

## CONSTANT PAIN AFTER EATING

The Tortures of Dyspepsia  
Corrected by "Fruit-a-tives"

St. Martin's, N.B.  
"For two years, I suffered tortures from *Severe Dyspepsia*. I had constant pains after eating; pains down the sides and back; and horrible bitter stuff often came up in my mouth.

I tried doctors, but they did not help me. But as soon as I started taking 'Fruit-a-tives', I began to improve and this medicine, made of fruit juices, relieved me when everything else failed."

MRS. HUDSON MARSHBANK.  
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.  
At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

### TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

## DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

Change of Time  
January 7th, 1918

For information and new folders apply at nearest ticket office.

R. U. PARKER,  
Gen'l Passenger Agent

### H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom.	TIME, L.A.S. & W.	Accom.
Wednes-	IN EFFECT	Wednes-
days only	March 10, 1918	days only
Read down	STATIONS	Read up
11:10 a.m. Lv. Middleton	Ar. 5:00 p.m.	
11:41 a.m. "Clarence	Ar. 4:28 p.m.	
12:00 p.m. "Bridgetown	Ar. 4:10 p.m.	
12:32 p.m. "Granville Centre	Ar. 3:43 p.m.	
12:49 p.m. "Granville Ferry	Ar. 3:25 p.m.	
12:12 p.m. "Karsdale	Ar. 3:05 p.m.	
12:30 p.m. Ar. Port Wade	Lv. 2:45 p.m.	

Connection at Middleton with all points on H. & S. W. Railway and Dominion Atlantic Railway.

W. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
Div. F. & P. Agent

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Eddy's "Silent 500s"

SAFEST, because they are impregnated with a chemical solution which renders the stick "dead" immediately the match is extinguished.

CHEAPEST, because there are more perfect matches to the sized box than in any other box on the market.

War time economy and your own good sense will urge the necessity of buying none but EDDY'S MATCHES.

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In either our Business or Short-hand Departments or for an elective course from each for \$35 is what we offer. You cannot combine your training in any other school in this city. We have many more calls for help than we can supply.

Enter any day at  
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BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
HALIFAX, N. S.  
E. KAULBACH, C. A.

### NOTICE!

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Freeman Beardsley, late of Port Lorne, in the County of Annapolis, Merchant, deceased, are requested to render the same daily attested within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to

SUSAN BEARDSLEY,  
Executrix.

Probate granted the 8th day of March, A. D. 1918.  
Port Lorne, N. S., March 11th, 1918.  
49-101

## A FIGHT WITH WOLVES

(By John O'Brien Price)

During the summer of 1831 Richard Teale and his family joined the stream of immigrants that was pouring westward. He left his wife and three children in Indiana, while he went ahead to Champaign County, in Illinois, to select the site for a new home. He finally bought from the government forty acres on the bank of the Okaw River, and with the help of the nearest neighbour, who lived sixteen miles away, built a house and stable of logs. Having no door or windows for the house, they framed the openings and left them uncovered. Teals then rejoined his family, and in April they loaded all their belongings, including the door and the windows for the new house, on two wagons. Mrs. Teale drove one and her husband the other, and with their two cows tied behind, they started across country to their future home. The three children—Catherine, five years old, Andrew, a year younger, and the baby girl—rode with their mother. On the morning of the day when they expected to arrive at their destination, they struck a boggy prairie, and had to hitch all four horses to one wagon. The other wagon they left behind for the time being. It was late in the evening when they drove up to the lonely cabin on the edge of the timber. Mrs. Teale soon had a fire crackling on the hearth, and set about preparing supper. Meanwhile her husband cared for the stock, and put in the windows that they had brought for the cabin. Not until he started to the wagon for the door did he remember that it was on the load that they had left behind. To the Teales the lack of a door seemed a small matter, and they cheerfully hung a quilt across the opening, and were thankful for what they had.

The next morning, after Mr. Teale had felled a tree and chopped a supply of wood, he took the horses back for the wagon that they abandoned in the bog. He could not return before the evening of the following day, but his wife was not afraid to be left alone, for the pioneer life made her resourceful and courageous. During the day she was very busy getting settled. In the afternoon, she saw a lank timber wolf prowling round the stable.

Calling the dogs, two large grey hounds, she set them on the animal. The dogs did not seem anxious for battle, and the wolf leisurely trotted back into the woods. Returning to her work, she thought little more of the incident, but that evening, after she had milked the cows she securely fastened the cumbersome plank door that her husband had made for the stable. About nine o'clock the children went to bed, and she took up her knitting.

Suddenly she heard a wolf barking, but as that was a

common occurrence she paid no heed to it until she noticed that the sound was drawing nearer. At the end of each bark there was a long-drawn wail—the wolf call for the gathering of the pack. The winter had been extremely severe, and Mrs. Teale knew that the wolves were probably half famished. Far out on the prairie came an answer. To the south along the river the wail was also taken up, and a moment later it was repeated from yet another direction. A concerted yelping suddenly arose near the stable, and the hounds, changed their barks of defiance to whimpers of fright. As Mrs. Teale went to call them in, a savage snarling came from outside the door, the dogs were tussling with a wolf. The struggling animals fell against the quilt curtain with such force that the cloth was torn from its lower fastenings. Realizing the danger, she turned the table on its end and pushed it against the curtain. Several wolves now came running up from the stable. The hounds, unable to cope with such odds, shook off their opponents and made a dash for freedom. The sound of the pursuit became fainter and fainter, until it died away.

Thinking that the pack would be drawn away so far that it would not return, Mrs. Teale again took up her work. Not more than an hour had passed, however, before she heard a sniffling and scratching at the door.

Thinking that the dogs had outdistanced their pursuers and circled back to the cabin she pushed back the table and raised the curtain. A wolf stood at the threshold, with yellow eyes gleaming in the uncertain light. Quick as a flash she dropped the curtain and pushed the table into place. Weak from fright, she leaned against it; for behind that wolf she had seen many yellow, rough-coated forms. Hoping that a bright light would keep the wolves away from the cabin Mrs. Teale piled all her supply of wood on the fire; but the wood was full of sap, and the fire had got so low, before she replenished it that the green logs only deadened the light in the room. The wolves, scenting the food within, fought for a place at the door. The noise awakened the baby, who began to cry. The sound seemed to infuriate the animals; as Mrs. Teale holding the child in her arms, braced herself against the overturned table. She needed all her strength to prevent them from pushing into the room. Then one wolf, springing over the backs of the others, struck the curtain above the table with such force that the cloth tore away from its fastenings at the top. The quilt could not withstand many such blows, and the wolves would soon get in. Mr. Teale had taken the gun with him; the only weapon left was an axe.

Afraid to leave the door for an instant, Mrs. Teale bade the older children who had awakened and who lay cowering with fright to bring her the covers from the bed.

Overhead were the rafters on which Mr. Teale planned to build solid floor; the ladder to the proposed attic was already in place. Across some rafters lay a few loose boards, and over them Mrs. Teale now threw the bed coverings.

Calming the children's fears, she directed Catherine to help her brother up the ladder and to sit on the loose flooring. When they were safely there, she seized the axe, and holding the baby tight, hurried after them.

There was not room enough on the boards for the children to lie down, and they all had to sit with their feet drawn up under them.

The noise outside had increased, and a moment later the struggling animals pushed the table away from one side of the door, and in the opening appeared an ugly head.

The dim light from the candle on the shelf and the few flickering flames that had begun to spring up among the logs made the beast hesitate, but the biting, writhing mass behind forced him into the room. He stood irresolutely just inside the door; but another sharp nose and hideous mouth appeared and bit the leg of the first creature which whirled and snapped back. The second beast was already inside, and the two stood snarling at each other.

No doubt they would have fought if the odor of the food had not diverted their attention. As soon as they had found the box where the supplies were kept, they began busily to scratch and claw at it.

One or two of their mates had slunk into the room, and seeing that no harm befell them, the whole pack presently rushed inside. To Mrs. Teale and the children on their perch above, the room seemed to be a seething mass of struggling animals. Catherine was trembling with fear, but she tried to comfort her brother. The baby screamed loudly.

When the wolves had devoured all the food in the box, they sniffed about the room. One big fellow leaped upon the bed and slashed the pillows with his fangs. The screaming child attracted his attention, and sitting down on his haunches, he looked malevolently up at it.

Suddenly he crouched lower, and the muscles under his shaggy hide quivered. Mrs. Teale knew that he was about to spring, but she could not move. For what seemed to her hours, although in fact it was only a few seconds, she gazed at his baleful eyes. Then he leaped; she saw the sinister fangs draw near, felt the hot breath in her face, and noticed a sharp pain, as his claws, working desperately to retain a hold on the board, raked across her hand. A moment he hung on the edge, and then fell heavily on the floor.

Three other wolves immediately sprang upon the bed and gazed upward with slaving mouths. Suddenly a new strength came to the mother. Taking the axe in her right hand and holding the baby with her left arm, she stood up, and with her back braced against the roof, awaited the attack.

The creatures on the floor beneath, ceased their wrangling; all were looking upward, waiting. One of those on the bed moved restlessly, and, as if unable to restrain its eagerness longer, drew himself together and leaped at the prey. The axe greeted him on the nose, and with a yelp of pain he fell to the floor.

The other two sprang at her almost the same time; one fell short of the mark, but the other, catching his claws in a blanket, drew his forequarters up on the board in front of Andrew. Mrs. Teale's first stroke with the axe, missed the beast, but her second cut a gash in the back of his neck, and knocked him partly from the platform.

Hearing a frightened cry from Andrew, who in getting out of the way of the wolf, had lost his balance on the boards, Mrs. Teale dropped the axe and seized him by the leg just in time to draw him back to safety.

The maimed wolf had his claws caught in the blanket, and was struggling desperately. One stroke of the axe cracked his skull; his body relax-

### Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

### GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

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In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

ed and fell to the floor among the pack, which at once began to fight over it.

Fearing that the children, who were now panic-stricken, might fall from their places on the boards, Mrs. Teale looked about for a way to escape, while the wolves were so busily engaged. Placing the baby on the board between her feet, so that she could use both her hands, she chopped a hole through the boards above her. Then she lifted Catherine until the child could grasp the sides of the opening and clamber out. Mrs. Teale directed her to sit astride the ridgepole, and then passed out the blankets to protect the children from the cold. Next she lifted little Andrew out to his sister, who pulled him up to a place beside her. Then Mrs. Teale, with some trouble, clambered out through the hole with the baby and gained a seat by the others.

The moon had risen and the fresh night air cooled her aching body. The wind from the south, blowing the dense smoke from the chimney into their faces, inspired her with a plan to drive the wolves from the house. With a blanket thrown across her shoulders, she crept along the ridgepole toward the chimney; when she reached it she threw the blanket over the top of it. That would drive the smoke down into the room, where the ravenous hords were quarrelling over their dead mate.

She had no more than covered the chimney when she heard a scream behind her, and looking back, saw Andrew sliding helplessly down the steep roof. At the eaves he clung a moment desperately, and then disappearing with a frightened little cry.

Mrs. Teale did not hesitate. Warning Catherine to be quiet, she untied her apron strings with her free hand, wrapped them round her neck, and knotted them beneath her chin. Placing the infant in the apron, she took the ends of the hem in her teeth, lay flat on her back, and steadying herself with one hand by grasping the outer edge of the roof, slowly slid to the eaves and dropped the seven feet to the thick sod below.

She found the boy stunned by the fall, but otherwise unhurt. Without considering the wolves, she lifted him under one arm, and holding the hem of the apron with the other hand, ran to the stable. Inside she placed the two children on the hay. The baby, worn out with excitement, fell quickly asleep. The mother worked frantically over the boy, and at last was repaid by seeing him open his eyes.

and lift up his hands to her. A few minutes later she went cautiously outside.

No wolves were in sight, and she gave a sigh of relief when she saw on the roof her daughter silhouetted against the moonlight. To set in place the rude ladder that had been used in building the house and to mount it took her only a minute, and she had soon carried the chilled and sobbing girl to the ground.

As mother and daughter fled to the stable, they heard the snarling of the wolves change suddenly to sneezing and coughing. The smoke was doing its work.

In the stable, with the door tight barred, the family felt safe. The children were sleeping as soundly on the hay as if they were in their own beds; but Mrs. Teale watched until morning.

When daylight came, she ventured out to reconnoitre. Not a sound came from the house. The lower part of the quilt across the door was torn and chewed away, where the wolves had tried to make their way out of the smoke-filled cabin. The over-turned table was jammed tight across the doorway. Encouraged by the silence, she pushed aside the tattered quilt. An odor of burned hair and flesh hung in the room, and she saw the contorted bodies of twenty-seven wolves; one of them, in the agonies of suffocation, had rolled into the fire, and its half-charred body lay on the hearth. In their panic, the creatures had closed their only way of escape.

Early that afternoon, Mr. Teale arrived. The hounds, outdistancing their pursuers, had found his trail, and had come into the camp in the early morning. Their bloody and gashed condition had alarmed him so much that he had left the camp immediately and hurried to the cabin at the best speed the horses could make.

In those days there was in Illinois a bounty of two dollars for each wolf killed, and the money that the Teales received for the smothered pack, helped them greatly in establishing themselves in their new home.

### The Food Regulation

(St. John Globe)

W. S. Potts, Dominion Fruit Inspector, has been notified from Ottawa that it will be his duty to carry out the food regulations recently issued. He is to call on the traders affected by the new rules and make report. It is the duty of G. H. Vroom, Middleton, N. S., chief inspector for the Maritime Provinces, to prosecute.

### Protecting Your Children

The long, hard school term drains the vitality of growing children and you wonder why they are listless, puny and pale. Every school child will show marked improvement in health and growth if given

# SCOTT'S EMULSION

Its rich, uniform cod liver oil gets into their blood and gives them vim, snap and zest. It creates strength to resist school sicknesses, overcome pinched faces, sallow complexions and dull eyes.

High authorities have established again and again that cod liver oil promotes growth and energizes the body and brain.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

17-15

## TO-DAY AND EVERYDAY



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