

### SUFFERED TERRIBLE AGONY

#### "Fruit-a-tives" Alone Gave Him Quick Relief

Buckingham, Que., May 2nd, 1915.

"For seven years, I suffered terribly from severe headaches and indigestion. I had belching gas from the stomach, and I had chronic constipation. I tried many remedies but nothing did me good. Finally, a friend advised 'Fruit-a-tives'. I took this grand fruit medicine and it made me well. To everyone who has miserable health with Constipation and Indigestion and had stomach, I say take 'Fruit-a-tives', and you will get well!"

ALBERT VARNER.  
Box, a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 50c.  
At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

#### 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.

Officers of Wolfville Union.

1st Vice President—Mrs. Irene Fitch  
2nd Vice President—Mrs. G. Miller  
Recording Secy.—Mrs. W. O. Taylor  
Cor. Secretary—Mrs. Ernest Hayden  
Treasurer—Mrs. H. Pines.

SUBSTITUTES.

Laborer Work—Mrs. Fiddling  
Lambton—Mrs. J. Kempton  
Temperance in Sabbath-schools—Mr. Edson Graham.

Evangelist—Mrs. Purves Smith.  
Press—Mrs. M. P. Freeman.  
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Dr. McKenna.  
Loyal Temperance Legion—Miss Jean.  
Red Cross Work—Mrs. J. Vaughn.

#### Saved from the Flood.

(Concluded from last week.)

"We'll save him, we'll save him!" they cried.

"It's certain death," said the engineer.

"Think of your wives and children," exclaimed the men, "you've no right to risk your lives like that."

But their voices were unheeded. The three brave men were already in the elevator descending the shaft.

The water at the bottom was knee-deep and they could not walk upright, for the live wires of the electric light overhead were constant source of danger.

Their one hope of rescue lay in a heavy beam which they carefully carried, and with which they meant to attack the door in the bulkhead which shut in Jacob.

As they neared it they could hear his cries, as he beat on the door and tried to make it known that he was still living.

They peered through the small bull's eye only to see his horrified face and the water gradually rising around him.

With all their might they assailed the door with their weapon, but it would not yield an inch. Still the water rose around them.

"I can't hear him now," said one of the rescuers. "Look through the bull's eye and see if he's all right."

"Well, might poor Jacob be silent, for the water had risen to his mouth and he could only breathe by holding his head as far back as possible.

They smashed the five inches of glass and a rush of water came through, till it sank inside the chamber to the level of the bull's eye. Once more the prisoner could breathe freely.

"Give him some whiskey," said one of the firemen.

A bottle was passed through to Jacob, whose teeth were chattering as he stood there enveloped in the flood.

"No, no water. I never touch that stuff," was the faint reply as the kindly firemen begged him to take it.

Again and again they urged their plea: "Just a drop now would perhaps save your life."

"Nothing would make me touch it," was the grim answer of the drowning man.

They dare not press him more for everyone knew that when Jacob Flyter said "no" he meant it.

On and on the firemen worked, but with no result. Still the moans of the prisoner reminded them how urgent was his need.

"If we only had a jack-screw behind the beam, it would bring a slow pressure of tons," said one of the party.

"That we must fetch it in quick time, for the water is gaining ground on here."

"One try more, mates, before we go. I don't like to leave the poor chap alone even for that."

With every bit of energy left they made one final effort.

At last the door swung back. They dragged the half-fainting man from the chamber, and rushing to the foot of the shaft sprang into the elevator.

Jacob Flyter was saved from the flood.

Strong hands bore him to the hospital.

#### WHAT CATARRH IS

It has been said that every third person has catarrh in some form.

Science has shown that nasal catarrh often indicates a general weakness of the whole system, and sniffs and vapors do little, if any good.

To correct catarrh you should enrich your blood with the oil food in Scott's Emulsion which is a medicinal food and a building tonic, free from any harmful drugs. Try it—YOU!

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

### Beecher Street

By R. RAY BAKER  
(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

If Ethel Drayton had done some real reasoning instead of leaping at conclusions and acting on impulse, it is likely that her bark of romance, with Cliff Edridge in command, would have sailed serenely down the river of matrimony without encountering a storm. On the other hand, that kind of journey would not have been real romance—it would have lacked zest—so perhaps it is just as well that Herman Harrell came over to Ethel's desk that dreary, rainy afternoon in April and unfolded the secret.

"I have something to say that is very disagreeable to me," began Harrell as he brushed a hand carelessly over his miniature mustache and looked down at Ethel's curly brown hair coiled on the back of her head in a business-like knot that served as a pencil holder. "Nevertheless," he went on, "I feel in duty bound to say it."

Ethel jerked a sheet of paper from her typewriter and turned her black eyes up at the head shipping clerk. The tiny, writhing ridge of hair on Harrell's upper lip forced a smile to his lips.

"It's about Clifford. You see, last night—"

"While this conversation was taking place, the subject of the remarks sat on a high stool at the other side of the Lewis Wholesale Paper company's shipping office and poured over a file of orders. Out of a corner of his eye he saw the head shipping clerk approach the stenographer's desk, and he frowned.

Harrell leaned over Ethel's chair as he revealed the secret, and Cliff ruffled his sixen hair with one hand and thrummed on his desk with the other.

Half an hour later Cliff slipped from his stool and into his light overcoat. Carrying his hat, he approached Ethel, who was still busy at the typewriter. He passed and smiled pleasantly, but she continued rattling the keys.

"You needn't trouble yourself to wait for me," she informed him in icy tones without pausing in her work or looking up. "I'll be a little late, and Mr. Harrell has promised to see me home."

Cliff's smile vanished. Before he had a chance to reply, she had slipped a ring from a finger of her left hand and extended it toward him. She looked into his eyes with a stare vacuated with ice.

"I can't wear this any longer," she said, "after the way you have acted lately. I have heard that all men must sow wild oats, but I assure you that my man won't. If you must gamble and carouse, you can't expect to become my husband. I have learned all about your going to a saloon or gambling den on Beecher street almost every night, and that's enough for me. Good-night."

Cliff stumbled down the steps to the street and walked three blocks, heedless of the pouring rain, before he came to himself and threw his hat and cane in his hand. Then he stopped dead still in the middle of a street crossing, undecided whether to leap in the river or go back and throw his hat and cane on the roof of the six-story Lewis building. He decided to do neither; instead, he headed for Beecher street.

Ethel completed her work and was escorted to her rooming place by Harrell. At the door she took his hand and said earnestly:

"You don't know how I appreciate the revelation you have made to me. I know it must have been hard for you to come and tell me about seeing Clifford go into that terrible place so many times; and I am grateful."

"Don't mention it, please," protested Harrell, striving unsuccessfully to reach his mustache with his tongue. "I couldn't bear to see you throw yourself away on a worthless fellow. I save a good many blocks by cutting through Beecher street on the way home and that's how I happened to notice him there."

The next day Ethel failed to appear at the office, telephoning that she was suffering from a headache. The succeeding day was Sunday. The rain had ceased but the weather had turned chilly and the sun hid behind clouds.

Ethel listened in vain for the doorbell or the telephone, hoping Cliff would appear as he had done each Sunday for more than a year. True, she had told him it was all over; nevertheless, she had expected him to come and make some kind of a protest and attempt an explanation. The morning passed very gloomily for her.

Early in the afternoon the landlady summoned her to the telephone, and Ethel tripped over a chair in her haste to answer the call.

"This is Mr. Harrell," said the voice on the wire. "Could I call on you this afternoon?"

"I'm sorry," she replied, "but I'm too ill to entertain." And she went back to her room to gaze thoughtfully at a picture of a faxen-haired, smiling youth.

About five o'clock a delegation of three girls from her Sunday school class called on her.

"We were anxious to learn if you were ill," said one, "and if not we wanted you to go with us to visit a poor family that the class has decided to help."

Ethel took decided interest in the proposition.

"What's wrong, Japanese? You look worried."

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### A Long War.

One of many reasons for accepting a well-founded opinion is that it is held by many wise observers that the war's end is yet far distant, is frustrated by the decision of the American government to spend upwards of \$5,000,000 on a great gun-repeating plant in France. The main purpose of this new plant will be to re-learn the art of the gun, which has been the work of a few hundred men who have been fired.

Before the war the clock tower at Calais contained two figures representing Henry VIII. and Francois I. who tilted with the lances at the striking of every hour. A German shell destroyed the figures and put an end to the contest forever. That according to one Frenchman, was the only intelligent shell ever fired by the Germans. A symbol of old time funds thanks to the German's love for wastefulness, has been converted into the symbol of a future that will know nothing of bygones.

### Used For Shaving.

Many men are troubled, more particularly in the cold weather, with a sort of roughness of the skin or eruptions caused by shaving. The application of Dr. Chase's Ointment after the shave soon cures the trouble, by using it after each shave you keep the skin soft and prevent irritation and soreness. Because of its antiseptic qualities this ointment prevents sore throat and itching.

### PILES

Do not suffer with Piles. Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure you. It is a certain cure for Piles. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

"What's this?" asked the scuttler.

"The bill for my services," said the lawyer.

"Go on you proved that I was in error, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can't do business with an issue man. You ought to know that."

Secretary Franklin K. Lane was commenting the other day on the latest German peace proposals and advised us not to place any faith in their words.

"Because the Germans are cornered it doesn't follow that they are sincere," he said.

### Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Soldier (dictating letter to be sent to his wife): "The cubs here are a very plain lot."

Nurse—"Oh, come! I say! That's not very polite to us."

Soldier—"Never mind, nurse, put it down. I'll please her."

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### Airmen Ready For Perilous Work

When it was explained that the family lived on Beecher street. They walked past the gloomy, dreary wooden dwelling, through the maze of dirt alleys and tenements and faces at them, and finally came to a dingy opening that proved to be the entrance to a flight of stairs.

Up these steps the girls advanced, their way lit by only a few rays that streamed through the cracks in the dimly outside wall. One of the party unlocked the door that confronted them at the top of the stairs.

Footsteps sounded on the floor, evidently those of a child. Some one pushed at the door and the door swung open to reveal a child, round and rosy of about four years.

A maternal instinctive cry burst from the girl who looked curiously at her four visitors. The squeaking of the door permitted a warm pungent odor to penetrate the hall and each of the girls involuntarily shuddered.

"What is it?" called a voice from within a weak plaintive voice, that of a woman.

"The top, who was clothed in a nondescript suit of materials and colors, turned and called:

"Come right in," answered the voice, "I am ill and cannot come to the door."

The girls entered and noticed that the pungent odor increased. The room was permeated with an unwholesome breath, caused by keeping all the windows closed and thus concentrating the heat radiated from the small stove.

The designs on the wall paper had all but become eradicated by accumulation of smoke, grease and dust. On one wall was a framed picture of a young man and woman, evidently a bridal couple. A row of picture postcards was the only other decoration.

A table occupied the center of the room, and nearby were a three-legged stool and a dilapidated rocking chair. The door was closed with a faded rag carpet.

"Here I am," called