OWES HER LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

The Wonderful Medicine, Made From Fruit Juices and Valuable Tonics.

MADAME ROSINA FOISIZ

29 St. Rose St., Montreal.

"I am writing you to tell you that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. This medicine relieved me when I had given up hope of ever being well.

I was a terrible sufferer from *Dyspepsia*—had suffered for years; and nothing I took did me any good.

I read about 'Fruit-a-tives'; and tried them. *After taking a few boxes, I am now entirely well.* You have my permission to publish this letter, as I hope it will persuade other sufferers from Dyspepsia to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and get well".

MADAME ROSINA FOISIZ.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made from fruit.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50. trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price 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
Treasurer—Mrs. H. Pineo.

SUPERINTENDENTS.

Evangelistic—Mrs. George Bishop
Parlor Meetings—Mrs. Young
Labrador Work—Mrs. Fielding.
Red Cross and Lumbermen—Mrs. J. W. Vaughn.
Press and Willard Hall—Mrs. M. P. Freeman.
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Hutchinson.
Temperance in Sabbath-scohols—Mr. C. A. Patriquin.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or a occasion to fall in his brother's way.—RM. 14: 31.

Business meeting of the W. C. T. U. the last Friday of every month.

The other day we noticed something that gave us much pleasure, some pain, and a good deal of troubled thought afterwards. It was a group of five youths upon a city street corner. Two of these were soldier boys, and one a sailor boy; all in their uniforms. The other two were young boys about ten years of age. The three older ones were talking and laughing, and they were smoking cigarettes. The two boys stood with their hands behind them, gazing at the older ones with admiration shining in their bright eyes and in all their features. We heartily dislike to critize a soldier boy for anything whatever. We would have it distinctly understood that if we should touch his cigarette smoking we are not reflecting upon him in the least as a man and a soldier.

But there were those lads, and we were afraid for them. Probably they did not realize how easy it is to take a bad thing when it comes with so many good ones. Certainly the temptation to use cigarettes is greatly strengthened by the young soldiers whom the boys admired so much. This is what we would say to our boys: Give the soldiers everything you will in way of credit and honor, but do not smoke cigarettes.

For a long time the teachers and the preachers were rather lonely in the crusade against cigarettes. Politics and business and industry are taking a hand now. The Pennsylvania Railway Company prohibits the use of tobacco by its employees when on duty in or about passenger stations or on passenger cars, and smoking is prohibited in shops and freight stations. Other railway companies have similiar orders. An increasing number of great industrial concerns are refusing to hire new men who use tobacco or alcohol. Thomas A. Edison will not have cigarette smokers in his factory. Henry Ford is trying to persuade all his workmen to give up smoking.

A youth was very anxious to get into the office of a well known and trustworthy firm.

Having spruced himself up, polished his boots, donned his high collar, brushed his cloths, etc., he applied in person for the situation. He felt quite sure his appearance was in his favor.

Judge, then, of his surprise when the head of the firm told him almost immediately that he would not suit! Worse than that, he watched the next applicant go in, whose appearance, he thought, was far less attractive and actually heard him accepted for the much coveted position!

He had some hard thoughts and felt very sore, even angry, about it. But on his way home he was overtaken by a friend, much older than he, to whom after some time, he explained his disappointment.

'Would you really like to know why you were rejected?' was the kindly question, 'even if it hurt and wounded your pride?'

He said he would.

Then his kind friend told him it was because the cigarette habit had left its thumbmarks upon him, and no employer cared about giving a confidential post to one who was shattering and destroying nerve and will power by such an abuse.

The young man did the right thing. He thanked his faithful friend, and from that day broke the chain of habit which had left such poisonous marks. It saved his career, and two years later he obtained the position from which he had been turned away.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Sven had been pursing logs down the chute to the buzz saw for several hours when the boss came along.

'This bane too much vark for one man,' Sven told him.

'All right', said the boss, 'I'll send John down to help you.'

An hour passed and the boss came past again. Sven made the same complaint.

'This bane too much vark for one man.'

'But I sent John down to help you, where is he?'

Yohn, he ain't bane here some time. He vent down be'ween two logs. Yank he quit his job.'—N. Y. Globe.

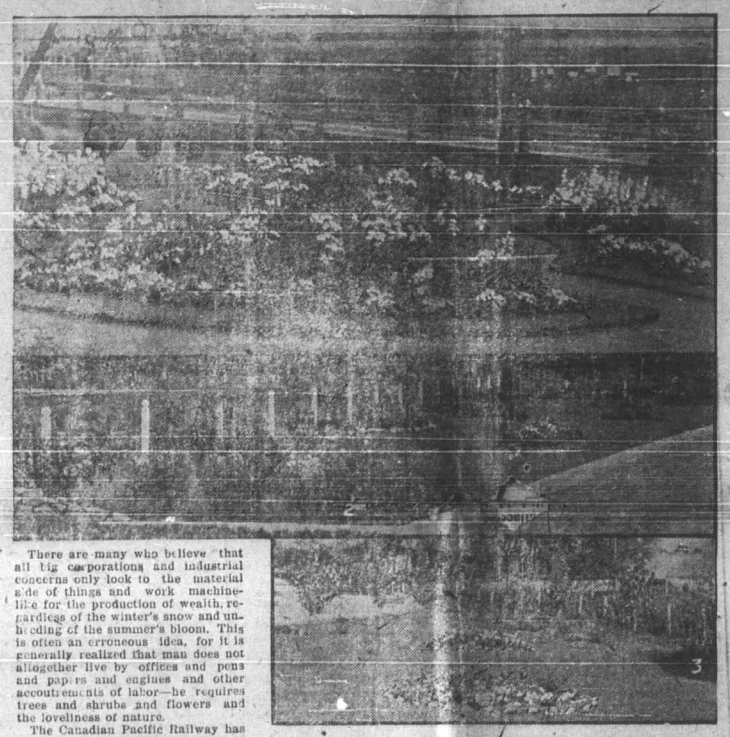
DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings 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.

Before the year 1859 practically every shoemaking process was a hand process.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheri.

TRAVEL BY FLOWERY WAYS



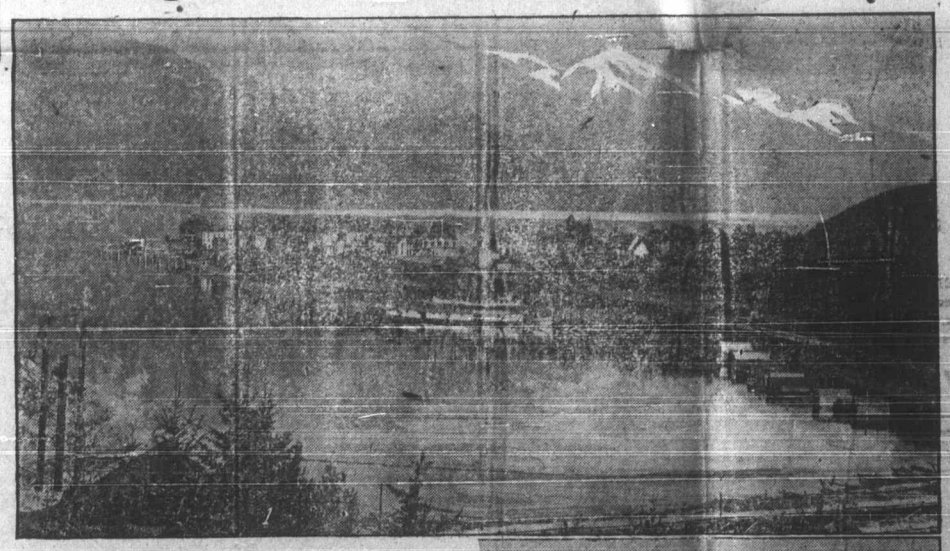
(1) Along the line at Moose Jaw, Sask.
(2) Woodstock, Ont. (3) Vaudreuil, Que.

There are many who believe that all big corporations and industrial concerns only look to the material side of things and work machine-like for the production of wealth, regardless of the winter's snow and unheeding of the summer's bloom. This is often an erroneous idea, for it is generally realized that man does not altogether live by offices and pens and papers and engines and other accoutrements of labor—he requires trees and shrubs and flowers and the loveliness of nature.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has always paid considerable attention to the development of garden plots along its lines. It is just thirty years ago since a C.P.R. employee raised a few varieties of flower seeds in his own garden, and distributed them amongst his friends in the service of the company, with the object of promoting flower gardening at the various station plots of the railway. A vast advance has been made since then; and now the company possesses a Floral Department with headquarters at Windsor street Station, Montreal, and a Floral Committee which embraces members from the Eastern and Western lines. It is under the guidance of this department that the various station plots and other properties of the company are cleared up and beautified. Thousands of packages of flower seeds, bulbs, trees, and shrubs and large quantities of grass seeds and fertilizers have been distributed during the last few years to station agents, section foremen, caretakers of round houses, and all employees living on the property of the company. Travellers on the line observe the happy results achieved. The cultivation work is done in all cases by the employees themselves, who in most cases acquired the art of amateur gardening by taking their lessons from leaflets issued by the Floral Department. The best material is always provided. Amongst the varieties of trees supplied are: Maple, birch, beech, poplar and catalpa. Some of the shrubs are: wild golin, berberries, laurel leaf willow and sumac. Perennials distributed are: Oriental poppies, iris, phlox, veronica, gaillardia, lark spur, columbine, sweet william, and pinks. Bedding plants used include: geraniums, coleus, cannas, pansies, asters, verbenas, petunias, and castor oil plants. Standard seed packets sent out contain: Nasturtiums, alyssum, mignonette, sweet peas, phlox and kochia. Ferns and house plants are given to the larger stations. The establishment and maintenance of the gardens and selection of the seeds, bulbs, and plants are supervised by Mr. B. M. Winnegar, forester of the company.

The encouraging influence of flower growing on the C.P.R. during the last thirty years has in a large measure assisted in the inauguration of floral societies all over the country. There are hundreds of C.P.R. officials connected with these societies, and most of them received their first lesson in flower culture at the C.P.R. flower beds. Flowers have improved the railway stations, and inspired by the beauty of the stations, residents of the towns have planted flowers and improved the appearances of their homes. In every division of the C.P.R. prizes are given every year for the best displays, and many of these amateur railway gardeners have tried their products with success against all comers at the big Canadian and American flower exhibitions.

Fishing Before Business: Back at 7 p.m.



(1) Kaslo, B.C., on the Beautiful Upper Kootenay Lake.
(2) Quiet Fishing in Noisy Waters.

Fishermen who like a tent to live in, log fires, provisions from a country grocery store, fish that they catch themselves and roast on embers or on a frying pan that they provide, should take Upper Kootenay Lake into consideration when thinking of deciding on a fishing trip. This lake and the streams that feed it are less well known to anglers outside of British Columbia than they should be.

Salmon fishing is unexcelled in the lake. B. McGregor, who is an enthusiastic Kaslo sportsman, says:—"I have locked my store door, walked across the street, jumped into a row boat, let out a line and got a salmon in less than half an hour." The best season for salmon fishing is from May 15th to June 30th, and from the beginning of September to the middle of November. Mr. McGregor again says: "I got a 19-lb. salmon within half a mile of my door on the 20th of November last." This hearty Scotchman, who came from Fifeshire, the same part of Scotland as was the birthplace of the late Sir William Whyte, former Vice-President of the C. P. R., knows all that is to be known about the Kootenay Lake fishing region. He recommends fly fishers to go to the mouths of the creeks in July, August and September. "I do considerable fishing myself," he declares. "In fact, I am honest about my weakness. When they are biting good I often lock up and write on a blackboard outside my store: 'Fishing before business. Will be back at 7.00 p.m.' However, I usually stay as long as they bite well." Mr. McGregor is always glad to see anglers at Kaslo, and delighted to tell them all about the kind of tackle he finds most successful. "I will answer any inquiries to any tourist at any time," he says.

There are several good guides for fishermen available at Kaslo. For salmon fishing it is best to make Kaslo headquarters, and take the waters in a row-boat. Fly fishers are recommended to furnish themselves with bread, butter, any canned goods they need, a frying pan, blankets, and canvas for a tent, then take a motor launch and go to the mouth of some of the best fishing creeks, send the motor launch away, with instructions to call back a few days later, and then pitch a tent. If the campers know anything at all about fishing they are likely to find all the trout they can eat and lots to bring home with them. Those who have undertaken such a holiday say that if we all could have a few weeks of this kind of life annually there would be less patent medicine concerns in the country.

Big game hunters also find a sphere for their activities in the neighbourhood of Kaslo, five miles from the C.P.R. line, in the hunting season. Deer abound, and black, brown and grizzly bears are numerous. A government agent at Kaslo issues licenses to game hunters.

The scenery in this district is extremely beautiful, but trails are not yet generally opened up. Mr McGregor is loud in praise of the glacier scenery. He likes to go "up amongst the eagles" where he can see numerous mountain peaks, "just like a field o' great hay cocks."

Kaslo, the headquarters of tourists to Upper Kootenay Lake, is one of the most beautiful little cities in Canada, the centre of a prosperous mining and fruit growing district in the Kootenays, B.C., owes its origin some twenty years ago to a New Zealander, Mr. D. F. Kane, who with a fellow prospector saw the possibilities of the promontory on which it is located and decided to clear the brush and establish a townsite. Originally it was called Kane's Landing, but as the community grew, a picturesque Indian name signifying "the place where the blackberries grow," was adopted. Sixteen years ago the early residents began to plant fruit trees, and to-day there is no more successful orchard country in Canada, cherries being particularly plentiful. For this the mild climate is largely responsible, the Kootenay Lake never freezing over. The city is surrounded by mining camps providing lead, zinc, copper, silver, and gold.

The doctors were holding a consultation beside the bed of a man who was supposed to be harboring a diseased hip bone.

'I believe,' said one of the surgeons, 'that we should wait and let him get a little stronger before cutting into him.'

Before the other representative operators could reply the patient turned his head and remarked to the nurse: 'What do they take me for—a cheese?'

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

'What's the difference between a drama and a melodrama?' 'Well, in a drama the heroine merely throws the villian over. In a melodrama she throws him over the cliff.'

A family tree is sometimes the outgrowth of a successful plant.

What is claimed to be the largest tree ever scaled in Nova Scotia was cut recently on the property of the Davidson Lumber Co., at Nine Mile Lake. It was a nine prong pine which made 35 logs, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 feet and would cut 3,000 feet of lumber.

Doctor — Good morning, Mrs. Brown. Did you take your husband's temperature as I told you?

Mrs. Brown—Yes, doctor, I borrowed a barometer off a neighbor and put it on his chest, and it said: 'Very dry.' So I gives him a pint of beer and he's gone off to work.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

'Say, pa,' began the human question mark, 'what is a literary genius?'

'Any fellow who dies having been known to sell two jokes, a poem and a sweet pickle receipt to the magazines.'

'I hear our neighbors are delighted instead of incensed by their son's stolen marriage.'

'Yes; he eloped with the cook.'

Wheels Within Wheels

By FREDERICK L. KEATES

(Copyright)

The watches began to disappear from Wallenstein's about a week after John Beckwith's commencement there as a salesman. The manner of their disappearance was, for a time, as puzzling a mystery as the name of the song of the sirens.

Jacob Wallenstein, the proprietor, who took great pride in his brilliant Chestnut street jewelry store, said little on the occasion of the first loss, though he no doubt did a good deal of thinking and kept a wary eye on his assistants; but when gold watch number two, value sixty dollars, was missed, things began to liven up considerably.

The disagreeable affair placed Beckwith in an uncomfortable position. Being a new, untried salesman, he guessed that a big share of the general suspicion would rest on him. Uncommonly sensitive as to his honor, he chafed sorely under the incubus of doubt which intangibly threatened it, and he determined to do his utmost to find the culprit.

He felt it impossible to continue to work for very long under a cloud of distrust; for, as he was very fond of remarking, one could never tell what dirty trick chance might play a fellow.

There were two other clerks in the store; decent fellows, respectively Brown and Nevin by name. There was a young man of twenty, Ted Galvin, who wrapped packages, made deliveries, and dusted; and Despard, a silent, grumpy man, who repaired watches and jewelry.

After carefully considering the situation, Beckwith decided to keep a close watch on Despard. Your taciturn man is usually a mark for the arrows of suspicion. Some of Despard's actions, he thought, were "off color," but nothing definite came of the doubt, for either the man was innocent or he was much too cunning to be caught napping.

Despite the general watchfulness, it was not long before another valuable watch was stolen. It was missed on a Saturday evening. All that day, owing to a special reduction sale, the store had been crowded with people, but Beckwith, Brown and Nevin swore that they had taken the greatest care to show only one watch at a time, and to see that it was handed back before they submitted another.

No sooner had the discovery of the missing watch been made than Nevin startled every one by pronouncing his stock of diamond rings incomplete. Two had been stolen.

"Twenty-five-dollar ones, they were," he said, gazing helplessly around.

Mr. Wallenstein looked black. "I don't understand it," he said, frowning. "I have noticed that this sort of thing happens during my absence from the store. I don't know what to make of it."

He passed his fingers through his thick, black hair, and stared hard at his employees.

"Gentlemen," he said, after a long pause, "if you are certain no stranger has robbed you during the rush today, the culprit must be in the store, and if you have the welfare of the business at heart, as I believe you have, you will each personally permit yourself to be searched. Does anyone object? It is very unpleasant, of course, but I must ask the innocent to submit gracefully in order that the guilty may be arrested. I trust no one objects?"

His sharp eyes rapidly scanned their faces for any tell-tale expression of fear. There was no sign of concern apparent on the features of any of his employees. Only on the face of Despard was there a look that was strange, and he was scowling menacingly.

"I object to being searched," he said shortly and sharply.

All eyes were turned on him, and Mr. Wallenstein's face hardened as he stared at him. Despard reddened, then paled.

"Very well," said the jeweler stiffly, with a hint of threatening in his voice. "I trust you know what is best for yourself. You must see that such an attitude cannot be of benefit to you. However, this time I will ask merely that you all show the watches you carry. Do you refuse to comply there, Despard?"

Despard's sole answer was the pulling forth of a commonplace, three-dollar gun-metal watch.

Mr. Wallenstein nodded. "Very good," he said, curtly, and turned to the others.

Nevin's watch was a common gold-plated one; Brown's was a ten-dollar thin model, pretty well worn; Galvin's was a huge silver monstrosity, a hundred years old (so he said), and once the property of his great-grandfather; Beckwith's was the humblest of them all—a nickel timepiece that had been dropped on the floor more than once and still kept fair time.

"That will do," said Mr. Wallenstein. "You may go. But, gentlemen, I want you to understand that I shall call upon you, when necessary, to submit to a thorough search. You are responsible for the goods placed in your care, and you have got to account for them. I make no charges, but something must be done in the matter and I must be permitted to do it in my own way, pleasant or unpleasant."

When his employees had gone home, Mr. Wallenstein, left alone, searched the store, and the two rooms above it, from floor to ceiling, in quest of his stolen goods, but his search was in vain.

"This is getting serious," said the exasperated jeweler. "I ought to have insisted on a thorough search before I let them go. Still, I feel convinced they're honest, although Despard, perhaps, is a trifle doubtful. The wisest thing is to have him watched. I'll get a detective at once. I have let the thing go too far already."

In spite of all precautions, however, and notwithstanding the many watchers, the thefts continued. The employees were now searched each time they left the store. The hired detective was positive that the culprit was one of the assistants, and while it was not impossible for one of them to purloin an article and slip it into his pocket unseen, it seemed absolutely beyond belief that the booty could be carried off under the very nose of everybody.

One day an odd idea occurred to Beckwith. As luck would have it, that same day his opportunity to test it arrived. At about five-thirty he went upstairs to the washroom to wash himself preparatory to going home. There he found Galvin, who, having hung his waistcoat on a hook, was about to wash his hands.

In an instant Beckwith made up his mind. Hastening downstairs, he went up to Brown.

"Say, Brown," he whispered hurriedly, "help me a minute. I'll explain afterward. I'm going up into the washroom. When I have reached the top of the stairs I want you to call up to Galvin. When he comes to the head of the stairs, ask him whether he took that package to Mrs. McCarthy's this afternoon; we know he did, of course; hold him there a couple of minutes; ask him to whom he gave it, and what they said. This is important; will you do it?"

"Sure," said Brown, wonderingly. "What's the matter? If you look like that, you'll have the detective come over and sit on you."

Beckwith hurried upstairs without replying, and Brown's voice promptly called out: "Hello there, Galvin!"

Galvin was drying his face as Beckwith reached his side.

"Hello!" answered Galvin, crossing the room and standing just out of Beckwith's sight, at the head of the stairs.

In an instant Beckwith had Galvin's huge, great-grandfather's watch out of the pocket of the suspended waistcoat. The first thing he noticed was that one of the hands had fallen off.

"The thing isn't going," he said to himself. He placed it to his ear.

"Ah, ha!"

He said no more, but hastily unfastened the silver chain and put the watch into his own pocket.

Galvin was still at the head of the stairs. "Sure I did. D'yer think I swiped the package?" he demanded indignantly. "What d'yer take me for, anyway?"

"All right, Galvin," said Brown. "My mistake, that's all."

"I ain't no thief," growled Galvin, entering the room. "That Brown gives me a pain in the neck."

Without staying to turn off the running water, Beckwith hurried down the stairs. As he entered the store, Mr. Wallenstein, who was counting some gold watches in a tray prior to placing them in the big safe for the night, uttered a tremendous oath.

Everyone in the store turned to him in startled amazement, and the detective hurried over to his side.

"There's a sixty-dollar gold Elgin missing here!" cried Mr. Wallenstein.

A couple of customers, not liking the look of things, made a move to go.

"Lock the door," ordered the detective. "Everybody stay where they are."

Beckwith, with conflicting emotions of doubt and assurance warring within him, went up to his employer and whispered to him.

Eagerly Mr. Wallenstein held out his hand, and Beckwith handed Galvin's huge watch to him.

Without a word, the jeweler quickly opened the back of the watch, and then the inner cover. All eyes were fixed on him, and heads were craned forward as he revealed the interior of the uncouth timepiece.

An exclamation of wonder broke from the group of watchers, for there, in place of wheels and springs, was snugly ensconced the missing gold Elgin. It fitted into the larger watch with some room to spare, and a little cotton wool had been hastily stuffed in as packing.

At once all was commotion.

"Arrest the scoundrel!" cried Mr. Wallenstein, crimson with anger. "Arrest him!"

"In the washroom, second floor," said Beckwith, nodding to the detective.

The man sprang up the stairs, followed by Beckwith. Entering the washroom, they were surprised to find it empty. Even Galvin's waistcoat had gone; for, discovering the loss of his watch, the guilty one had been quick to grasp the situation, and had fled. The open window showed the way of his escape.

Standing on a chair, the detective leaned out of the window and noted the strong lightning-rod wire which ran loosely down the wall, close to the window.

"Nervy, all right," he muttered. "Good stunt, too, that old watch of grandpa's."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Beckwith has been Mr. Wallenstein's partner for some time. No watches have been lost since Mr. Galvin slid the rod.

Ideal Wife.

An ideal wife is one who sympathizes with you when you have a headache and says you ought to begin wearing glasses when the chances are you have been smoking too much.—Kansas City Star.

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.

OTHER FARMS FOR SALE.

At Church St., Cornwallis
Upper Canard
Hortonville

Annie M. Stuart,
Broker.

Grand Pre, April 8th, 1919.

Public Notice!

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Robert Shaw, late of Avonport, merchant, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to:

L. E. SHAW } Administrators
F. E. COX }

Avonport, May 30, 1919.

Charles Hogan, C. E.
Provincial Land Surveyor
Surveys, Plans, Levelling & Estimates.
Church Street.
Greenwich, Kings Co., N. S.
Long distance telephone, Wolfville exchange.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

THE EXPLANATION

Nature placed the growth-promoting "vitamins" in the oil of the cod-fish—this explains why

Scott's Emulsion

is so definite in its help to a child of any age. Latter-day science reveals that the "vitamins" are needful for normal growth.

Scott's Emulsion will help any child grow.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 27

Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

Professional Cards

DENTISTRY.

A. J. McKenna, D. D. S.

Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College. Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.

Telephone No. 43.

M. R. ELLIOTT

A. B., M. D. (Harvard)

Office at residence of late Dr. Bowles
Telephone 238 P. Office
Hours—8-10 a. m., 1-3, 7-9 p. m.

D. S. HART,
Consulting Accountant and Auditor.
Wolfville and Halifax.

R. W. TUFTS
INVESTMENTS
INSURANCE
REAL ESTATE
Office: Main St. opposite Baptist church.

You cannot pull the wool over the eyes of the modern housewife. She knows or soon finds out the quality of what she buys. In former times many fraudulent articles were advertised in the belief that people liked to be fooled. Nowadays, to make advertising pay, there must be repeat sales and established confidence. That means the article advertised must be worth the price asked.

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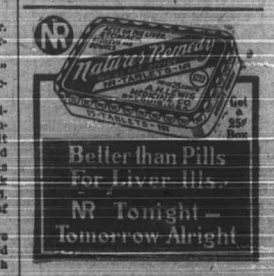
PUBLIC NOTICE!

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Avard J. Woodman, late of Wolfville, merchant and undertaker, deceased, are requested to renderthe same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to:

SELINA WOODMAN, Administratrix.
OTTA FOSHAY, Administrator.

Wolfville, October 5, 1919.



A. V. Rand, Chemist and Druggist.

An article that is not worthy cannot be advertised continuously and successfully. People find the truth and will not buy again. You can depend on articles that you see advertised day after day, year after year. They have been tried and proved.

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Many a man fails to appreciate his happy home because it is happy only during his absence.

The perfect husband always belongs to the other woman.