THE ONLY MEDICINE THAT HELPED HER

"Fruit-a-tives Again Proves Its Extraordinary Powers

ROCHON, QUE., March 2nd, 1915.

"I have received the most wonderful benefit from taking "Fruit-a-tives". I suffered for years from *Rheumatism* and change of life, and I took every remedy obtainable without results. I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and it was the only medicine that *really did me good*. Now I am entirely well—the Rheumatism has disappeared, and the terrible pains in my body are all gone. I hope that others, who suffer from such distressing diseases, will try "Fruit-a-tives". MADAME ISAIE ROCHON.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid 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. L. W. Sleep.
1st Vice President—Mrs. J. Cutten.
2nd Vice President—Mrs. R. Reid.
3rd Vice President—Mrs. Geo. Fitch.
Recording Secy—Mrs. W. O. Taylor
Cor. Secretary—Mrs. L. E. Duncanson.
Treasurer—Mrs. H. Pineo.

SUPERINTENDENTS.

Labrador Work—Mrs. Fielding.
Lumbermen—Mrs. J. Kempton.
Willard Home—Mrs. M. Freeman.
Temperance in Sabbath-schools—Mrs. Dr.) Brown.
Evangelistic—Mrs. Purves Smith.
Peace and Arbitration—Mrs. J. Read.
Press—Miss Margaret Bares.
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Walter Mitchell.
Loyal Temperance Legion—Miss Eaam.

The Town of Don't-You-Worry.

There's a town called Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of River Smile,
Where the Cheer-Up and Be-Happy
Blossom sweetly all the While,
Where the Never-Grumble flower
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Ne'r Give-Up and Patience
Turn their faces to the sky.

In the Valley of Contentment,
In the Province of I-Will,
You will find this lively city
At the foot of No-Fret hill.
There are thoroughfares delightful
In this very charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees,
Named the Very-Seldom-Frown.
Rustic benches, quite enticing,
You'll find scattered here and there;
And to each a vine is clinging
Called the Frequent-Earnest-Prayer
Everybody there is happy,
And is singing all the while,
In the town of Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of River Smile.

—St. Louis 'Globe Democrat.'

From the Great Speech of the Hon. W. H. Hearst.

WHEN INTRODUCING THE ONTARIO PROHIBITION BILL.

Surely we, as a young country in the making, must so shape our legislation and educate our people that no government of this country will have to make the admission the government of Great Britain has had to make and be like that government, impotent to remove the evil.

The situation in the old land today speaks to us in this new land in tones of thunder to avoid the path that land has taken, and to shake off that which hampers progress in times of peace, and may destroy entirely in times of war.

The soil of France and Flanders is red to-day with the blood of Canada's best and bravest. The flower of our young manhood is marching out daily in thousands. How long can this fair young province stand the strain? Before our 500,000 men from Canada that we have promised have been secured at the present ratio of recruiting, Ontario will be depleted of the very pick and best of her citizenship; and it will take us generations to make good in man-power what this war is costing us. In the name of High Heaven, then, what is the duty of this House and this country? Surely it is to bend every energy, to use every effort, to enact every law that we may believe will bring to an end, and that as soon as possible, the terrible tragedy now being enacted.

Is this a time to talk of personal liberty, to think of our pleasures, our appetites, our enjoyments, when the civilization of the world is hanging in the balance, and the very foundations of liberty are tottering and dependent upon the strength of Great Britain and her allies in the field and on the high seas?

In this day of national peril, in this day when the future of the British Empire, the freedom of the world and the blessings of democratic government hang in the balance, if I should fail to listen to what I believe to be the call of duty, if I should neglect to take every action that in my judgment will help to conserve the financial strength and power and manhood of this province for the great struggle in which we are engaged, I would be a traitor to my own conscience and unworthy of the brave sons of Canada that are fighting, bleeding and dying for freedom and for us!

HAVE YOU BEEN SICK?

Then you realize the utter weakness that robs ambition, destroys appetite, and makes work a burden.

To restore that strength and stamina that is so essential, nothing has ever equaled or compared with Scott's Emulsion, because its strength-sustaining nourishment invigorates the blood to distribute energy throughout the body while its tonic value sharpens the appetite and restores health in a natural, permanent way.

If you are run down, tired, nervous, overworked or lack strength, get Scott's Emulsion to-day. At any drug store.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

NUMBER FORTY-TWO

—By— Mary Garland Knight

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman)

When the uncle of Willis Templeton died, leaving ten thousand dollars "to his beloved nephew," the latter felt like the richest man in the world.

He did not start out on a mad spendthrift riot. That was not his natural pace. He had missed real home life since his parents died two months previously. Young Templeton quietly set out to find a wife. He was not after style, money or position. Some sweet humble little woman who could appreciate a comfortable home was his ideal.

"There seems to be none such in Elsdene," he decided, after every fortune-hunting girl in the country had set her cap for him.

"Business is what you want to think of, old boy," declared his lawyer, a young man who was really loyal to his interests.

Willis considered many business propositions. Then came a wonderful chance to increase his few thousands to a million, according to Vance Trafton.

This latter was a cousin. He had been a scalegrace in his youth. Later Willis had heard he had figured as promoter and speculator. He had appeared at Elsdene about a month after Willis had been pestered to death with mean, indigent and really deserving relatives. He had more or less got rid of most of them according to their deserts. When Trafton appeared, it was an enjoyable relief to Willis to find someone who was not scheming to beg or borrow of him.

"I'm north closing a big deal," reported the fashionably dressed relative who bore all the earmarks of permanent prosperity. "Went to Florida ten years ago, bought one thousand acres of swamp land at two dollars an acre. We've sold it all out at twenty and I'm trying to buy a tract from a man in the city. You'd ought

"I'm North closing a big deal."

to see how we've made the wilderness blossom as the rose. Think of it—ninety thousand pineapples this year's crop, some of them weighing as much as nine pounds. Juicy, mellow—I want you to come back with me and see a real climate, Willis."

By degrees the wily, specious Trafton worked on Willis until the latter was actually anxious to buy an interest in the wonderful proposition. It was finally agreed that he should invest eight thousand dollars for a one-fourth share in the new land about to be opened up.

"I'll go to the city and arrange to get the deeds for the land," announced Trafton. "In the meantime I'll have a choice half dozen of our pineapples shipped to you, just to show you what magnificent fruit we raise."

In a day or two along came a crate directed to Willis. As he opened it, wrapped in tissue paper were half a dozen pineapples. Certainly they were superior and standard. More than ever in love with the proposition the elated Willis was about to hasten to distribute the luscious fruit among his friends and possibly influence other investors to go into the enterprise, when he noticed a neat-looking card in the bottom of the crate.

Beside it lay an unstamped letter. It was simply directed to "Miss Landon." The card read "Acme Fruit Co.," and gave an address in the city. At one end was the written notation: "Packed by No. 42."

In a moment somehow the suspicions of Willis were aroused. The thing didn't look straight. Had Trafton simply gone somewhere and bought any old fruit to palm it off on an investor victim?

"It doesn't square up right," decided Willis, and straightway started for the city.

He found out where the fruit company named had its warehouse. It was a busy place devoted to the specialty of packing fine tropical fruits. Willis saw the manager. He was soon convinced that the crate of pineapples had been shipped to him on a casual order two days before.

"They came from Florida?" inquired Willis.

"Oh, no. We get all our pines from Central America," was the amazing declaration.

And who was No. 42? Ah, yes—one of their fruit packers, Miss Landon by name. Could she be seen?—for Willis had opened the letter to find that it contained an offer of marriage from one "Richard Martin."

Miss Landon was not at work. Address—yes, such and such a number on a certain street. Thither Willis proceeded. There was the romance in him. An hour later he burst in with great news for Miss Landon and in some mysterious way got into the fruit crate and nice mess. This time Landon had saved him eight thousand dollars. He felt grateful to maids her interested in her.

Willis located Miss Landon's home in an upper flat of a neat little house. A good-natured old lady was in charge. She invited Willis in, saying that Miss Landon would soon be home. She had gone with her two little brothers to visit a sister who worked in a photograph gallery.

"I have been tidying up for her," explained the old lady. "Not that her flat needs much of that, for she's the cleverest, neatest little dear ever was. She's a jewel, she is. Supports the two little ones and housekeeps. Such bread as she makes! Such cakes! Such wholesome meals! She teaches them nights. You'd ought to hear them sing! She's saving up to buy a piano, bless her.

Certainly the refined homelike air of the delightful little flat was soothing. Willis lingered. Miss Landon arrived.

Bluntly he told her the whole story. He handed her the letter. He was sorry, as her bright gentle face grew upon him, that she had a lover.

"Oh, dear!" she cried, as she received the missive. "I've wondered where I ever lost it. It must have fallen from my pocket into the crate. I am glad to get it. A friend of my sister, a gentleman friend, asked me to give it to her. Now I can straighten up a tangle."

Then she, Lucia Landon, as Willis soon found out her name to be, was heart free! Somehow the discovery pleased him.

"Miss Landon," he said, "you can see what finding your card in that crate means to me," and he told of how he had nearly been swindled out of his little fortune. "I owe you considerable. I feel it my duty to send you a piano for your little musicians here. It only half expresses my gratitude for your intervention at a critical juncture in my business affairs."

Lucia demurred but Willis was determined. He sent the piano the next day. Then he went back home to have it out with his false-hearted relative. Then he found himself strangely restless.

Those little singers! How were they getting along? The city and that little flat in it proved an irresistible magnet.

He found the Landons happier than ever, the flat more charming. Its dainty mistress was crowned him like the lady she was.

"She is the girl I have been looking for," he told the old lady friend of Lucia one day.

"Why don't you tell her that?" intimated the good old soul archly.

"I will," resolved Willis. He did, and the result was that he gained the dearest little wife in the world.

FOOL-PROOF POISON

Absentmindedness Could Not Excuse Mistake in This Case

The latest thing on the drug market is "foolproof" bichloride of mercury. During the last year or so there have been so many cases of accidental poisoning from this dangerous but highly effective antiseptic that manufacturers racked their brains to produce a tablet that could not be mistaken for anything else—even in the dark.

"Foolproof" bichloride of mercury was the answer. The tablets are strung permanently on a thread, like beads, and in addition they are dispensed in a bottle having a distinctive shape—unlike the ordinary bottle. Furthermore, the tablets themselves have a peculiar shape, are bright blue in color and each one is labeled "poison."

The manufacturers say, and it seems with reason, that a person would have to lose all his mental faculties in order not to be able to detect these pellets from bicarbonate or other tablets. He might not notice the shape of the bottle or the peculiar shape of the tablet, its color and marking of "poison." But he would not be expected to ignore the string which must be cut before the tablet could be taken.

The First Typewriter

The typewriter is not such a modern invention as is popularly supposed. Two hundred years ago Henry Mill patented in London a writing machine but it was so cumsy as to be practically useless.

Nothing more in the same line seems to have been done until 1829, says The London Chronicle, when the first American typewriter was patented; it was christened "the typographer." Four years later France tried its hand in this direction, while between 1840 and 1850 Sir Charles Wheatstone invented several writing machines.

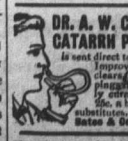
It was not, however, until 1873 that the typewriter became a commercial proposition. This was invented by an American, C. L. Scholes, who interested E. Remington & Son, a firm of gun manufacturers, in it, and in 1874 it was put upon the market.

Vertical Mower For Tangled Grasses

A machine which mows both vertically and horizontally has been invented by an Oregon man. It has been used with good success in heavy clover and vetch which were badly tangled and tangled, and which usually require one or more men to clear the divider on the outer end of the swath. The vertical cutting bar is a little more than two feet high. Connections between it and the horizontal cutter bar actuate the cutting blades. These connections consist of rods and cranks operated by the movable cutter bar of the horizontal mower.

Keeps Feet Off Radiator

A bracket to be fastened to a steam or hot water radiator to enable a person to warm his feet has been patented by its inventor.



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.

A Mother's Tribute to her Son.

You will not expect me to give any hint of the writer of this letter. Speaking of her son she said (after referring to the drink and social evil across seas), 'But they have no terrors for me, my boy is a true, sincere Christian and a temperance worker from childhood. Perhaps a tribute paid him by one who was a schoolmate and near neighbor, may tell the tale. He said, 'I wish I was as clean and pure as ———. Never as boy or man have I seen him guilty of an impure action or heard from him an impure word.' The mother added, 'when I was ill his colone called on me and seeing my white ribbon said, 'That explains his strength. If you only knew what a moral force he is among the men you would feel he would not only help to win the war but win it with clean hearts and lives.'

If you undertake to watch a hypocrite give up all other tasks.

We have about 1 000,000 apple trees in Nova Scotia, yielding 500,000 to 1 500,000 barrels a year, with a recent average of 800 000 barrels. Experts say we can and should produce 10,000,000.

A False Witness

By Valance Fatriarche

"Thirty below and a light wind." That was the Winnipeg weather man's report one twenty-third of December.

"Not exactly a green Christmas," people said jocularly as they pushed from one busy shop to another, pushing, struggling, laughing and spending—Oh, but spending. Money comes and goes freely in the west; those who have a competence feel sure that wealth is at hand and those possessed of wealth look forward to being millionaires when he next "deal" goes through. It is impossible to read the daily papers and not become imbued with the idea that you are destined to become a favorite of fortune. When you see that Jim Jones has sold his twelve dollar lot for twelve hundred you naturally run out and borrow on the chance of disposing of your cottage for at least three times what you paid for it. If you succeed in acquire this loan at Christmas time you sally forth and join the throng in the shopping district and spend as thousands of other optimists were spending on this particular twenty-third of December.

At the busiest corner, where Main St. and Portage Ave. intersect, stood a young couple. The girl was all furs and feathers; dark and soft and she was obliged to tilt her head to see the small portion of her companion's face which was visible between a coon collar and an otter cap.

"No, Bob," she said, "I'm on my way to the North End to buy a little Christmas for some kiddies who really need it."

"Why go so far?" he asked. "Right here is an orphan who needs a little Christmas something turrible." He laid a hand on his chest and sighed audibly.

"Pore Robbie. Shall I buy him something then?"

"Something about five feet three would suit me nicely, Lady Lou, but it can't be bought. It Must—"

He broke off abruptly in order to follow her as she darted across the road; once more at her side he slipped one hand into her muff, whereupon she withdrew both hers and left him to carry the huge fur pillow to the sidewalk, where he returned it with a low bow. "As long as its not the mitten," he said.

She could not resist his large frank smile and flashed one at him in return. This little scene was observed by the Salvation Army man who guarded the pot which held donations for charity Christmas dinners.

"Keep the pot boiling," he prompted and winked his unsaved eye at the lassie who was helping him. Robin Reed drew from his pocket a half dollar and dropped it in and as he did so two men clad in sealskin coats and caps with extra, extra chins between their teeth took up their stand in the centre of the side walk and proceeded to pitch silver dollars into the pot, turn about. When Robin had counted ten each he groaned. "Oh, come on, Lady Lou. I can see a little white bed waiting for me in the poor house."

"So can I," said Lady Lou, as she hailed a taxi and helped her in. "You don't know how to do this sort thing at all," she added as they sped northward. "I planned to slip modestly into some poor hovel, leave a few gifts and run away. Now we will go tooting into the district like political candidates."

"Liberal parties, Lou, don't look so gay and Christmassy. 'I'm blue.' She turned to him such a sympathetic face that he found he was prevaricating; he was the happiest fool in Winnipeg, however, he mopped up quite a pathetic expression and recited a story of ill-luck in connection with his first criminal case. "These people you are taking me to bless and endow with festive cheer are the deuce when it comes to saw bucks. There's an old duffer out there who knows every man of that sneak thief gang that was operating last month but can't lay hands on him; his evidence would clear my client in five minutes."

She gave his arm a pat and as he stooped to kiss the consoling hand the taxi stopped with a jerk. "Where to now?" asked the chauffeur.

"Er—why—is this the North End?"

They climbed out vaguely and dismissed the car. They were still on Main St. but the scene was changed, the shops were small, mean and ill lighted and the three balls mounted guard over many doorways. There were piles of clothing and furniture on the sidewalks and before some emporiums paced a ferret-eyed individual huddled into a sheep-lined coat who breathed upward and loosened the icicles from his moustache as he prepared to accost a passer by. "Coats, boots, hats; all good an' cheap. Come in, come in." If the pedestrian had the appearance of a recent arrival in the city he was likely to find himself forcibly seized and thrust into the arms of the proprietor waiting inside the shop door.

"We won't ask at those places, eh? What we want is some quiet little store whose owner has lived here a long time and can tell us of some poor family who won't have any Christmas unless we give it to them."

"We," he repeated softly. "Say 'we' again."

"We again want to buy toys," she added, pausing under a street light to wrinkle her nose at him.

They passed many windows so thickly frosted it was impossible to tell of what their contents might consist; then, at a corner they came upon a tiny, leaning shack, one story high where a lighted lamp had thawed a circle and disclosed to view a collection of cheap playthings. They turned in and peered through the semi-darkness. From a dim region behind the counter rose a man who wore a slouch hat and billowy garments, his voice was low and timid. Had he been big and bumptious the Yule Tide fairies would probably have purchased a modest assortment of toys and gone; as it was they departed half an hour later with the entire stock in a market basket loaned for the purpose; also they had six wool sweaters, a shawl, a boy's overcoat, and a man's cardigan jacket; this last the merchant kindly tried on stating that the sick man for whom it was destined was of about his size.

Lady Lou turned at the door. "Second street up, two houses to the right, eh?"

The slouch hat nodded. "Ah, so poor," he lamented. "Six liddle children und nefer yet a Christmas."

Lady Lou's eyes were wet thinking of it. "Never a Christmas. Fancy it, Rob. We'll have to scare up a turkey and a pudding to-morrow."

Second up and two to the right. The place was easily found. It did not look as poverty-stricken as they expected but they decided their family only occupied a few rooms. A small boy ran up the steps as they approached and, though they called to him, he slammed the door in their faces. After a long wait the door was opened by a wooden faced woman and leaving Robin on the steps, Lady Lou entered a bare little room. Wasting no time in explanations she thrust the armful of clothing into the mother's arms and aid the basket of toys on the floor. She was surprised at the stolid reception of the gifts. "Something for you all," she said rather breathlessly. "We'll send the dinner to-morrow." Then, as the woman remained silent. "Then man at the little shop two streets down said you had never had a Christmas. Is that really so? And you are Mrs. Owen, are you no?"

The woman nodded to both questions but made no offer to speak; she smiled a little and agreed, with another nod, to return the basket.

Lady Lou rejoined her partner in benevolence with rather a sombre face. "Of course I'm glad she wasn't effusive but somehow she made me feel apologetic, as if I ought to have offered to pay storage for that load; and she smiled in a funny way when I asked about them never having Christmases; it was a—yes, a contemptuous smile."

They sauntered down Main St. again waiting for a street car; back and forth they paced; evidently there was a tieup somewhere and at length they were chilled through and decided to walk. As they passed the scene of their purchasing orgy they heard strange sounds proceeding from within, a confused babel of voices arose; among them they recognized that of the proprietor but the tone was no longer meek and low. After a moment a look of query and consent passed between them and they retraced their steps and softly opened the door. The shop was full of boys ranging from about six to sixteen.

"Ach, fader," cried one. "Y gif Ikey a quarter for dot red sweater und mine goes to be—"

"Fader, fader," piped up the youngest, "I got nodings but der toy. You gif to me fifteen cent on der toy, fader?"

"Und fer half a dollar you get der blue sweater, fader."

The badgered shopman, minus slouch hat, was waving excited hands. "Poys, poys," he cried, "would you your vader? Two cent a piece on dese toys and ten cent on der clothes. I gif no more."

At this point, looking upon the gift she had so lately bestowed with a full heart, Lady Lou could no longer contain her feelings. "Oh, you—how could you? How could you?" she cried glaring at the old man indignantly.

He cringed and in the succeeding silence Robin could be heard rustling the leaves of a note book. Presently he looked up and his grin was triumphant.

"So I've found you at last, Moses. What about Pete and Abe and the rest?" He caught his quarry's arm and held him firmly. "Easy, easy. Take your choice, Moses. Will you yet me get up a case about this congame of yours, getting us to buy out your shop and hand the stuff over to your own family or will you give us the evidence we want? I'm in the Reed and Law. You know [illegible] us. The case comes up in the morning. You identify the goods and have no more trouble."

Moses was so pleased to have found that he would be on in of profit, his thanks to Robin and Lady Lou in protests that they must have made a mistake in the address. They could still hear his wails of injured innocence as they walked down the street.

"Now," said Robin, "I'll telephone for some one to watch that duffer tonight. Gee, what luck! Its great."

"Its horrible! Abominable! It spoils my faith in human nature and the worst of it is I want to laugh. I must be shallow and cynical, Robin, or I would never laugh at such a thing—the pathetic way that old wretch said they had never had a Christmas!"

Robin frankly roared. "Well, of course, Lady Lou, Christmas is not exactly a Jewish institution."

She stopped short and started at him. "Jewish! Rob! Why——Then she WAS contemptuous. Oh, Oh! She thought I was a fool."

Never having seen her humble before he thought the moment propitious. He drew her into the shadow and kissed her, very deliberately and very long. She made no attempt to release herself, but when she could speak she murmured (she was almost afraid to offer any one a Christmas present now, but I think you said something about five feet three—"

Mountain Blocks Wireless

Wireless operators on board vessels stationed west of Cape Otway, at the southern point of Australia, have observed repeatedly that it was impossible to communicate with vessels situated in the port of Melbourne. This is supposed to be due to the fact that the mountain, which forms the cape, contains large quantities of minerals, which absorb the electric waves.

Lots of Coal in Chile

The Chilean government is devoting much attention to developing the coal mines of that country, some of which extend three miles under the ocean.

A Handy Wrench

A pawl in the handle of a new ratchet wrench enables it to be used at 16 different angles and operated in either direction without removing it from a nut.

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 satisfaction.

J. C. Bishop, - Wolfville.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

It pays to buy at home.

McCallums, L'td

The largest dealers in Improved Farm Properties in Canada.

Halifax, N. S., Canada.

Are now offering the property of the Wolfville Fruit Land Improvement Co. Ninety acres of Orchards fully improved. In whole or part. Price exceptionally low. 25

C. A. Porter, Local Agent.
OFFICES: WOLFVILLE AND KENTVILLE.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

Carefully Screened and Promptly Delivered.

Springhill, Albion Nut and Old Sydney.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Burgess & Co.

ROLL OF HONOR

Several thousand officers and employees of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company enlisted for active military duty with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, and the majority of them are now in Europe, bravely battling for Canada and the Empire.

NAME	IN COMPANY'S SERVICE AS	AT	NATURE OF CASUALTY
Atkinson, James M.	Trainman	Brit. Col. Dist.	Wounded and missing
Bavester, Frank	Helper	Medicine Hat	Wounded
Berry, Charles	Cleaner	Winnipeg	Wounded
Bissonnette, Albert	Yardman	Hochelaga	Died of wounds
Blackwell, William	Storeman	Winnipeg	Wounded
Bottomley, William	Helper	Winnipeg	Killed in action
Boyd, James	Wiper	Kamloops	Wounded
Broom, Roy	Assistant Agent	Kisbey	Wounded
Buchan, William	Clerk	Montreal	Wounded
Bull, Chas. Humph.	Boilermaker	Angus	Wounded
Colvert, Thomas	Loco. Fireman	Calgary	Killed in action
Campbell, Plus Jos.	Inspector	Calgary	Died of wounds
Carter, David	Car Repairer	West Toronto	Killed in action
Chandler, William	Cleaner	Toronto	Wounded
Chittenden, Alfred	Helper	Winnipeg	Wounded
Clementson, John F.	Clerk	Winnipeg	Presumed dead
Cope, James	Cook	Montreal	Wounded
Crooks, Wm. David	Waiter	Montreal	Killed in action
Culling, Fred. G.	Waiter	B.C.Coast SS. Ser.	Died of wounds
Davidson, James	Apprentice	Winnipeg	Wounded ●
Davis, A. St. Alban	Apprentice	Angus	Wounded
DeMill, Frank	Clerk	Winnipeg	Wounded
Depledge, John	Constable	Montreal	Wounded
Dion, Jos. Alphonse	Brakeman	Manitoba Dist.	Wounded
Duncan, Jas. Riffuth	Conductor	Brit. Col. Dist.	Wounded
Dunn, Joseph	Helper	Winnipeg	Presumed dead
Eades, Robert	Constable	Montreal	Wounded
Edmondson, Isaac	Loco. Fireman	Kenora	Wounded
Ellacott, James L.	Clerk	Winnipeg	Believed dead
Everest, Edwin F.	Baggageman	Yorkton	Wounded
Ferguson, Leonard C.	Trainman	Brit. Col. Dist.	Wounded
Frank, Charles F.	Clerk	Lacombe	Wounded
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Died of wounds
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Wounded
George, Stanley W.	Timekeeper	Kootenay Cen. Ry.	Wounded
Grant, Edward J.	Loco. Fireman	Winnipeg	Wounded
Hall, George	Car Cleaner	Winnipeg	Wounded
Hancock, William	Helper	Winnipeg	Killed in action
Hardwicke, John T.	Fitter	Winnipeg	Wounded
Harvey, Bernard N.	Timekeeper	North Bay	Killed in action
Hayward, Harry	Loco. Fireman	Winnipeg	Wounded
Heatley, Alexander	Waiter	Montreal	Wounded
Hillier, Frank	Car Repairer	Victoria	Wounded
Hourd, Albert Paget	Clerk	Winnipeg	Wounded
Howie, Saml. Currie	Clerk	Vancouver	Wounded
Hutchinson, Jas. W.	Stenographer	Montreal	Killed in action
Irlam, Thomas	Lamp and Heater	Winnipeg	Wounded ●
Jessiman, George J.	Clerk	Winnipeg	Killed in action
Jones, John	Waiter	Montreal	Wounded
Knox, William S.	Carpenter	Moose Jaw	Wounded
Lane, Albert Edward	Clerk	Brandon	Wounded
Lord, Arthur	Clerk	Vancouver	Wounded
Ludeman, Fred.	Cleaner	Winnipeg	Gassed and dead
McDonald, Archiba'd	Cleaner	Lambton	Wounded
McDonald, Walter A.	Clerk	McAdam Jcn.	Wounded
McKay, Alexander	Brakeman	Calgary	Killed in action
Mackenzie, Donald	Clerk	Vancouver	Wounded
McKillop, Donald	Conductor	Cransbrook	Wounded
McLeod, John A.	Miner	Calgary	Wounded
McNair, J.	Checker	Toronto	Wounded
McNicol, James	Clerk	Galt	Killed in action
Mason, Walter John	Clerk	Vancouver	Wounded
Menard, Noel Arthur	Head Bellman	Victoria	Wounded
Miller, Joseph ●	Miner	Lethbridge	Wounded
Millican, William	Loco. Fireman	Fort William	Wounded
Morris, John	Wiper	Moose Jaw	Wounded
Morris, Mark	Wiper	West Calgary	Killed in action
Mottley, John A.	Loco. Fireman	Brit. Col. Dist.	Wounded
Murdock, Wm. H.	Brakeman	MooseJaw	Killed in action
Nicolson, Murdoch	Clerk	Kenora	Gassed ●
Park, Leslie	Brakeman	Smith's Falls	Died of wounds
Parkinson, Ed. R. B.	Clerk	Vancouver	Wounded
Parsons, Ed. James	Loco. Fireman	Smith's Falls	Wounded
Pearson, George C.	Helper	Winnipeg	Killed in action
Pegg, Henry	Constable	Montreal	Gassed
Pippard, Fred. G.	Loco. Fireman	Smith's Falls	Wounded
Pitts, Walter G.	Stripper	West Toronto	Wounded
Plater, Ernest	Apprentice	Angus	Wounded
Prizeman, George A.	Cashier	Shaunavon	Wounded and missing
Rickards, George T.	Loco. Fireman	Fort William	Killed in action
Robinson, Hugh M.	Loco. Engineer	Cranbrook	Killed in action
Rosby, Asa Foster	Apprentice	Ogden	Shell shock
Russell, John Joseph	Waiter	Montreal	Wounded
Sands, Thos. Henry	Loco. Engineer	Regina	Wounded
Savage, Chas. Henry	Timekeeper	Farnham	Wounded
Scott, Dave ●	Yardman	Calgary	Wounded
Scott, John Stewart	Clerk	Montreal	Wounded
Small, Wm. Wallace	Loco. Fireman	Winnipeg	Killed in action
Smythe, John Wm.	Waiter	B.C.Coast SS. Ser.	Presumed dead
Starkey, Cecil S.	Sectionman	Parry Sound	Presumed dead
Stockdale, Wm. J.	Conductor	North Bay	Wounded
Sykes, Norris	Foreman	Brit. Col. Dist.	Wounded
Thompson, Henry	Porter	Lethbridge	Wounded
Toole, Henry	Caller	Winnipeg	Wounded
Turnbull, Percy	Lampman	Lethbridge	Wounded
Wansbrough, B. C.	Stenographer	Toronto	Wounded
Ward, Cyril	Car Repairer	Ogden	Killed in action
Welch, Maurice	Carpenter	West Toronto	Wounded ●
Whyte, William D.	Baggagemaster	Banff	Wounded
Wilkin, Francis A.	Surveyor	Winnipeg	Wounded
Wilson, Willard N.	Car Repairer	McAdam	Wounded
Wilson, William	Clerk	Montreal	Wounded
Whitney, Percy H.	Wiper	Moose Jaw	Wounded

MONTREAL, June 15th, 1917 (List 18).

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Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

During courtship a woman may cling to a man's neck and afterwards walk on it.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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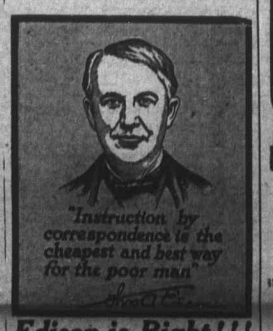
ISAAC R. MANN.
Metapedia, P. Q.
Aug. 31st, 1908.



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Mechanical Engineer	DESIGNER
Mechanical Draftsman	BOOKKEEPER
Gas Engines	Stenographer and Typist
CIVIL ENGINEER	Cost Accountant
Surveying and Mapping	Railway Accountant
MINE FOREMAN or ENGINEER	COMMERCIAL LAW
Stationary Engineer	GOOD ENGLISH
PLUMBING and STEAM FITTING	Teacher
Plumbing	Commercial Branches
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Concrete Builder	AGRICULTURE
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