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.

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.

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President—Mrs. L. W. Sleep.
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White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Dr. McKenna.
Loyal Temperance Legion—Miss Eaam.
Red Cross Work—Mrs. J. Vaughn.

Victory At Last.

One gratifying feature of the Prohibition measure passed by Order-in-Council by the Union Government was the unanimity with which it was received by all classes of persons.

No doubt many influences led up to so satisfactory a conclusion. One assuredly is the process of education which for thirty years has been awakening and instructing and developing the manhood as well as the womanhood of Canada. To the war pressure has brought to a culminating crisis of approval many hitherto opposed.

The men and women of today, after the years of instruction in the educational system and the Sabbath School, understand scientifically as well as morally and economically the evil of the drink traffic.

Britain is suffering from the lack of this.

The British workman thinks he cannot work without his beer—or ale.

He thinks it is curtailing his personal liberty to restrict or prohibit it by legislation. The children of the working classes, as well as the other classes, must be taught the bodily evil of the drink.

They must be shown, as our young people have been taught scientifically, the result of alcohol. In time our good, brave motherland will reap a rich harvest as we reap today. Twenty years ago no government in Canada could have passed a prohibitory law with the expectation of any general acceptance of it by the people. Public opinion was not ready; the public mind was not trained to acknowledge the wisdom of so drastic a measure.

Our present duty is obvious! We must go on with our educational work. We must not think our work is done.

Our children and youth must be kept alive to the reasons why strong drink is an evil thing.

Teachers do not relax your efforts along this line.

Sunday School workers, do not consider your efforts unnecessary.

A New View of the Smokes For Soldiers' Question.

DR. HANNA SHAW AT W.C.T.U. NATIONAL CONVENTION IN WASHINGTON.

We have got to demand that there shall be conservation all along the line. I had a letter the other day giving me a most fearful scorching because of a speech I made in Baltimore recently. I said that we women had Mr. Hoover looking into our refrigerators, examining our bread to see what kind of material we were using, telling us what extravagant creatures we are, that we waste millions of money every year, waste food, and all that sort of thing, and yet while we are asked to have meatless days and wheatless days, I had never yet seen a declaration of a smokeless day! They are asking through the newspapers that we women shall dance, play bridge, have charades, sing and do every conceivable thing under the sun to raise money to buy tobacco for the men in the trenches! Not only have we got to take care of our refrigerators and our bread and use oatmeal and all the rest of it, but we have got to dance for tobacco for the soldiers! The men who want us to do that have a cigar in their mouth at the time they are asking us to do it! And I say that if men want the men in the trenches to have tobacco, let them have a smokeless day and furnish it! Perhaps it would so disturb their nerves to have a smokeless day that we could not live with them. If they would conserve one single cigar a day and send it to the men in the trenches, they would have all they need, the men at home would be a great deal better off, and it would be possible to live with them!

If we have to eat cornmeal and other things to send wheat across the sea, they must stop smoking to send smoke across the sea! And I have not the least intention of either dancing or playing cards or doing anything of the sort to raise tobacco money so long as a man in the United States smokes!

Many statements have been published about the increase of drinking among women in Great Britain, but the latest statistics ought to kill this slander once and for all. Between 1914 and 1915 the female convictions for drunkenness in Great Britain dropped by some 2600, and between 1915 and 1916 they fell by nearly 14,000.—White Ribbon.

Weak, Nervous People,

SUCH SUFFERING CAN BE RESTORED BY BUILDING UP THE BLOOD.

Nervous people who have not yet developed a disease that can be recognized and treated by the medical profession have the greatest trouble in finding relief. Irritation, headaches, sleeplessness, nervous dyspepsia, all these discomforts make life miserable but are endured rather than run a doctor's bill without definite hope of an improved condition.

Every sufferer should know the danger of such a condition to the nervous system. Nervous debility and even paralysis may result if the tone of the nerves is not restored.

The one big fact that brings hope and relief is that the nerves can be restored by building up the blood. It cannot be too often repeated that only through the blood can nourishment or medicine reach the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pills make the blood rich and red and quickly restore vitality and energy to a weak nervous system. A nervous person who gives these pills a trial is almost certain to see good results, and what is more, the benefit will be lasting because the trouble is attacked at its root; building up the blood restores the nerve force. That is why people who occasionally take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always feel active and strong. Mrs Wm. McIntyre, Gananoque, Ont., says:—'For a number of years I was always tired and listless. The least noise would so startle me that I would tremble and shake; my heart would flutter and I would feel as though I were choking. I was almost wholly unfitted for housework, and always so nervous that life was almost a burden. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me in the least. One day I received a pamphlet describing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to give them a trial. I am glad now that I did for after using eight boxes they have so strengthened and built up my run down, nervous system that I can work with pleasure and feel refreshed after a night's sleep. I sincerely hope some similar sufferer may benefit by my experience.'

If you are weak, nervous or feeling 'out of sorts,' give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and you will be surprised to see how quickly the nervousness will pass away and your former energy return. You can get these pills through your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Paper Trousers Worn by Germans.

Paper trousers are now being worn by a large proportion of the male population of Germany. Whole suits for men are being sold, which contain practically no fabric except paper, but the demand for paper fabric far exceeds the supply.

Collars are now selling in Berlin for nearly 75 cents each, and shoelaces of paper yarn are 15 cents a pair.

Leather is becoming unobtainable. Boots with wooden soles are worn even by the better class, and fully forty per cent. of the soldiers at the front are wearing wooden soled shoes. The 'standard' shoes that are sold contain only 10 per cent. leather. In many cases the uppers are made out of cod ship sails, tent awnings and impregnated burlap. Paper for ordinary purposes has become so scarce that some provincial papers are using low grade colored papers.

In this connection we must not imagine that these paper suits, worn by the Germans, are made of material of the brittle nature of ordinary news or wrapping paper. Some German art has made this brittle paper into a material that is strong enough for wear for clothing, so when you read of 'paper trousers worn by the Germans,' do not go away with the mistaken idea that every time the paper-clad Hun sits down on a nail he goes away with a hole in his paper breeches.—Truro News

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. No surgery, operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly cure you. 60c. a box; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

Every pound of maple sugar produced this spring adds to the food stock of the country at a time when every pound of food-stuffs is needed. Maple sugar makers are sure of a market for every pound of pure maple sugar and syrup they produce.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A portable oil stove is a handy thing when it comes to heating an imperfectly warmed bathroom.

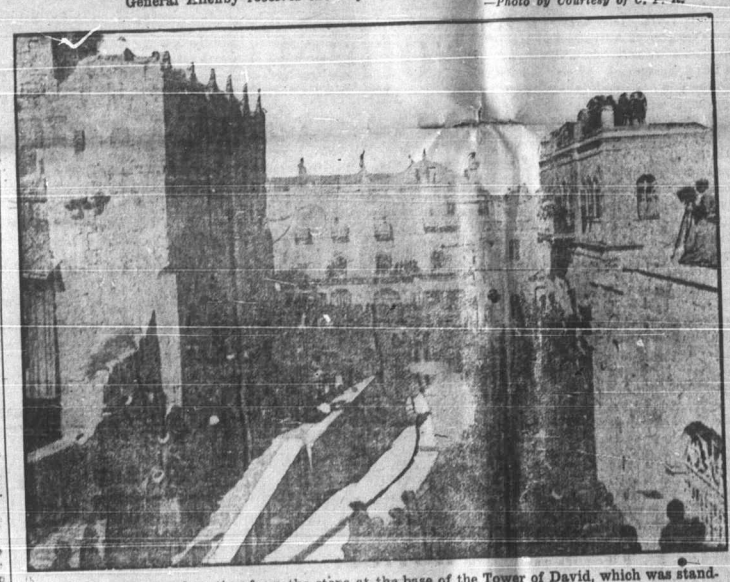
Stale pieces of bread can be put through the meat grinder and added to any muffins you are planning to make.

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.

THE CAPTURE OF PALESTINE

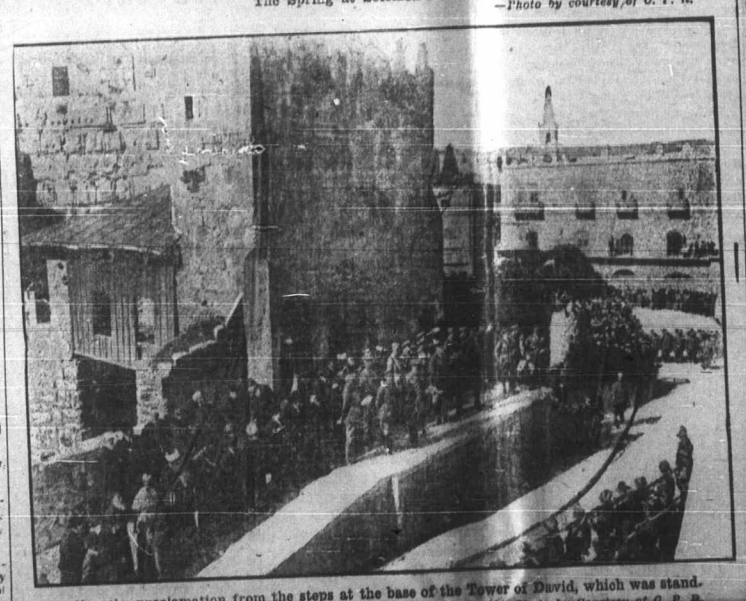
General Allenby receives the city notables in the barrack square.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



Reading the proclamation from the steps at the base of the Tower of David, which was standing when Christ was in Jeruralem.
—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.

THE BRITISH IN JERUSALEM

The Spring at Solomon's Pool.
—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



Reading the proclamation from the steps at the base of the Tower of David, which was standing when Christ was in Jerusalem.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.

Care of Swine.

At a time when every person who can is being urged to raise a pig, a pamphlet reprinted by the Live Stock Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, entitled, 'Feeding and Housing of Swine,' comes most opportunely. The pamphlet, which can be had free from the Publications Branch at the federal capital, contains sections by three of the leading authorities on the subject in Canada. The first of these is Professor G. E. Day, formerly of the Ontario Agricultural College, who writes on the selection of the boar and sow and the management of both and of the young pigs. The second is Mr E. S. Archibald, Dominion Animal Husbandman, who deals with the farmer's cheap piggery, supplying diagrams of appropriate buildings with dimensions and other useful particulars. The third is Mr. G. B. Rothwell, Assistant Dominion Animal Husbandman, who deals with the same subject, but from a different standpoint. He describes a cheap, portable hog cabin that can be built and utilized by practically anybody who is willing to take the trouble. Illustrations of the cabin and diagrams with specifications are also given.

Virtue In the Cow.

'There is virtue in the cow; she is full of goodness; the whole landscape looks out of her soft eyes. I had rather have the care of cattle than be the keeper of the great seal of the nations.'—John Burroughs.

It's the love of the other fellow for your money that is the root of all evil.

Many widows are said to be gamesome. Possibly that's why they are widows.

Little white lies live long and prosper.

Woe to the politician whose nerve has become affected.

You can't discourage the prohibition movement by throwing cold water on it.

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

If you would lengthen your life, shorten your worries.

A POWERFUL AID

When you feel sluggish and nervous, tired and indifferent, you have the first symptoms of declining strength and your system positively needs the special nutritive food-tonic in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

to replenish your blood power, enliven its circulation and bring back the snap and elasticity of good health. *Scott's Emulsion* supplies Nature with the correct building-food which is better than any drugs, pills or alcoholic mixtures.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 17-26

The Russians are relinquishing Armenia and the Turks are returning—probably to massacre any Armenians who escaped the earlier shambles.

STUDENT HELP

By Jane Osborn

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Ursula had watched the principal guest of the evening with interest. It was the new instructor of psychology, Jorrold Greig, who was being considered for the vacancy in Professor Judson's department at Brompton college. He had come from one of the larger Eastern colleges and brought with him, and very obviously showed in his manner and bearing, more of urbanity than was possessed by most members of the Brompton college faculty. At the head of the table sat Professor Judson, and at the other end Mrs. Judson presiding over the teacups, for Brompton families still drank tea with their evening meal, and had the tea service spread before the mistress of the house in as stately array as the meat platter and carving things were spread at the other end of the table before the host. The rule of etiquette that directs the hostess to seat her man guest of honor at her right and the woman guest of honor at the host's right apparently did not trouble the Judsons, for Mr. Jerrold Greig sat where it was most convenient for the professor to talk with him at his own right, and Mr. Greig's elder sister—for this sister, who, in the event that Mr. Greig received the appointment, would be the head of his household, had come with him—sat at Mrs. Judson's left. Grandfather and grandmother Judson had their usual places on the other side of the table, and Rodney Judson, Professor Judson's eldest son, who had but recently graduated from Brompton, sat between the young aspirant and his sister.

So there were a good many dishes for one small pair of hands to wash unaided and a good many pots and pans had had to be used in preparation for the meal, and in Mrs. Judson's household no pots and pans, however stubbornly they had resisted the first ablutions, were ever left "to soak" till the next day.

So Ursula was still at her work when the clock on the kitchen shelf pointed to nine o'clock. She heard a creaking sound toward the back stairs and wished that the light of the solitary oil lamp shed a more far-reaching glow. Then a door distinctly opened. Yes, it was the back stairs door, and a man's figure that was neither that of Professor Judson nor his son came out of the shadow. It was the young Eastern professor, and he stepped toward Ursula with a degree of embarrassment that was not in very good keeping with the appearance of perfect self-possession and poise that he had shown at dinner.

"I just thought maybe you would give me a glass of water," he began, as Ursula leveled her eyes at him in unfeigned surprise. "Mrs. Judson, I guess, forgot to put any in my room, and I didn't want to bother any of the people upstairs," he fabricated, and then more truthfully: "These country college folks certainly go to bed with the chickens."

"They usually drink the spigot water," Ursula commented with a voice that marked no inflection. Even from the shadow in which Mr. Greig was standing she could see that he was watching her with an interest that was not entirely necessary.

She moved toward the tray, where stood a neat array of perfectly shining glasses, and took one.

"Too bad to have to use a clean one," objected the professor. "I remember when we were youngsters the cook at home used to make us drink out of a tin cup—hated to have to polish extra tumblers, you know."

Ursula made no comment, filled a glass and handed it to the intruder.

"But, then, that cook was very cross," said the man, trying to make his voice sound perfectly self-possessed, but not succeeding, "and this cook isn't cross, is she?"

Still Ursula made no comment.

Jerrold Greig drank the water, for which he had no thirst, and then watched Ursula intently as she continued her task at the sink.

"I used to help the cook of ours dry dishes," he prevaricated, "and I don't see why I shouldn't help you. Every one has gone to bed and I am supposed to be in my room—no one will know." He had taken a towel from the rack and had begun to dry one of the pans that Ursula had just washed. "Do you know," he ventured, encouraged because Ursula had not repulsed his effort at helpfulness, "do you know, you are the most extraordinarily pretty girl I've seen in a long time. I noticed you the first thing we went into the dining room—couldn't keep my eyes off from you, and I fancy I made a jumble of what I said to the professor just because I was so intent on watching you."

"You seemed perfectly self-possessed," commented the girl, without a smile. "I should judge that you are one of the sort that usually does keep a deal of self possession."

A pause followed, and then Greig, seizing another pan from the draining rack, got back to his first track. "You are really too pretty. A girl as pretty as you are has no place in a kitchen. In the place I come from she wouldn't stay in a hole like this for a minute. Hands like yours weren't made for this sort of thing." Then, as the next pan was transferred from the soapy dish water to the draining rack, he tried to seize the slim white hand that held it, but, thanks to the soap and water, it slid easily from his grasp back into the suds.

Then there was a silence broken only by the splashing of the water in Ursula's dishpan; and Ursula's deep blue eyes, as she washed pots and pans with her unwelcome assistant at her side, penetrated deep through the dish water into the region of brown study beyond.

"A penny for your thoughts" was the way the young professor broke the silence.

"I was wondering whether you knew anything about the girls in the college out here. You know it is a co-educational place."

"I'm not especially anxious to meet them," sighed Greig. "A man doesn't care much for that sort of girl—brains don't county for much in women—not half so much as a pretty face like yours." He was looking intently at Ursula who for one fleeting second was tempted to rub the self-satisfied smile from his face with one swoop of her soapy dish cloth. Instead, she looked at the kitchen clock. The hands pointed to a quarter after nine. She knew Rodney would be back from his call on the college president in a few minutes, and until that time she could manage the professor-elect alone.

She assumed a yielding smile of coquetry. "Oh, some of the girls aren't so bad looking," she said. "Some of the poor farmers' daughters take places in the professors' families. In return for working three or four hours a day they get their board and keep and they eat with the families—all except when there is extra company. They call them 'student helps.'"

For a moment the young man looked alarmed. "You don't happen to be one of those girls?" he asked hurriedly. To flirt with a girl who might later be a student in one of his classes and who possessed the dignity of being a candidate for a college degree was quite another thing from passing a few otherwise dull moments with a forlorn little kitchen maid whose youthful charms happened to take his fancy.

"I don't look it, do I?" asked Ursula in a way that dispelled the instructor's anxieties.

"Of course, you don't," he assured her. "When I get this job out here in the fall I'm going to manage somehow to see more of you. Perhaps my sister will get you to work for us instead of the Judsons. No one need know that I arranged it, and somehow we can manage to have a few good times together. I see you aren't going to be cross with me, are you?"

"Then you are really going to get the appointment?" Ursula asked with feigned enthusiasm over the prospect.

"Surely. Did you hear me pulling the wool over the old man's eyes? I did manage to make a good impression, even if you, you little beauty, were doing your best to rattle me. The only person standing in the way of me, I understand, was that son of the professor's, Rodney Judson. And, of course, he wouldn't stand any show against me even with his own father."

Young Mr. Grieg had abandoned the task of assistant and stood very close to the girl's side, where he could see every gradation in the coral tints that came and went in her cheeks under his gaze.

"Good-night, Mr. Grieg," she said, as she heard the first footfall of Rodney Judson outside.

"You won't send me away without a better good-night than that—" that was what the young instructor intended to say, but he never said it. For before he could say more than two syllables Rodney Judson stood before him in the kitchen. He made a badly calculated step toward the back stairs.

"Don't hurry away," said Ursula very sweetly, turning to the professor's son, who was in the kitchen by this time. "Rodney, Mr. Grieg has been down to get a glass of water. Mr. Grieg, it will do no harm to tell you that Mr. Judson and I are engaged—though as yet we have not told even Rodney's parents. I am sure we can depend on your confidence. I was just telling Mr. Grieg about our system of student helps and I was going to explain to him that if it were not for that system I would never have had a chance of coming to college or of meeting you, Rodney."

"Splendid idea," stammered Mr. Grieg. "By all means you can trust me," and then, seizing the empty tumbler, he hurried up the back stairs.

"Good news," said Rodney when they were alone. "The president decided against Grieg when he saw him this afternoon. Wouldn't give his reasons. And he called me over tonight to tell me he would give me the appointment instead. Too bad for poor Grieg, but it means we won't have to wait many months more. Of course, they'll pay Grieg's expenses out here, but I'm sorry for him. He didn't seem like a bad sort, did you think so?"

"I don't believe he would ever have fitted in here at Brompton," Ursula commented. "He wasn't just exactly our sort." And being wiser than her years Ursula never had another comment to make on the rejected instructor.

The Way of It.

"What a tall man Mamie married!"

"Yes, but after they went to housekeeping she found he was always short."

During the Spat.

Naggs—You are a burden to me.

Mrs. Naggs—And you are a beast.

Naggs—Yes, that's it exactly—I am a beast of burden.

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To Get Your Furniture Upholstered.

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Always keep a jar Handy

Send 3c in stamps for a generous size sample.

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Fresh Air Good For Face.

It is a mistaken idea that bundling up to the eyes and covering the face with thick veils protects the skin in the winter, says a writer in Farm and Fireside. The more the face is exposed to the fresh air the better it will be for the complexion, and there is nothing more invigorating and beneficial than a brisk walk during a snow flurry. Never carry an umbrella when it is snowing. The best kind of water to wash your face in is soft rain water, and as snow is only frozen water, there is surely no reason why it should be injurious to the skin.

Do not wash your face before going out into the open air, but if cleansing is necessary, apply cold cream and rub it well into the pores, afterwards wiping the face well with a soft towel. Cleanse the face with cold cream and a good massage cream at least once a week, apply a lotion to the face, hands and lips every night before retiring. The lips are more susceptible to cold and chap more easily than any other part of the face.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

It sometimes happens that the man who has a wife and an automobile has two unmanageable things on his hands at once.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

If a small lump of alum is put into the paste for putting paper on the wall, the mice will never gnaw the paper.