

LIFE WAS MISERY!

"I was reading the other day about Neurasthenia, about the large number of people who were troubled with this disease. It is just what my wife had. She felt miserable all the time and was constantly depressed. She would waken in the morning and tell me that something dreadful was going to happen that day. Life was nothing short of misery for her. She was so depressed that I expected she would lose her mind and have to go to a sanitarium and I kept wondering how I would get the money to pay for her. She could not eat and had no appetite for food. She was irritable and cranky most of the time. If she was crossed in any way, she would immediately work herself up into a violent temper. This worried me because she had always had a kind and gentle disposition and nothing which was said or done seemed to irritate her. I spoke to our family doctor about her and he said that her trouble was imagination and that if she would try and forget about her depression and look on the bright side of life she would be all right. Of course I didn't dare tell her this because I knew she would get into one of her tempers. When she got over these fits of temper, she was always weak and ill and more depressed than ever. The doctor said a tonic might help her and gave me a prescription but this did not do her any good. She tried all kinds of other tonics with the same result. Carnol was recommended to me and I wish to state that it is the leader of all tonics. Since taking it my wife has changed completely. Now she is always ready for her meals and work is no burden. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Carnol to anyone who is in need of a tonic or a body builder. Excuse me for writing this letter but I want you to accept my thanks for that wonderful tonic known as Carnol." — Mr. J. M., Toronto.

Carnol is sold by your druggist, and if you can conscientiously say, after you have tried it, that it hasn't done you any good, return the empty bottle to him and he will refund your money. 7-622 Sold in Wolfville by H. E. CALKIN

IF YOU ARE WELL-BRED

You will be kind. You will not use slang. You will try to make others happy. You will not be shy or self-conscious. You will never indulge in ill-natured remarks. You will never forget the respect due to others. You will not swagger or boast of your achievements. You will think of others before you think of yourself. You will not measure your civility by people's bank accounts. You will be scrupulous in your regard for the rights of others. You will not forget engagements, promises, or obligations of any kind. You will never make fun of the peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of others. You will never, under any circumstances, cause another pain or distress if you can help it. You will not think that "good intentions" compensate for rude or ruff manners. You will be as agreeable to your social inferiors as to your equals and superiors. You will not gulp your soup so audibly that you can be heard across the room, nor sop up the sauce in your plate with bits of bread. You will not attract attention by either your loud talk or laughter, and show your egotism by trying to absorb conversation.—Success.

It might be well for visitors to remember that a welcome soon wears out.



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SNOW SHOVELING AS AN ELECTIVE AT ACADIA

At first we thought it was a joke—a big joke in fact. Would the students shovel snow? Why, of course they would. We even held a mass meeting in Chip Hall and offered our services before they were asked. What a lark to be free from classes and shovel snow on the railroad! So we turned out on Monday to the Number of one hundred and fifty including several of our professors, and started to work our work to Kentville. Many times have we set out for that happy town and been very eager to get there for various reasons, but never did I see such a crowd of so many different kinds of people so anxious to gain the same direction. Not even the prospect of starving in a snowbank could stop them for there was the same possibility if we did not go.

Of course there were a few "littles of the field" among the college men, who "neither toil nor spin" and so remained at home, but the students set out in a body and hung out until the end. The lucky ones of us were supplied with large mitts of wonderful shape and color, which were the treat of the D. A. R.; but none were so unlucky as not to get a shovel or a pick, in fact the picks were too numerous since most of us had a leaning towards shovels and not very heavy ones at that. We were certainly a jolly crew and jokes were the order of the day. But still drifts disappeared and many a man was seen with something like perspiration on his brow, whose hardest work of late had been to eat three meals a day. At about five o'clock we met the train and were soon eating preserved horse and hard-tack to the accompaniment of tin mugs of coffee, it was called coffee for the sake of courtesy. Tuesday morning saw us working ahead of a train in the direction of Windsor. We missed our ranks a few however who preferred to do their duty by remaining on guard over Chip Hall, but this time we were on the war path in earnest and there was plenty of work for all. The first drift we met reached from Grand Pre to Halifax, and was as high as a house. After the snow was removed there was about six inches of ice to be taken out with our picks. By noon we reached Horton Bridge, and dined on the train. Oh, what luxury! dinner served to all in the palatial dining-car of the "Bluepost" and at the expense of the railroad. During the afternoon the work was much the same, in fact the sameness increased as we advanced.

We as usual worked together in groups and could be easily told at a distance by our bright colored tams and sweaters. Old clothes were at a premium and the more outlandish the costume the happier was the man. In spite of cold ears and feet, of tired arms and backs and the ever-increasing snow we reached Hantsport at night and mustered at the hotel for supper. Those who reached there first may have fared quite well; but when our turn came we found the bill of fare to be bread and tea, so you may imagine the fare of those who came after us. Wednesday we worked down the line past Windsor. The crowd was smaller and the men were tired, but by night we were well down the line and the prospects were good that the road would be open the next day. You may imagine our feelings when thanks to an obliging storm on Thursday, the work of the last three days was undone and the track in an even worse condition than before. All day Friday the storm raged, and although we turned out again and shovelled to Kentville, our tracks were filled behind us and our work went for nothing. Saturday morning we started again with the motto, "Windsor or bust," and we had no intention of doing the latter. By

this time the different drifts had become old acquaintances and their faces were very familiar although they had grown wonderfully in a few days. Where a ten foot bank had dismayed us before, we now found a fresh looking mound of fifteen or twenty feet, packed hard and solid. It was a common occurrence to have two yows of men on the drift to stow away the snow passed up to them from below. Foot by foot, drift by drift, we moved ahead, but at nightfall we were only a little past Grand Pre, it may be mentioned that we did not see many American tourists around the home of Evangeline. A good supper of hot soup, sandwiches and good coffee put new life in us and once more we started ahead. About this time Dame Rumor began to stir herself, and reports of a train working toward us from Hantsport began to circulate. At first we were positively informed that the two trains would meet by seven o'clock, next it was eight, then ten, and finally midnight; but still we worked and still no train. It may have been a joke to work all night in a snow storm with freezing feet, icy clothes, and nothing to eat, but we failed to see the point. This might have been because of the darkness, for the railroad with remarkable foresight had furnished two small lanterns for a hundred men, and not having made any arrangements with the moon, we were deprived of her light. A good many workers were enticed away by the prospect of a seat in the car, but still the work went on and the Acadia men were not wanting at the front. At last soon after the sun made his appearance the two trains met amid mingled cheers of Acadia and Kings. But we still had the delightful task of watering two engines with buckets, which method although very interesting, will never drive out the tank system. Our homeward trip was enlivened by several stops when we had to turn out and shovel our way. But we finally rolled into Wolfville about ten o'clock, tired but happy.

We closed our week's programme by clearing out the Chip Hall larder which operation was well done without aid of either picks or shovels.

WHAT IS SLEEP?

Although more necessary to life than food, we must confess that up to the present the exact cause of sleep is not definitely known. Careful observation has made us familiar with the physical condition of the body during sleep, and from this it would appear that it is a condition of debility. Thus, although no physical or mental function is absolutely abeyant, all the normal activities of the organism are appreciably lowered. The blood pressure is lowered, the heart beats more slowly, respiration is slower and less deep, and the amount of air inspired by a normal man during sleep is only one-seventh of that used during similar periods of quiet wakefulness. The chest and limbs usually increase in size during sleep owing to changes in the circulation which facilitate the passage of fatigue products into the blood stream. There is certainly an increased vascularity of the skin, which is often flushed,

and the brain left with less blood in comparatively anemic. It is owing to this increased action of the skin that we are so easily chilled during sleep.

It is when we come to consider the state of the cells in the brain during sleep that we are baffled and conjecture must take the place of certainty.

The grey matter of the brain is composed of numerous cells, which are connected and linked together by fine nerve fibers. These cells receive sense-impressions from all over the body, and, after interpreting them, send out controlling messages for the proper working of the various organs.

When we try to realize that in a normal brain there are more than 9,000 millions of such cells, all linked up together, we gain some idea of the complexity of this wonderful nervous mechanism.

Each of these cells is provided with fine branching fibers which, on account of their tree-like appearance, are called dendrites—from the Greek word "dendron," a tree.

It is believed that these fine, branching fibers have much to do with sleep, but the exact way in which they accomplish it is not known.

It is thought probable that they either retract, leaving a space which cuts off nerve currents, or, conversely, that they become more intimately connected, causing a general diffusion of nerve energy. Either of these conditions would favor and induce sleep.

It is, however, as well to remember that the real changes may, after all, be in the nerve cells themselves, for when a tree begins to wither the earliest signs are noted in the smallest branches, although the set of mischief is probably in the root.—A Physician in London Daily Mail.

A son, who had left his father in the morning, returned at night to tell him that he had been most wonderfully preserved; for his horse had thrown him, and but for God's good guardian hand he had certainly been killed. His father replied that he had met with yet more remarkable providence and had still more reason to praise God. When the son's curiosity was wound up to the highest pitch, the father added, "I have traveled the livelong day, preserved from all alarm or accident whatever."

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