AFRAID SHE WAS DYING

Suffered Terribly Until She Took "Fruit-a-tives"

ST. JEAN DE MATHA, JAN. 27th, 1914.

"After suffering for a long time with Dyspepsia, I have been cured by "Fruit-a-tives". I suffered so much that I would not dare eat for I was afraid of dying. Five years ago, I received samples of "Fruit-a-tives". I did not wish to try them for I had little confidence in them but, seeing my husband's anxiety, I decided to do so and at once I felt relief. Then I sent for three boxes and I kept improving until I was cured. While sick, I lost several pounds, but after taking "Fruit-a-tives", I quickly regained what I had lost. Now I eat, sleep and digest well—in a word, I am completely cured, thanks to "Fruit-a-tives".

MADAM M. CHARBONNEAU

"Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest stomach tonic in the world and will always cure Indigestion, Sour Stomach, "Heartburn", Dyspepsia and other Stomach Troubles.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent 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, or 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. Fitch.
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Scientific Temperance in Schools—Mrs. G. Cutten.
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Willard Home—Mrs. M. Freeman.
U. B. Bulletin—Mrs. Langille.
Press Work—Miss Margaret Bass.
Parlor Meetings—Mrs. J. Kaye.
L. T. L.—Mrs. Howe.

The Call of the New Year.

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a burden to bear,
There's a grief to share,
There's a heart that breaks 'neath a load of care—
But fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a battle to fight,
There's a wrong to right,
There's a God who blesses the good with might—
So fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a work to do,
There's a world to make new,
There's a call for men who are brave and true—
Go! on with a song!

Quit you like men, be strong;
There's a year of grace,
There's a God to face,
There's another heat in the great world race—
Speed! speed with a song!

—William Herbert Hudnut.

The Closing Year.

Out from the midst of the mortal,
The shadows that compassed it here,
Far from time's mystical portal,
Passeth the beautiful year;
And only is memory left us
Of all that we held so dear.

Of its bounties we took and were blessed,
And we freighted it well again
With the thoughts from our lips expressed,
And the deeds which there remain;
This closing year till judgment day
Will the record of all retain.

Hast thou wrought with thy best designs
In the King's bright garden fair?
Watered his roses, trained his vines,
With an ever watchful care,
And kept the plot he gave to thee,
Filled with a beauty rare?

Then graces shall gild with glory bright
The record that will be thine,
When the year has reached its mystic height
In the borderland of time,
And its closing hours shall bring to thee
A joy that is half divine.

Never Again.

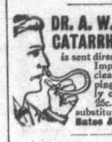
Petrograd, Oct. 20—Russian Government will never again embark in the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks.

This statement, confirming previous reports, has been made in the name of Emperor Nicholas himself. The Russian Union of Abstinence, which devotes itself to the combating of alcoholism, addressed to Emperor Nicholas a solicitation that he forbid forever the sale of spirituous liquor in Russia. His Majesty replied in a telegram, sent in the name of Grand Duke Constantine, and addressed to the President of the Alliance, in which he said:

'I thank you; I long ago decided to interdict for all time in Russia the sale of alcoholic drinks by the Government.'

Royalties and Temperance.

It is very pad to know that our modern kings and queens, unlike most of those who have gone before, are on the side of temperance, and even encourage the movement for total abstainence. Queen Victoria spoke kindly of the Band of Hope, and accepted an address from the Band of Hope Union at her Jubilee. King Edward and Queen Alexandra, when Prince and Princess of Wales, opened a Band of Hope bazaar. As to our present gracious sovereigns, the king last May became Patron of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and the queen Patron of the Great National Forward Movement by winning a million more members.—Selected.



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 dropplings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 25c. a box; blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

FAIRIES AND ELVES OUR OWN ANCESTORS

Quaint Theory of a Learned Professor Makes Missing Link Quite Lovable

A fascinating theory that the elves, pixies and fairies of folk-lore were real dwarfs, the actual little people who were man's remotest ancestors was advanced by Professor Hastings Gilford, in a lecture at the Royal College of Surgeons, London.

"There is a common impression," he said, "that scientists believe we are descended from brutes like the formidable adult apes of tropical forests. This is a mistake, and there is much reason to believe that our ancestors were akin to the intelligent affectionate, lovable little baby chimpanzees, orangs or gorillas which are so much like human babies in their appearance and disposition.

"Fossil remains of our pre-historic ancestors," he said, "have been found here and there which throw much light on our ancestry. Some of these skeletons are of a big, coarse brutish type. These are not necessarily the bones of our remote forefathers, but are very likely degenerate, ape-like offshoots from the main stock. Other bones have been found belonging to a more elegantly-formed, shorter people, with big heads, and other features similar to those seen in modern children.

"Such dwarfs are known to have existed over large tracts of the earth's surface, and there is reason to believe that they represent the childhood of our race. Some of these little people have left pictures of themselves carved upon rocks or upon bone, and the figures they represent are in some respects wonderfully like those of children of the present day.

"The testimony of tradition," said the Professor, "as handed down from generation to generation in the form of folk stories or fairy tales, afforded valuable support. These short people went by the name of pixies, fairies, elves, little people, etc. They are, he said, "characterized by a mixture of quaint shrewdness and simplicity. They are fond of dancing, of music, of processions, and were active, roguish, good-natured, capricious. Even their appearance is described, and in appearance, in habits, in tastes, and in disposition they are invariably childish.

"In these legends we often hear, too, of giants—dull-witted, strong, brutal, of coarse tastes, often cannibals and at enmity with the little people. These giants represent the big, ape-like muscular, coarse ones whose brute-like bones have been alluded to above. We talk of these little people as if they died out ages ago leaving no more than legends of their existence, but there is reason to believe that they still linger, no greatly altered, in certain remote corners of the earth's surface."

Professor Gilford said the child of civilization playing with bows and arrows, delighting in music and dancing, in living animals, birds' nesting and the glow and crackle of bonfires, and dreading the dark, made one think of the children of the race whose small bones, pictures, and legendary records showed that the manhood of yesterday was the childhood of to-day.

RADIUM IN CANADA

Traces of the Precious Stuff But no Big Find Reported

The Canadian Government is at present investigating several important possibilities in the Dominion. The occurrence of radium in Canadian rocks, is being investigated by the Mines Department. The same department is having an investigation made of iron ore possibilities along Lake Superior and elsewhere. A further investigation is also being made into the possibilities of utilising flax straw for purposes of manufacture.

According to a report published by the Geological Survey Department, radium-bearing minerals have not yet been found in economic quantities. There are a few localities, however, in which such minerals have been discovered in traces or small quantities. Among these places are Madoc, Mamme on the east shore of Lake Superior, Maisonneuve, Quebec; Murray Bay, Quebec; Snowdon, Ontario; Villeneuve, Quebec. More extensive prospects for this valuable ore will be made.

A Montreal firm has under consideration the manufacture of flax straw into binder twine, matting, etc., and the Government will also investigate the possibility of such an industry, and the advisability of granting to it a bounty in its initiatory and infant stage of development.

Reasons For Growing Trees

Trees retard wind.
Trees prevent drifting of soil.
Trees lessen evaporation.
Trees hold snow.
Trees increase yield.
Trees lessen the effect of hot wind.
Trees make a home for birds that eat harmful insects.
Trees furnish fuel and fence posts.
Trees make a place home-like and shelter stock, garden and fruit trees.

When cleancultivated trees will do well. If left to fight weeds and grass they are quite apt to fail.—H. A. Bereman in Canadian Forestry Journal.

Canadian Beaver in Minnesota

There are now about four hundred beaver in Itasca Park in Minnesota. These are all descended from one male and two females sent from Algonquin National Park, Ontario, in the spring of 1902. The beaver were sent to the Governor of Minnesota by the Prime Minister of Ontario. Five beaver were sent, but two died on the way from Ontario to Minnesota. The descendants of these animals have spread themselves all over the west side of Itasca Park, an area of about twenty-five square miles.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

IN THE WRONG STATE

Story of Moonshiners and Love in the Kentucky-Tennessee Mountains.

By HAROLD CARTER.

John Vincent, federal revenue officer acting in Kentucky, pulled in his mare and coolly surveyed the heights in front of him. On every side arose precipitous mountains, clothed with their perennial garb of spruce and pine. The trail, which wound sluggishly through the defile, disappeared into the heart of the forest, to reappear, a sinuous, winding ribbon, along the flank of the crest. There was no sign of human habitation in that rugged and abandoned land.

Yet somewhere on Bear mountain was the cabin of the Norman men, "moonshiners" and outlaws. And for the arrest of Jim Norman, the youngest, Vincent held a warrant. He had set forth to bring him into Kempville. Others had held warrants too; but Vincent, newly appointed to his post, was more reckless than they, and he had dared to ride alone into the heart of the Norman stronghold.

He reined in suddenly, for his quick eyes had caught a glimmering flash from the peak in front of him. It might have been the sun glancing on some hidden pool. But it looked more like light reflected from a rifle barrel.

After a moment's hesitation he urged his mare into a canter and plunged into the undergrowth. For the next half mile he was safe, until he emerged upon the mountain slopes. And when at last he came into the sunlight again he tethered his beast to a sapling and, drawing his revolver, began to ascend the peak cautiously, keeping out of the range of the hidden marksman of whose existence he was tolerably sure.

He crouched beside the trail, plunged into the scrub pine, emerging, lost again, until at length he saw the bare acclivity of Bear mountain in front of him. And near the summit was a small log cabin, set in the midst of a tiny patch of garden ground. This was the place of which he was in search.

His weapon in his hand, Vincent leaped forward, scaled the boulders on the summit, and appeared before the door. Upon the threshold, a rifle in his hands, stood a young man. His back was turned and he was attempting to eject a stuck cartridge.

"Hands up!" yelled Vincent.

The man started, stared at him for an instant, and then, with a sudden dash, leaped across the cabin, gained the rear entrance, and was away and running like a deer. Vincent followed him. He was certain that this was Jim Norman, whose appearance had been particularly impressed upon him by his superior officer when he started on his mission.

"Looks like his sister," he said. "You've seen that Norman girl down at the store? Her image! Don't go arresting the girl instead of him," he laughed.

Jim Norman had only recently returned from parts unknown, to resume his "moonshining" operations, which had been broken up by the authorities two years before. The rest of the gang was hiding somewhere across the Tennessee boundary; Jim alone had ventured back to the cabin on Bear mountain.

His revolver in his hand, the young officer followed the fugitive. But, though in the pink of condition, he could not lessen the distance between himself and the young mountaineer. His hope, however, was in his superior staying powers.

But just where the crest dipped down into the valley below the fugitive flung himself panting upon the ground, and, as Vincent ran forward, held up a hand and called:

"Stop! You can't come nearer!"

Vincent did stop, from sheer surprise. For this voice was a distinct and clear woman's voice and, as he looked he saw a strand of long, silken dark hair floating freely from below the old slouch hat.

"Miss Lily!" he gasped.

The girl sat up and laughed. "Yes, I'm Miss Lily," she said. "I reckon it's Jim you're after."

"Where is Jim?" he demanded savagely, standing over her. He had often seen her in Kempville, this dark-haired and blue-eyed mountain girl, of that perfection of type which flourishes, as in its native soil, in the Kentucky hills. The sight of her, flushed with her race, her eyes alight with triumph, set his heart furiously beating, and, mingled with this new emotion, was one of anger and shame at having been outwitted.

"Jim?" she drawled. "Oh, Jim was in the woodshed when you came up. I reckon you won't find him now, though. Jim's a swift runner. I reckon Jim's swifter than me, and you couldn't catch me," she mocked.

"Then—then—" he stammered.

"Now, Mr. Vincent," said the girl soothingly, "if it hadn't been for me you'd never have reached Bear mountain. Jim had a bead on you all along the trail. You've got me to thank for saving your life by this here change of parts."

"Well, I've got you, anyway," said Vincent sullenly.

"I reckon not," she drawled.

"Why not?"

"Because," she answered, "this is Tennessee, and I reckon your territory's Kentucky."

Vincent was dumbfounded. He had forgotten the warning, carefully conveyed, that the Norman cabin was designedly perched upon the border line, and that therefore he must take his captive within the cabin itself.

"You stop right where you are," said Lily. "If you lay a finger on me, I'll tell the governor of Tennessee."

A light of amusement flickered in Vincent's eyes. Deliberately he stretched out his hand, found the cool, slender fingers of the girl, and held them.

"I guess the law doesn't say anything against amicable visiting between the states, does it?" he asked.

"Well," she admitted, "if you come that way, I—I guess it doesn't."

Vincent stepped forward and planted both feet firmly upon Tennessee soil.

"Nor about—this?" he asked.

And, placing his arm round her, he drew her to him and kissed her upon the lips.

"Lily," he said, "this isn't love at first sight, for I've loved you since I first saw you in Kempville. But it comes mighty near, and if I can't get Jim—why, I reckon I'm going to get you some day."

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

"I Reckon It's Jim You're After."

CHRONICLE OF THE SINNER

Being the Story of a Man Mean Enough to Deceive Even His Trusting Wife.

At two o'clock in the morning William Wilberforce succeeded after many efforts in getting his key to serve the purpose for which it had been made. Then he stumbled into the hall and fell over an upturned corner of a rug. This awakened Mrs. Wilberforce, who switched on the electric light.

When she got downstairs her husband was sitting up and staring vacantly at a beautiful picture of Queen Louise of Prussia.

"Why, William!" exclaimed his wife, "what has happened? Where are your glasses? How did you get that cut on your nose? Why are your clothes all covered with mud?"

Mr. Wilberforce put his hands up to his face and sobbed.

"Dearest," Mrs. Wilberforce cried, kneeling beside him, "tell me what is the matter!"

"I can't 'm dear," he replied, "it was awful! Horrible!"

"O, William! Is it possible that you have been—"

"No, no, it ain't possibile," he interrupted. "Wash assbaulted by robbersesh. Tha'sh wha' happened."

"Darling! Are you badly hurt? Did they rob you of everything?"

"No, 'm only stunned, that's all—only stunned. I licked 'em both. They didn't get my watch, 'n' they didn' get my money. I'm all ri'—jush stunned, thash all.

"Shan't I phone for the doctor, dear?"

"No, 'm all ri'. Jush a little stunned—tha'sh all."

Then, believing him, she helped him upstairs and assisted him to get into bed.

Yet there are those who refuse to admit that simple faith is better than Norman blood.—Chicago Record Herald.

Massenet's Manuscripts.

By his will Massenet left his manuscript music to the Opera, but it will not be placed in the archives of the National Academy of Music until after the death of Mme. Massenet. The deceased composer expressed the wish that his wife should remain in charge of the manuscripts because their careful arrangement, classification and preservation had been wholly her work. France has a jealous eye upon Massenet relics, for the memory of her composer is very dear to her.

Every day some anecdote of the musician appears in the newspapers, of which the following, taken from the Figaro, is typical. A critic was indulging in extravagant praise of Massenet to his face, and wound up his flattery: "Wagner? What was he? His talent is most absurdly exaggerated. I have to pick and choose among a lot of rubbish in Wagner." "Is that so?" came the composer's suave reply. "I should be quite happy with what you leave."

Obstructed Order.

Owens—How do you do, Mr Shears. What can you show me in the way of a new suit today?

His Tailor—Your bill, sir—that is decidedly in the way of a new suit.

Quick Help For Chest Soreness! All Congestion Made To Go Quickly!

Worst Cold or Sore Throat Cured in Quick Order.

RUB ON NERVILINE

Rub Nerviline plentifully over the neck and chest—rub it on well—lots of rubbing can't hurt. The relief will be surprising.

Nerviline is effective because it is powerful—about five times stronger than any ordinary liniment. Nerviline is penetrating, sinks in through the tissues, gets right in where the soreness and congestion really are. Its action is marvellously soothing. Rub it on at night, it draws out the inflammation, and before morning takes away the feeling of tightness, and stops the cold entirely.

Where can you find so powerful a searching a relief as Nerviline for a bad cold? Search the world over and you'll discover nothing half so good.

For nearly forty years Nerviline has been quickly curing colds, coughs and throat troubles. Thousands use it for rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia—they all speak well of this grand family liniment, because they have proved its almost magical power.

Whenever you have an ache or pain, be it neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, joint or muscle stiffness, always remember that Nerviline is the quick est, safest cure. Every good dealer in medicine sells the large 50c. family size bottle of Nerviline, trial size 25c, or direct from the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

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*.

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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
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Albion Nut,
Springhill,
Inverness.

A. M. WHEATON.

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— YARMOUTH LINE —
LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE

Wolfville Time Table

Corrected to Sept. 20 h, 1914

LEAVING.

Express for Truro and Halifax 6 15 a.m.
Accom. for Halifax 12.35 p.m.
Express for Truro and Halifax 4 15 "
Express for St. John and Yarmouth 9.51 a.m.
Accom. for Annapolis 1.30 p.m.
Express for Annapolis Sat. only 5.54 "

Express leaving at 9 51 a.m. connects at Kentville with C. V. Branch train for Kingsport.

ARRIVING

Express from Annapolis Mon. only 6.15 a.m.
Express from Kentville 6.15 a.m.
Accom. from Annapolis 12.35 p.m.
Express from Yarmouth and St. John, N.B. 4 15 "
Express from Truro & Halifax 9 51 a.m.
Accom. from Halifax 1.30 p.m.
Express from Halifax 5.54 "

These trains only run on week days.

Boston Service

Express train leaving at 9 51 a.m. for Yarmouth connects with steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Co., Ltd., sailing Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays for Boston, until Sept. 26th, when service will be reduced to two round trips per week.

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Teams at all trains and boats.
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