

And he returned to his rooms, calling the name of Dinah, who came every day at noon to keep house for him, blessed, because she had suggested to him that when steam heat failed the temperature could be improved by burning oil stoves.

The fact that fate had some deep design in choosing to have Victor Paige and Freda Tilson take apartments in the same house really might have been suspected when, a quarter of an hour later, another accidental meeting occurred. It was at the corner grocery. Freda came hurrying in with the base of an old stove, her self-consciousness at having to carry this awkward burden only making her cheeks pinker and her eyes rounder.

"Please fill this with oil," she told the grocer's boy, and then blushed a little rosier as she realized that Victor Paige was standing at her elbow. He took his hat off, and then, when Freda averted her look he awkwardly waved his hat in the air and stroked the cat with the brim of it to try to convince himself that he had meant to take it off anyway, and that he was not a bit embarrassed by Freda's hauteur.

"We ain't got no oil—all sold out," came from the grocer's boy, just as Victor Paige was inquiring of the grocer himself whether it happened that oil stoves were a part of his equipment. In the grocery store back in his New England home town he recalled that such trifling articles were always sold. And as the grocer assured him that the only places to get such things were the household furnishing stores, and they were all closed because it was coalless Monday, he confided to him. He knew the grocer didn't care, and he didn't care whether he did care, but he spoke in a loud, clear voice. Could it have been that it was for Freda's benefit?

"You see, the woman that keeps house for me suggested that if I bought some oil I could manage to keep warm, even when the steam was not up in the apartment, and I was such an ass as to forget that we really needed something to burn it in. I have a gallon of oil, but what good does that do?"

Freda did listen, and for just one moment she was tempted to tell her neighbor that between the two they might manage to get some sort of result. But she didn't tell him. She hurried home, walking faster and faster as she heard his footsteps behind her. He overtook her just as she reached the landing off which both their apartments opened, and would have spoken to her only that she closed the door rather unceremoniously in his face. She knew she had been rude, but for some unaccountable reasons she took satisfaction in her heartlessness.

A half hour later, when Victor Paige answered a slight ring at his doorbell, he wore a skating cap, a bathrobe, an overcoat, hockey stockings and galloshes. He found Freda Tilson on the landing. She was very sorry to disturb him, she told him, but she had received word from the editor in the office where she worked that, because he had been unable to dispatch some copy for her to do at home, he would like her to put in the day taking dictation on the typewriter from Mr. Paige. Wasn't it funny that Mr. Paige happened to be connected with the same office? Did he wish to come into her apartment, or should she come into his? There was small choice; both were arctic.

Ten minutes later Victor Paige, carrying an odoriferous gallon of kerosene, some ill-kempt notes on stray bits of paper, and a dish of apples—Victor could not write without apples for refreshment—went into Freda's small apartment. When lunch time came Freda had forgotten her resentment, and Victor, truth to tell, was as much in love with her as he had ever been with any girl.

"If I had some eggs I'd make an omelet and ask you to lunch," she said, just a little timidly.

And although Victor knew that his Dinah was coming to make lunch in his apartment that day, he hurried to get some eggs that he was right in guessing she had left in his ice box. And so they lunched, and so they worked on through the afternoon.

"What's the use of resisting the inevitable," he said as she handed him the last page of his manuscript from her typewriter. "We can't either of us get along without the other. We would both have been miserable today alone—"

"It does seem strange. Do you believe in fate?"

And apparently Victor did, for he was always sure it was fate that threw him and his wife together that coalless Monday.

High Cost of Patches.

There is no economy in patches. You may have a frugal wife who persists in patching your trousers, but you always feel miserable and degraded in such garments. They make you feel like a thief, or like 30 cents in counterfeit money. You are forever trying to hide them from view. . . . I have worn them myself and I know how uneasy a man feels in good society when he expects each gust of wind to fan his coat tails aside, exposing his wife's needlework. Zim writes in Cartoons. A patch in the seat of your trousers, if it be accidentally exposed in public, will reduce your market value 50½ per cent. If you cannot afford so sudden and enormous a decline in your stocks, and are not prepared to cover margins, you'd better accept a fool's advice and unload your holey belongings upon the ragman before your wife gets out her darning needle and patch bag.

Strenuous Reform.

"Tommy, you musn't play with that little Gruppins boy. His manners need mending."

"That's all right, ma. I'm working on his manners. If they don't improve in a day or two I lose my standing as the hardest hittin' kid in my block."

Feminine Finance.

He—You must remember, dear, we are just starting out in life and we must economize.

She—But don't you think getting into debt is the best way? Then we'll have to economize

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

NOW IS THE TIME!

To Get Your Furniture Upholstered.

Carpenter work is slack at present, and I am prepared to do Upholstery of all kinds of Furniture also Carriage and Sleigh Seats. I will also repair Furniture of all kinds.

I have had a large experience in this work and can guarantee satisfacion.

J. C. Bishop, - Wolfville

F. J. PORTER

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

FOOD SHORTAGE IN GREAT BRITAIN.
A "queue" outside a London shop waiting for the weekly allowance of four ounces of oleomargarine.

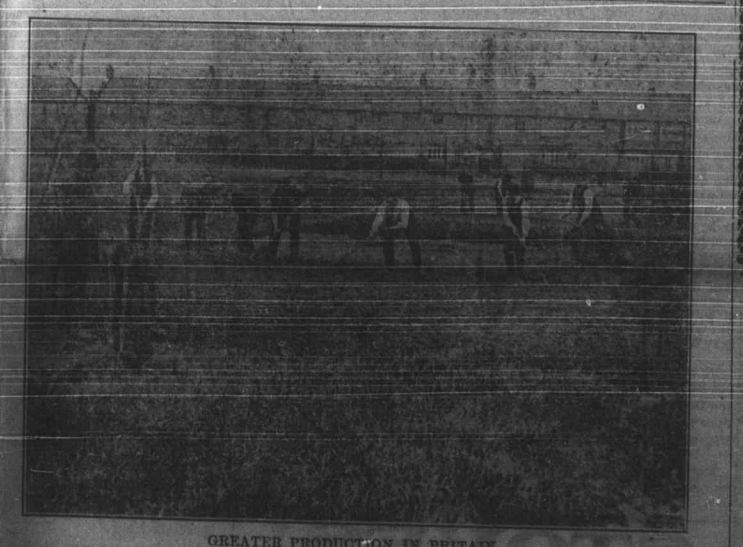
Liberated by Canadians

Canadian Official Photo (Copyright)

Residents of Saudemont, France, are glad to be released by the Canadians, after living in the village with the Germans for four years.

Canadian Official Photo (Copyright)

French civilians released by Canadians leaving for a village far from German shells and kultur after living four years under German rule.



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A merchant who does not advertise never lives to retire. He may buy the best and sell at a fair profit, but if he neglects to tell people about it, his shelves will become burdened with shop-worn goods. You can tell whether or not a merchant is alive and progressive by his advertisements.