

THE WONDERFUL FRUIT MEDICINE

Thousands Own Health And Strength To "Fruit-a-lives"

"FRUIT-A-LIVES", the marvelous medicine made from fruit juices—has relieved more cases of Stomach, Liver, Blood, Kidney and Skin Troubles than any other medicine. In severe cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in the Back, Impure Blood, Neuritis, Chronic Headaches, Chronic Constipation and Indigestion, "Fruit-a-lives" has given unusually effective results. By its cleansing, healing powers on the eliminating organs, "Fruit-a-lives" tones up and invigorates the whole system.

At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

White Ribbon News

Woman's Christian Temperance Union first organized in 1874.

Anti—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 Neighbour.

Waterword—Agiate, educate, organize.

OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION.

President—Mrs. L. W. Stapp.
1st Vice President—Mrs. Irene Fitch.
2nd Vice President—Mrs. G. Miller.
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Temperance in Sabbath-schools—Mr. Edwin Graham.
Evangelists—Mrs. Paves Smith.
Press—Mrs. M. P. Froeman.
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. D. McKenna.
Local Temperance Legion—Miss Egan.
Red Cross Work—Mrs. J. Vaughn.

Canada's First Woman M. P.

The fact that emerged at the meeting of the Ontario Women's Citizens' Association, held in the Y. M. C. A., was that Mrs. Louisa McKinney, Member of Parliament for Alberta and the first woman Member of Parliament in Canada, is an impassioned orator who could hold her own in any assembly and who can grip and move an audience as few men, either at Ottawa or in the Provincial Parliament can. The speech should have been heard in the largest hall the city has to offer. Mrs. McKinney spoke for ninety minutes without a note and without a moment's confusion; she speaks with the utmost deliberation and with a rich, deep voice that has

been compared to the most fascinating of the imperial maudlin Board.

She marshals her facts with the skill of a life-long parliamentarian and rises from periods of quiet statement to crises of passionate appeal and declamation where masculine strength and womanly moral earnestness blend into effects that throb with power.

"When the women of Alberta got the franchise," said Mrs. McKinney, "they were approached by the advocates of party alliance, but some of them were not much in love with either party and they formed a non-partisan league. At the time of the election that league was threatened with extinction." "If you believe in a thing," said Mrs. McKinney, "the question is: How much do you believe in it? Do you believe in it enough to give yourself to it?" Mrs. McKinney stood as no partisan candidate and was successfully returned.

With much quiet and racy humor Mrs. McKinney traced the natural history of the Canadian woman's relation to politics. "Political meetings were left to the men. But there came a time when women began to understand that politics signified the science of government; the management of a country's domestic affairs and its relations to its neighbors. They had much experience of their own domestic affairs and there seemed no reason why they should not take some part in the management of the domestic affairs of the country in which they lived. The war had demonstrated that it matters a great deal to everybody what the policy of a country is. If the policy of a nation is wrong, as in Germany, for thirty or forty years, terrible results may follow. If therefore the political policy of Germany during forty years has brought this war will not the policy of Canada, now shape the destiny of our children in the future? Then it begins to look as if there was a serious business what the political policy of Canada is to do. It is a task big enough for men and women combined in devotion to their country to see that that policy is right."

But looking into the political life of today what was to be found? Much good work has been done, but we have not time to stop and admire ourselves because there is much work to be done. I asked a Calgary audience what was the outstanding thing

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 headaches, neuritis, rheumatism, etc. etc. 15 to 30 drops of Hall's Liquid Syrup will correct faulty digestion and afford relief.

"In Canadian politics," said Mrs. McKinney, "I have given a masterly analysis of graft. Not the mere appropriation of public funds though she did not spare reference to certain notorious episodes, but the conscious arrangement of political circumstances so that the politician should benefit at the public expense.

Next came the patronage system where votes were deliberately pledged for a quid pro quo. "This means that when the party goes out everything goes out. To day our political life is honeycombed with those two evils. Men in our political life realize that their hands are tied fast by the patronage system. How did it grow up? Mrs. McKinney described the natural history of the patronage system with amazing clearness and incisive humor that stayed by for a moment. For she would not have it a laughing matter. She had told her own constituents that she had no bridges or telephone poles in her pocket.

"The spirit of the people has seemed to justify this terrible position. That Canada will end in revolution, in the thinking of the people. It will mean that the average citizen will go into politics with changed ideas. Now what I can get out of it for myself or my friends, but what I can put into the country is the revolution that I believe the women have in their power to usher in."

PILES

Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once. It is a certain cure for hemorrhoids, piles, and all other ailments of the rectum. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is a certain cure for hemorrhoids, piles, and all other ailments of the rectum. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

If we fill our days full of the right things, we shall have no time or thought for the wrong things.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The more we demand of ourselves, the more we get out of ourselves. You can squeeze an orange dry, but not the spirit of a man.

Are Your Hands Tired?

ARE YOU discouraged because you are not getting on in the world as you should? Do you feel that something is holding you back? That you are not earning enough money? That you do not have the educational training that lifts men and women up into positions of power and influence?

Don't let your ambition die! Don't settle down in a rut of poverty and drudgery—you don't have to. There is a way by which you can break the shackles that bind you. The International Correspondence Schools can give you, by mail, just the training you must have to help you make a success of your life.

For almost 25 years the I. C. S. has been carrying the brightest of Social Education's training right into the homes of business men, farmers, mechanics, and all other classes of men and women. Successful I. C. S. trained men and women are doing big things and making money in every civilized country in the world.

You can do as others have done. Everything is made to give you exact full and complete instruction in every step—step—step—every difficulty—answer your every question.

The thing to do now is to mark and mail the coupon below and find out how the I. C. S. can train you for the position you desire. It is a simple, safe, and effective method. Remember that simple and by mail training you must have to help you make a success of your life.

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SCOTTY

BY COLIN MCKAY

The brigantine, stripped to topmasts, was running before a southerly gale, plunging exultantly through the racing surges, piling astern her sheering bows tumbling arches of crystal foam. The mate, an ancient sea-hog, fully in oils, stood by the binnacle, watching the heaving decks, the straining sails, with impassive countenance and steadfast old eyes. Presently he glanced astern where the heavens were blanking up with bulge and blue-black cloud-masses in titanic convulsions; then, shouting abruptly, he flung back the hood of the compass.

"Ho, captain, you'd better come up here."

A young man with an unwholesome and irritable aspect looked around quickly.

"What's the matter now?"

"Time to heave to, sir."

"Heave to—in this breeze?" snorted the skipper. "Get out! I can't make Halifax today some time."

"You'll not do it, sir. I'll be Lowry's feather-white before long, and I think as a feather bed, the sooner you heave to, the better."

The captain's cavalierous countenance darkened when he saw the mate's warning. He snatched up the compass and in his nasal, snarling tones, "If you keep her going, you'll have an ashore in a howling snow-storm, and maybe lose her, and her hands," responded the mate quietly.

"Oh, you're getting frightened of your precious life, are you?" snorted the skipper, hating his yellow face contemptuously. "And you're the mate that called 'passions' that made me a skipper. You think you'll get this packet next trip, do you? Old Scotty, drunken old Scotty, master of a ship! Not if I know it. You're too old and nervous to go to sea." And growling to himself, he dropped below, hanging the scuttle behind him viciously.

The mate's old eyes blazed with murderous ferocity, and his vigorous old frame trembled violently with the vehemence of his rage. "The death of that fellow yet," he muttered savagely. "If he cheats me out of my last hope of obtaining another command!"

Suddenly he turned about and glanced at the man at the wheel—a staid young fellow whose features set in a grimace of torture, hurling the spokes back and forth with frenzied effort.

"Steering hard, Young!"

The man answered explosively, in a sort of petulant fury, as though his temper had been strung to the bursting point by the strain of his relentless labor:

"She'll kill a man, sir. Why don't you take charge of her, and leave her to the old man's drunk or crazy."

The mate blazed at him angrily, "Answer me civilly, and don't pass opinions," then, turning away, he moved forward to the break of the poop and laid out in a great despondent voice that boomed across the wind like the roll of a drum: "Lay off here, Johnson, and lend a hand at the wheel."

The ship sped on, bounding with fierce, hopeful leaps over the roaring billows, plunging recklessly into the

now," the mate roared. And he sprang into the fore-cabin, followed by the men.

The striped ship waded wildly to port and a sea, catching her under the counter, lunged her broadside into the trough. Newly mounted, the sharp gray-hair pounced upon her and she was swept clean—dash-bow, dash-bow, but she was not to be taken so easily—and the captain, missing from the wheel. The mate slid to the deck bawling:

"Clay aft, boys, and get the trestle on her. Look alive, or she'll be falling off."

In a few minutes she had the trestle on her and lay with her head under her wing, breathing the sea buoyantly. The mate turned to the man who had taken the wheel.

"Well, I guess the captain went down quick. I never saw a sign of him after that sea piled over her."

Yes, sir. Spone he was strangled or killed. Brute of a sea. Thought the decks would be stove."

Old Scotty looked at the ship halting in the swell. He had a command again, given him by the sea, the good salt sea that he had so long, that had not forgotten him in the trough. Slowly his hard old face broke into a smile of grim satisfaction, and his sturdy old frame seemed to swell with pride. Presently he saw a ship again—not much of a ship—not much of a ship for "Old Stormy," the Petrel, the master of the ship, who had seen the stars in the epic days of the sailing

ship's service. He had no other thought than to find the mate, and of an ignorant and ill-natured upstart—not for a while, anyway. "Have the foot right, too," he muttered grimly. He was a vindictive old man.

After a while he went down into the after cabin, and standing in water up to his knees, began to work over a chart spread on the table. Presently he straightened up with a pause in his breath. "Curse the old fellow! He's not dead, but he's not here. I'll look-a-round—and save a hazzard and bloody face peering at him dazedly from under the raised curtain of the cabin. He had a good look at the mate's face, and he was not surprised; but it was characteristic of him that he gave no sign of being startled—didn't even start back. In the dim and unsteady light he gazed unflinchingly at this amazing apparition—and became aware that it was the captain himself, and in the flesh, too. When the sea broke over her, the mate had by some freak of the swirling waters, been hurled head foremost down the companion and left with just enough sense to crawl into his bunk.

"You here?" said Scotty at length. "I thought you were overboard."

"Well, I'm not," snapped the captain. "How long have I been down here?"

"Not very long. Are you hurt?"

"My head's spinning like a top—that's all," growled the captain savagely. "Send the steward here, and get out of my cabin. You can't take charge of my ship yet a while."

"I wish to God I'd taken charge of her four hours ago, and saved the sea the trouble of breaking your head," answered the mate, turning away. "I'm nearer land than I thought. If you're so smart, you'd better come up, and take her in—"

"Bitterness-breakers under our feet!" the mate roared, and he sprang over the side. "Jump up here, sir. We're going ashore."

Scotty sprang on deck and the skipper, who had apparently been more frightened than hurt, followed at his heels.

"Get the forecast on her," roared Scotty.

But before they reached the break of the poop she struck with a shock that threw all hands to the knees. Next moment she was caught up by a giant roller and hurled stern first upon the reef, bringing up with another terrific jolt. All hands scrambled into the main rigging.

"The captain was struck like a child," Old Scotty, what can we do?" he cried despairingly.

"Don't you Scotty me, curse you!" roared the mate furiously. "You've got us in a nice fix, haven't you, with your pigheaded foolishness? You may as well say your prayers if you know any—you'll never get out of her."

The captain stopped blubbering and watched the ponderous rollers crashing over the hull beneath him. A long, low, and the scurrying angrily. "I can do up the curing necessarilly. And his his voice, vibrating with the virulence of his rage, he proceeded to curse the captain, violently, vindictively. But the captain, watching the rollers, said nothing. He only said, "In a little while the other cleared suddenly. They saw on either hand ranged ranges of breakers stretched away for miles. As they passed the gale dropped abruptly. A big boat pushed out of a little cove. One of the men gesticulated wildly as though inviting them to swim through the rollers.

Old Scotty looked at the drawn face of the captain, and smiled sardonically. He had nothing to live for now—and memories of his redoubtable youth rose up suddenly and seemed to mock him. "Old Stormy"—he remembered how the rollicking clipper sailors used to sing his full-cracking exploits in their wild chaff. "Old Stormy" had been a sea of mark; a man who had sailed famous ships, who had made records on all the deep-sea routes. But the man he was "old been" had seen these many years. "Old Stormy" was a generation of seamen called him "Old Stormy" as a deprecating term of respect. "Get the topsails on her, Scotty," the captain yelled excitedly in a sudden blue funk.

"They'll blow off, as soon as we come out," answered Scotty. "The topsails are hoisted, and they'll blow away and be pooped for sure. You might as well bring her to now—the topsails'll go as soon as they shake."

"Get the topsails on, I say—and be quick about it!"

The captain took the wheel, and the mate went forward to the deck. But before they started a thing, both the topsails carried away at the slings and went over the bows in pieces; and the fore-stay, sparred by a falling spar, began to snap. "Look, boys. She'll leave to,



Memories of "the nicest cup of tea I ever tasted"

KING COLE ORANGE PEKOE The "Extra" in Choice Tea

KING COLE TEA

C.P.R. Brings a Tank to Canada



- 1) British "Tanks" moving for a charge on German trenches.
- 2) The "Tank" is equally at home on the level or climbing hills.
- 3) The side that faces the foe. The shells are poured from the opening on the right.

EVERY one remembers the sensation produced on the battlefield by the appearance of the land-battleships familiarly known as "Tanks." Through the efforts of Lord Shagbushy of the C. P. R., who undertook to cover the heavy expense of transport, the British Government has agreed to send one of the "Tanks" to Montreal to take part in a great parade for the Victory Loan. Owing to the urgent need for this "Tank" elsewhere, its stay in this country cannot be long, so that Montreal will be the only city in Canada to have the privilege of seeing this wonderful weapon of war. It carries six machine guns, and will be manned by a crew of gunners, all of whom have been wounded in actual "Tank" service at the front. The Tank will be manned and guarded night and day by its own crew, who will be assisted by a large squad of C. P. R. police.

King George, while recently in Flanders, rode with the Prince of Wales in a "Tank" almost identical with the one coming to Montreal. The strain of riding in a "Tank" under action is so terrific that after one day each man gets a week's leave to recuperate his nerves. Such, however, is the competition among volunteers to ride in the "Tank" that there is a large waiting list of men who have put down their names for the privilege of fighting the fun in this way. It will be noted from the close up illustration that the shield of the machine gun is just like a bumper (see page 10) but no bumper eye was ever more watchful than that of the man behind the gun.

Keep A Pig!

Food Controllers Hoover and Henna say that Meat Shortage is now one of the most critical features of the war. They urge that quick action be taken to make up for the shortage. And they point to the hog as the speediest means of doing so.

SAVE YOUNG SOWS

To increase the production of pigs, young sows intended for the butcher must be saved this Fall. Next Spring's "Keep a Pig" propaganda, aimed at the residents of small towns and suburbs of cities, added to the normal avenues of sale, ensure a record demand for the property of all these sows. Elsewhere will be found a business statement from Prof. J. M. Truman indicating the probable profit. Be sure to read it. Try to plan things so that you will keep one or two more sows than in former years.

An Attempt to Bring Buyers and Sellers Together

There may be, in response to this appeal, those wishing to purchase sows for breeding purposes who do not know where to buy them. On the other hand we already have the names of some 25 farmers who have sows to sell and we solicit the names of others. If you are either a prospective buyer or seller and do not know of anyone with whom you can do business send your name to Prof. J. M. Truman, Agricultural College, Turin. He does not guarantee to personally make any sales or purchases, but he will try to bring prospective buyers and sellers together. Write him at once.

The Nova Scotia Department of Agriculture co-operates with The Dominion of Canada Department of Agriculture, Live Stock Branch in this effort to increase Hog Production.

HUTCHINSON'S Livery and Automobile Service

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Taxis or Autos always ready for a drive through the Evangeline Land.

Teams at all trains and boats.

Weddings carefully attended by Auto or team.

Give us a call. Telephone 56.

T. E. HUTCHINSON, Proprietor.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Beware of cheap imitations.

Signature of Dr. J. C. Watson

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 23.
Office Hours—8-1 a.m., 1-3, 7-9 p.m.

F. J. PORTER

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

McCallums, L'td

The largest dealers in Improved arm Projections in Canada.

Halifax, N. S., Canada.

Are you offering the property of the Wolfville Fruit Land Improvement Co. in the area of Oranville fully improved? Write us for particulars. Price \$50,000.00.

J. A. Porter, Local Agent.
Telephone WOLFVILLE AND KENTVILLE

COAL! COAL! COAL!

Carefully Screened and Promptly Delivered.

Springhill, Albion Nut and Old Sydney.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Burgess & Co.



Join heartily in every effort to better our town and district. Avoid the complaining spirit. Be a "Booster" and not a "Knocker." Patronize the people who live here and contribute to all local improvements. Do not send your money away to mail order houses, until you make sure that our local merchants cannot do as well or better. Generally they can do better.

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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.

Wolfville Time Table

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY

Daily Service (Sunday Excepted)

Canadian Pacific Railway N.S. Empress leaves St. John 7:00 a.m. arriving in Digby at 10:00 a.m. Leaves Digby 7:00 p.m. arriving St. John 5:00 p.m. making connections at St. John with the YARMOUTH LINE and the LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE Effective Oct. 6th, 1917. Service daily, except Sunday.

Express from Kentville 8:07 a.m.
Express from Halifax & Truro 9:58 a.m.
Express from Yarmouth 4:20 p.m.
Express from Halifax 6:57 p.m.

LEAVING.

Express for Halifax and Truro 8:07 a.m.
Express for St. John and Yarmouth 4:50 p.m.
Express for Kentville 6:57 p.m.

Boston Service

Express train leaving at 2:58 a.m. for Yarmouth connects with steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Co., Ltd., sailing on Wednesdays and Saturdays for Boston.

Buffet parlor cars run each way daily, except Sunday; on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

R. U. PARKER
General Passenger Agent,
George E. Graham, General Manager,
Kentville, N. S.

TENDERS.

Tenders for Collection of County Poor, Railway, Patriotic Fund, State Labor, Dog Taxes and other taxes that may be levied on the County during the year of 1918, will be received at the office of the subscriber up to and including Dec. 31, 1917. The Collector must be a resident of the Ward in which he proposes to collect the rates and must give in his tender the names and addresses of two responsible parties who will act as bondsmen for the payment of no fee collected.

By order,
C. L. DODGE,
Man. Clerk and Treas.
Kentville, N. S., Dec. 1, 1917.