OWES HER LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Cured Both Stomach Trouble and Headaches

PALMERSTON, ONT., JUNE 20th. 1913.

"I really believe that I owe my life to "Fruit-a-tives". Ever since childhood, I have been under the care of physicians and have been paying doctor's bills. I was so sick and worn out that people on the street often asked me if I thought I could get along without help. The same old Stomach Trouble and distressing Headaches nearly drove me wild. Sometime ago, I got a box of "Fruit-a-tives" and the first box did me good. My husband was delighted and advised a continuation of their use.

Today, I am feeling fine, and a physician meeting me on the street, noticed my improved appearance and asked the reason. I replied, "I am taking Fruit-a-tives". He said, "Well, if Fruit-a-tives are making you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can".

MRS. H. S. WILLIAMS.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box. 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. 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. L. W. Sleep.
1st Vice President—Mrs. G. Bryant.
2nd Vice President—Mrs. J. D. Chambers.
3rd Vice President—Mrs. Geo. Titch.
Recording Secy—Mrs. W. Mitchell.
Cor. Secretary—Mrs. Geo. DeWitt.
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Scientific Temperance in Schools—Mrs. G. Cutten.
Lumbermen—Mrs. J. Kempton.
Willard Home—Mrs. M. Freeman.
U. B. Bulletin—Mrs. Langille.
Press Work—Miss Margaret Barss.
Parlor Meetings—Mrs. J. Kaye.
L. T. L.—Mrs. Howe.

My Duty.

God called me forth to serve; I could not go
For out upon the height, or with the throng.
I could not cheer amidst the battle's van,
Or join the multitude in victory's song.
My own small sphere was all too large for me—
I could not leave it for the busy mart—
But He had called me to His harvest field,
And I could not refuse to do my part.

I looked about me for work to do;
I found it lying at my very door;
The cry of need that I had often heard,
The weakness and despair I'd seen before.
Here was a time to say a word to one
In sin, and there a chance to lend a hand;
A moment here and there in which to pray,
To hear and sympathize and understand.

Then, while the multitude in chorus swell
The praise of wreath-crowned victors true and brave;
Let me go forth upon the field of life,
And succor those my Master died to save.
My duty this, to give the rare, sweet flower
Of love and kindness while 'tis yet today;
To lend a hand to pilgrims on the march,
And speak a word to cheer them on their way.

—Ada Lee Kent, in 'Christian Age.'

REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.

Shamrock, Mo.—"I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion, female weakness, pains in both sides, backaches and bearing down pains, was short of memory, nervous, impatient, passed sleepless nights, and had neither strength nor energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind, I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a place in my right side that was so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I certainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicines had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. All pains, aches, fears and dreads are gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before your remedies, and all is pleasure and happiness in my home."—Mrs. JOHN HAM, R. F. D. 1, Box 22, Shamrock, Missouri.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

Mix aid's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

A Sermonette on Ettiquette.

One hardly likes to say the word 'ettiquette' when the question is that of being kind and loving in one's own family. Yet, if members of the same household used a little more ceremony toward each other, no harm would be done.

What true gentleman would treat his mother or his sister with less courtesy than he would a chance acquaintance?

No one would greatly respect a boy whose custom it was to let his sister trot about on his errands—run upstairs for his handkerchief, fly hither and thither to bring his hat or racket.

I will remember the surprise of a young lady when, in a certain family, the brother sprang to light the gas for his sister, and, when the latter attempted to put coal on the open fire, quickly took the hod from her and did the work himself.

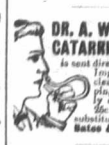
'You wouldn't catch my brother being as polite to me!' she said.

'So much the more shame to your brother!' I thought.

Every boy ought surely to feel a certain care over his sister, even if she be older than he. As a rule, he is physically stronger, and, consequently better able to bear the burdens of life than she.

There is nothing more charming than the chivalrous protection which some boys lavish upon their fortunate 'women folks.' And nothing is so attractive to other girls as to see a boy gentle and tender to his sister.

As for you, dear girls, you would never be so rude as to fail to acknowledge any courtesy which your brother paid you! If you would deem it extremely unladylike not to thank any person who gave up his seat in the street car to you or who helped you across an icy spot on the sidewalk, you would blush to be less grateful for a similar kindness on the part of your brother.



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 dropping in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever, &c. a box; blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Women Make Homes.

Men who are extremely kind and considerate in other things, are often contemptibly mean respecting money for home and family necessaries. (What have become of the sweet phrases and lavish promises of the courting days?)

Generous to his own acquaintances and in treating his employees, and free, too, in his own expenditure, many a man will go home to dicker with 'his best friend'—a faithful loving wife—over a small sum for domestic or personal purposes. So the peace of the family is disturbed. And all this could be avoided by a simple and definite understanding, a business like arrangement between the two partners of the home, as to household finance.

A certain (and promptly paid) sum in proportion, of course, to the income, for the wife's own expenditure and which she need not account for, would mean peace and harmony, with the avoidance of debt, in many a home.

'A world without music would be a dreary place,
Men may build houses, but women make homes.' —Spurgeon

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.

Sirs,—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT for the past 25 years and whilst I have occasionally used other liniments I can safely say that I have never used any equal to yours.

If rubbed between the hands and inhaled frequently, it will never fail to cure cold in the head in twenty-four hours. It is also the best for bruises, sprains, etc.

J. G. LESLIE.

Dartmouth.

Bobby's big sister of seven years, thrilled with the success of her attempt to teach Bobby Sunday school lore, decided to make him show off after the first lesson. 'Tell mother, Bob, who was the first man. 'Adam! was the quick response. 'And who was the first woman?' Bobby was stumped. He rolled his eyes. He looked sad. But he was not the kind to desert a sinking ship. His expression suddenly changed, and, with 'Eureka' written all over his face the answer came 'Madam!'

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A knitting factory has been opened by the Society of American Women in London to give employment to girls and women who are workless through the war. Scores of denizens of mean streets are now earning a living wage at the 'factory.' They have their tea every afternoon, and sip it out of cups embellished with the legend 'Savoy Hotel.' The Savoy management presented the cups, and a donation of tea, cocoa and coffee was made by Sir Thomas Lipton.

BOTH WERE MISJUDGED

How Husband and Wife Were Separated by Baseless Disagreement.

By GEROGE ELMER COBB.

"This is detective work, pure and simple, Ashley, but I am not even an amateur. Just plain John Birt, once a town marshal, now a second rate lawyer. I am your friend, though, and your wife's friend. And the friend of poor little lost Harry. Let me show you, out of gratitude for the start you gave me in life years ago, what real, genuine friendship is."

There was nothing heroic in the speech. There was no false note of bombast. Richard Ashley, sick, disheartened, all at sea, had come up against the dead blank wall of "No clew" in a case where mystery and misery were pretty well commingled and no visible thoroughfare back to happiness and peace.

Ashley had befriended Birt fifteen years previous, and the loyal fellow had never forgotten it. Ashley had married Lucia Ward. A child was born to them, and when Harry was five years of age, a baseless disagreement had come about. They had separated, Ashley taking the child in his keeping. The abyss broadened. They did not meet again.

Ashley went west with Harry and acquired a small fortune in Idaho lands. His wife he seldom heard from. She was heiress to a large estate, he learned. Too proud to meet her half way in a reconciliation, she seemed to have completely shut him and the child out of her memory. She led a hard, lonely life at the secluded country home of a stepbrother. All that kept Ashley in touch with his old life were occasional letters from the loyal Birt. The latter knew that the estranged wife was a sore subject to his friend, and rarely alluded to her. At length, however, a letter came that brought Ashley east post haste with his son.

"I have learned," Birt wrote, "that you have misjudged your wife, just as

Fifteen Minutes Later Birt Was Leading From the Place the Recovered Boy.

she has misjudged you. She pines for you and the child. I find, too, that Dunbar, her stepbrother, spread all the lies that separated you. He will do all he can to keep you apart, for by doing so he hopes finally to control the estate to which she is heiress."

Ashley had come to Rockton at once. A slow fever had set in. Before Birt could carry out his plans to bring the separated wife and husband together, the boy Harry mysteriously disappeared.

Harry slept in the room adjoining that of his father at the hotel. In the morning he was found missing. He had apparently been carried down the fire escape of an inner court. The only clew was the discovery that a covered wagon had left the town, headed south, at midnight. All that showed the visit to the room was the disturbed bed, a taint of chloroform in the air, and a lot of gilt spangles covering the rug.

"I am going to find your boy for you," declared Birt.

"I can never go to Lucia unless he is with me," said Ashley.

Four hours later Birt was resting under a tree near the beach of a little lake about ten miles from Rockton. He had followed the clew of the midnight wagon and had lost the trail. As he now sat thinking over the affair, he confessed to himself that the "intuition" that most detectives talked about was slow in coming to him.

"Only one thing am I certain of," he told himself. "Dunbar is behind this kidnaping."

The speaker just then noticed a little red toy balloon sailing out over the lake. A second followed, a third, and then as many more in succession.

Then boyish cries attracted his attention. A group of lads came into view, chasing another of the red spheres. One venturesome urchin ran into the water, grabbed it, exploded it, and waded to the shore holding the wreck of his trophy.

Birt watched the crowd gather curiously around the object. Then another balloon was espied, and they put off for it.

Birt arose and strolled aimlessly down the beach. As he passed the flattened out balloon he noticed that a string ran from it to which a card was attached. He picked it up.

"Why, hello!" he exclaimed.

Water had obliterated some penciled words on the blank side of the card. The front bore his own name.

"One of my business cards," he soliloquized in a wondering way. "That's queer."

"Shoot—shoot!" he heard a boyish voice call just then, and came upon a second group of lads chasing another of the toy balloons.

One of the boys had a bow and arrow. He aimed aloft. The shaft sped from the bow, pierced the balloon, and the deflated globe came to the ground. There was a scramble over it.

"Here, I'll pay you for that," he said, extending a coin to the boy who had rescued the object. Then eagerly he inspected the card. It was another of his own. It had, however, got trampled in the mud. He made out these words: "In a lion's cage—send word—Ashley—hotel—Rockton."

For fully five minutes the amateur sleuth stood studying the card. Then suddenly he exclaimed triumphantly: "I've got it!"

He remembered that he had given Harry some of the cards to draw on. The words "lion's cage" in connection with the spangles found in the room at the hotel suggested—a circus!

"And say!" ejaculated the second-rate man, "I recall now that Dunbar owns a half interest in a travelling show. Why, find a circus, and I find Harry!"

Four hours later Birt stood by the side of one of a dozen tents at the outskirts of a county seat town. He looked around him and swiftly helted under the canvas.

Birt had just heard a circus peddler complain of losing his balloons. He also learned that there was a cage wagon inside the tent.

Fifteen minutes after that Birt was leading from the place the recovered boy. He had found him locked in the cage wagon and had opened a way to freedom.

Harry told of two men kidnaping him. He had overheard them say that a man named Dunbar had ordered them to lose him in some distant part of the country.

A circus peddler had tied his string of toy balloons to the wagon. A bright idea came to Harry. He reached out, drew the balloons towards the bars, attached what cards he had to them, and let them go up. There was an opening at the top of the tent, and they sailed away.

It was after restoring Harry to his father and hiring a man to guard against a new abduction, that the lawyer took a train direct for the home of the mother and wife.

He had sure evidence that Dunbar was a wicked villain, and of this he convinced the amazed stepsister.

Mrs. Ashley met her husband and son for the first time in ten years. There were explanations, forgiveness, awakened love, and the modest lawyer blushed when the reunited pair tried to tell him how much they owed him.

"Oh, I just did my duty," declared Birt, "like the second rate man I am."

"You insist upon that, do you?" cried the Happy Ashley. "All right, but one thing, sure—you are a first-class friend."

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

Killed by Madman.

Romanshorn, in the canton of Thurgan, Switzerland, has been the scene of a terrible tragedy, no fewer than seven men being killed by a madman, a soldier and seven others being wounded. The madman, Hermann Schwarz, had been recently invalided from the army owing to mental trouble. Provided with a rifle and a supply of cartridges, Schwarz barricaded himself in his room, and from six o'clock in the evening until past eleven kept up a continuous fire upon passers-by and upon people who attempted to break down the door and deprive him of the rifle. In all four men were killed and eight others were wounded. Bugles were blown to summon the fire brigade, and a large crowd assembled in response to the ringing of bells. Shortly after midnight a number of courageous individuals rushed the house, but found that Schwarz had disappeared. It was believed that he had taken to the forest, and the next morning a large party, comprising firemen, police and citizens, with dogs, started to search for him. After the pursuit had been in progress for some time, a policeman came upon the madman, who immediately fired, mortally wounding his pursuer. Schwarz then disappeared again. The hunt was continued, and after an exciting pursuit, in which more than 100 people were engaged, Schwarz, who was seriously wounded by shots, was at length arrested in the neighborhood of Romanshorn, but not before he had killed another of his pursuers.

Settled.

"At last, Henry, the question of votes for women is to be submitted to the people."

"So I see."

"Henry, you will admit that women are as intelligent as the men."

"Freely I admit that."

"And that as women pay taxes, they ought to have a say as to how their money is to be spent."

"That seems reasonable. But let us discuss the question. I earn the money we have, don't I?"

"Yes."

"But do I have any voice in how that money is to be spent?"

A few minutes later he put on his hat and coat and left the house, forgetting that he had given that twist to the argument.—Detroit Free Press.

The Plain Fact.

'Don't you think he is mendacious in his conversation?'

"No, I don't. I think he's a liar.

Was Personally Attended by Dr. A. W. Chase

Before He Became Famous as the Author of Dr. Chase's Receipt Book.

Here is a letter from an aged gentleman who consulted Dr. Chase long before his Receipt Book attained a world-wide circulation for his family medicines became known to the ends of the earth.

MR. O. D. BARNES.

Like most people of advanced years his kidneys were the first organs to break down and when doctors failed to help him he remembered the physician who cured him of pleurisy in his younger days.

Mr. O. D. Barnes, R.F.D. 1, Byron, Mich., writes:—About fifty years ago when living in Ontario, I met Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous Receipt Book author, who was called on to treat me for pleurisy. Ever since that I have used and recommended Dr. Chase's Medicines, and have two of his Receipt Books in the house.

"Some time ago a cold settled in the kidneys, causing backache, frequent urination, dizziness, and affected the eyesight. My appetite failed and I could not sleep nights. Two doctors failed to do me any lasting good, so I started using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food. The results have been highly satisfactory to me. Appetite improved, I gained in weight, sleep and rest well, and feel strong and well. My kidneys resumed their natural functions, and I believe that my cure was due to Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Nerve Food. I am 74 years old, superintend work on my farm, and can turn in and do some work myself."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

May be the dough had forgotten to *rise*.
Or had risen quickly overnight and *fallen* again—
To rise nevermore.
Twas *weak* flour, of course.
Meaning weak in *gluten*.
But FIVE ROSES is strong, *unusually strong*.
With that *glutinous* strength which *compels* it to rise to your surprised delight.
Stays risen too.
Being coherent, *elastic*.
And the dough feels *springy* under your hand.
Squeaks and cracks as you work it.
Feel the *feel* of a FIVE ROSES dough.
Note the wonderful *smooth* texture—*soft—velvety*.
Great is the *bread* born of such dough—
Your dough!
Try this *good flour*.

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached — Not Blended

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

FOR SALE BY WM. C. BLEAKNEY

Feed Molasses

ALL CATTLE LOVE IT

Reduce your feed bill this winter by one-fourth per head. At the same time improve your stock.

Feed Molasses is recognized as the cheapest and best feed for all live stock.

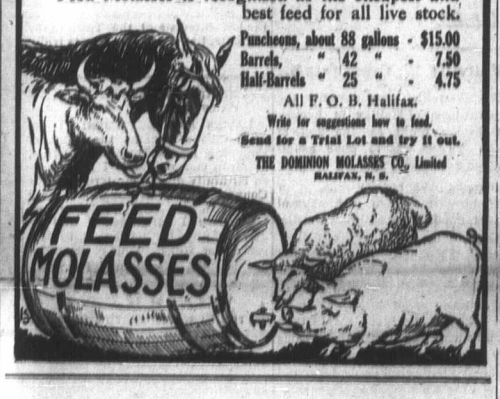
Puncheons, about	88 gallons	-	$15.00
Barrels, "	42 "	-	7.50
Half-Barrels "	25 "	-	4.75

All F. O. B. Halifax.

Write for suggestions how to feed.

Send for a Trial Lot and try it out.

THE DOMINION MOLASSES CO. Limited
HALIFAX, N. S.



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Beginning January 11, 1915, $25.00 and $28.00 Suits at

$20.00 CASH

40 suit lengths to pick from. Best workmanship, best trimmings and any style you wish. Fit guaranteed.

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"THE CLOTHIER"

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BY

Ordering your Storm Sashes and Doors from us

FLOORING
SHEATHING
INSIDE FINISH
ALWAYS IN STOCK

J. H. HICKS & SONS
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

"HAVE A CARE OF A SILENT DOG AND A STILL WATER"

Look out for the merchant or manufacturer that does not advertise. If he had anything worth the telling he would tell it quickly enough. But "just as good" substitutes or shelf worn goods are not things to boast about. The weak will inherit the earth—eventually, but not now. The progressive business man is not a shrinking violet. He advertises.

SUPERIOR JOB PRINTING, WOLFVILLE, N.S.

HUTCHINSON'S
Livery and Automobile Service
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Teams or Autos always ready for a drive through the Evangeline Land.
Teams at all trains and boats.
Weddings carefully attended to by Auto or team.
Give us a call. Telephone 58.

T. E. HUTCHINSON, - Proprietor.

R. J. Whitten & CO.
HALIFAX

Receivers and Sellers of all kinds of Farm Produce.

Consignments Solicited.

Prompt Returns.

If You Ride Horseback, or drive in a carriage, see before you make a start that the Trappings or HARNESS are in good order.

Repairs executed promptly. All work will prove highly satisfactory.

We carry a full line of Harness Dressing, Axle Grease, Whips, etc.

Also Buckles, Straps, Rivets, Punches, You'll not find our prices too high.

Wm. Regan,
HARNESS MAKER.

NOTICE.

To the inhabitance of Wolfville: I beg to inform you I have commenced work on my own account as a First Class Sanitary Plumber. I have had 30 years Practical Experience in England and 3 years in Canada. I have been working in Wolfville for the past 18 months so I am no stranger to you and I hope by prompt attention to your orders combined with moderate charges to merit a share of your patronage. Address W. A. JEROME, Prospect St., Wolfville. Phone 161.

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A. E. Williams, Agent.

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GIVE US A TRIAL.

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