

AUTOINTOXICATION OR SELF-POISONING

The Dangerous Condition Which Produces Many Well Known Diseases.

HOW TO GUARD AGAINST THIS TROUBLE

"FRUIT-A-LIVES" - The Wonderful Fruit Medicine - will Protect You

Auto-intoxication means self-poisoning, caused by continuous or partial constipation, or insufficient action of the bowels.

Instead of the refuse matter passing daily from the body, it is absorbed by the blood. As a result, the kidneys and skin are overworked, in their efforts to rid the blood of this poisoning.

Auto-intoxication in its early stages often causes Indigestion, Loss of Appetite and Disturbed Stomach. It may produce Headaches and Sleeplessness. It may irritate the kidneys and bring on Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Gout, and Rheumatic Pains. It is the chief cause of Eczema, and keeps the whole system unhealthy by the constant absorption into the blood of this refuse matter.

"Fruit-a-lives" will always cure Auto-intoxication or self-poisoning - as "Fruit-a-lives" acts gently on bowels and skin, strengthens the bowels and tones up the nervous system. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

White Ribbon News.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union first organized in 1874.

Atm.—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.

Wearword—Agitate, educate, organize.

Officers of WOLFFVILLE UNION.

President—Mrs. L. W. Spoor.

1st Vice President—Mrs. J. Cutten.

2nd Vice President—Mrs. R. Reid.

3rd Vice President—Mrs. Geo. Fitch.

Recording Secy.—Mrs. W. O. Taylor.

Corr. Secretary—Mrs. L. E. Duncan.

Treasurer—Mrs. H. Pinos.

SUPERINTENDENTS.

Laborer Work—Mrs. Fiddling.

Lumbermen—Mrs. J. Kempton.

Willard Home—Mrs. M. Freeman.

Temperance in Sabbath-schools—Mrs. (Dr.) Brown.

Evangelists—Mrs. Purves Smith.

Peace and Arbitration—Mrs. J. Read.

White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Walter Ichell.

Loyal Temperance Legion—Mrs. L. Mand.

On Account of the War.

(From a Boston paper)

John Brown cannot pay me the money he owes.

'On account of the war.'

The cook wants ten dollars a week or six goes.

'On account of the war.'

The baker reduces the weight of his bread.

The butcher sends steak that could muster as lead.

The tailor's wool suits are of shoddy instead.

'On account of the war.'

The tinner can't patch up my roof where it leaks.

'On account of the war.'

The car that I bought will not come for six weeks.

'On account of the war.'

The cost of my shoes mounts each time that I ride.

The prices of drugs are prodigiously high.

But when I demur I receive the reply.

'On account of the war.'

And what can I do when they airily say.

'On account of the war.'

What else can I do but obligingly pay.

'On account of the war.'

Yet often I wonder what some folks will do.

When all of the world with its warfare is through.

And they can no longer pass by in review.

'On account of the war.'

A Cruel Joker.

To the Editor.

I see beer wagons driving around the streets and barrels being delivered at the hotels, and I am told that it is temperance beer and is not intoxicating. Let us examine it.

It contains two and a half per cent of pure alcohol. That means each glass contains 150 grains of pure alcohol, which is equal to about a table-spoonful of common whiskey. There are lots of men that would not be visibly affected by a gallon of it, but there are many others who will be affected by one glass and who will be made silly (poisoned) by two or three glasses. Science tells us that even the man who does not show any ill effects from drinking a gallon of it is rendered less fit for work and less able to resist disease after he has taken only a few glasses. Then we should not forget the poor fellow who is made crazy for more by a single teaspoonful of whiskey. He constitutes the principal reason for the church giving up the use of fermented wine.

So much for the alcohol, but what of the other poisonous substances contained in temperance beer? Science tells us that all malt liquors contain hop acids, papain and various other poisons. There must be a certain percentage of alcohol to kill the germs of fermentation; if not, other preservatives must be added which

Notice to Knitters.

Having heard that some knitters have suffered from blood-poisoning caused by the dye from their socks we consider it imperatively necessary that all wool should be thoroughly cleaned. The shrinking of the wool, which is also necessary, can be done at the same time. The best way to do this is: Tie the skeins together so that they will not unravel, then put in basin and cover with boiling water; if no dye comes out, let the wool remain till the water is cold, then hang up and let drip till dry. Of course, if the dye comes out, keep changing the hot water till it becomes colorless. Make no knots in the wool. Spin by running the ends together with a darning needle. Socks must be washed before, or sent to the R. I. Cross and joined together in pairs, but not too tightly. Do not row together all the way down leg and foot; join at the top in sufficient. The K. I. Cross is the 'oo. No double-breasted used.—Ex

Could Not Sleep.

Miss Gertrude Pratt, Wobley St., Harris, Ont., writes: "I was very much run down and could not sleep either day or night and my arms and legs ached so that life was very miserable. After using six boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I feel well and strong again."

The Verdict of 1916.

The verdict of 1916—of 1915 and 1914—on Germany is given in the words of the Archbishop of Reims: "The barbarity of your arms is described in letters of fire wherever they have passed; the senseless slaughter will perpetuate the memory of these events and humanity will never consent to forget them." While the German cause is barred with the inflexible diabolism, the Allies go into the new year with the high spirit which inspires the King's greeting to the President of the French Republic. They will restore and re-educate Europe, an will give justice to the smaller nations; they will preserve in their will to victory! All the triumph of their arms is secured, and they can resume the path of peace progress, crowned against aggression and board by enduring ties of friendship cemented by comradeship in arms."

A Necessity in the House.

Most of the common ills of life arise from a torpid, sluggish condition of the Liver, Kidneys or Bowels, and, because they act on each of these organs in a direct and specific way, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills overcome serious and painful diseases over which ordinary medicine have no control.

Dr. Grenfell Tells Fine Incident in War Hospital.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, of Labrador, tells this fine incident of his work as a surgeon at the front. "A particularly bright young soldier came into our hospital in France one day," he writes in the Boston Congressionalist. "He was shot through the spine and for many days suffered much agony. The worst danger was over, and I was sitting on his bed talking to him. 'Where is your home?' I asked. 'In Argentina,' he replied. 'Argentina? In South America? What brought you over here?' 'Well, Doctor, I was good and strong, and I wanted to do my bit.' 'Was work scarce when you left?' I continued. 'Not much. That's the country to live in,' he answered, smiling at the very thought of it. 'Sad business getting hit so soon. It will be a long time before you'll be able to get about again, I'm afraid.' 'Don't worry any about that,' was his immediate reply; 'I am glad I had the chance.' As I looked through his smiling eyes into his soul I realized that only lately I had seen men seeking this man's new irascible possession among dollars and cents, and never finding it because they sought smiles. 'Where were you got and what were you doing when you got hit?' I asked a common soldier one day in our ward. 'Were you charging the enemy?' 'No such luck, doctor. I was working on a road detail when a Jack Johnson came along, and a bit of the use found me.' 'It was a terrible wound. I had wondered if he would ever see Fogland and home again. Among the convoy that brought him, he had been a lying-down case. A scariest edged tag pinned on his breast as he lay on the stretcher, had signified that he was among the dangerously wounded. He had only been one of the host of soaked Tommies who were in mud up to his knees repairing the 'pave' of the road to the trenches in the dreary days of H. Anders, must have appeared inglorious enough. And now he was knocked out for good. It seemed odd that a man like that could be so cheerful and contented. This, however, and his anxiety for the other chaps had made him quite a favorite, and his bed a popular corner in the ward. Making roads through the mud wasn't the kind of job you were thinking of when you joined the colors, was it?' I asked him one day. 'Not exactly. But it was good to see the ammunition and the grub as by over them to the other chaps. You bet we kept the road good, almost to the front trench. I'll never forget seeing a battery of our artillery gallop by once when there was some stragging going on. If it hadn't been for our road make them Germans would have got through. The pleasure of that humble service is going to survive all the horrors of cold and wet and misery, yes, and life itself."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

FOR INFANTS AND CHILDREN.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. FLETCHER

He Was a Diver.

An amusing story is told by M. Knowles, the English comedian, about a keen temperance advocate who was one night addressing a public meeting on his subject. "I at once like," he declared, "to take every bottle of wine and every bottle of spirits and sink them all at the bottom of the sea."

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PLANS WENT WRONG

Trick of a Spectacular Speculator Foiled by an Honest Man.

By H. M. EGBERT.

"The Alpacas Oil company, sir, is the biggest thing in Texas today," said "Colonel" Ware, looking up at Ormsby from his plate of asparagus. "And what is more, our friends believe in us and are doing all that can be done to help us—most of them."

There was no mistaking the challenge in the colonel's words. Ormsby looked across the table at Mildred and then fell into a brown study.

Ormsby was assistant editor of "The Financial Observer," a standard, moderate, old-fashioned financial paper, with fifty years of undiminished reputation behind it. That was why it was trusted as a source of financial papers, and why it had exceeded its customary rating of the "Observer" or imagined that it was representative of any special interest. During the editor's absence on a prolonged sick leave Ormsby had been in full control. He was only twenty-six, but he had won the editor's and the owner's confidence as being proof against all influences that might be at work in a man's mind.

Mildred Ware and Ormsby were acknowledged lovers. "Colonel" Ware was a speculator—a speculative one. He had won and lost half a dozen fortunes. Just now his whole fortune was placed in Alpacas oil. He was not a dishonest man, but it was known that he was not above turning a sharp trick or two. And Ormsby had not yet been able to ascertain whether Alpacas oil was a genuine investment or a colossal fraud.

But other influences than merely might be at work in a man's mind. Mildred Ware and Ormsby were acknowledged lovers. "Colonel" Ware was a speculator—a speculative one. He had won and lost half a dozen fortunes. Just now his whole fortune was placed in Alpacas oil. He was not a dishonest man, but it was known that he was not above turning a sharp trick or two. And Ormsby had not yet been able to ascertain whether Alpacas oil was a genuine investment or a colossal fraud.

There's nothing about Alpacas oil on our editorial page," said Blake.

"Then those soundbills have omitted to print it," shouted Ormsby, beside himself with indignation.

"Just a minute, please," said the man at the other end. "Here's Mr. Mantion. He wants to talk to you."

A moment later the owner's voice came over the wire.

"Hello, Ormsby," he said. "Say, what in thunder did you mean by that piece about Alpacas oil? I caught it just in time. Why that's the biggest proposition that's listed today. It'll touch 150 before the week is out."

"You must be mistaken, Mr. Mantion," said Ormsby. "I have positive information that it's a fraud. I'll be down in an hour. Can you wait for me?"

"Come up to my house," said Mantion curtly and hung the receiver.

Ormsby, smarting and indignant, dressed himself hurriedly and snatched a few mouthfuls of breakfast; then he took a street car up to Mantion's house at Carrington Park, a fashionable residential district. He arrived fuming with indignation. He was shown into Mantion's study—to find not only Mr. Mantion but Colonel Ware and Mildred. The colonel was looking sour and Mildred despondent.

"Ab, Mr. Ormsby," said Mantion, "I'm nearly got up into a full-blown fit. The 'Observer' has never made so big a break as you seemed bent upon making for us last night. Lord, if I hadn't caught that editorial of yours in time, I'd have such a time of it. Ormsby, that I've passed everything you've written automatically for weeks. But I happen to be interested in Alpacas oil."

"Then I'll write you my resignation," said Ormsby.

"Well, it isn't as bad as that," grumbled the owner. "But—"

"Colonel Ware took two or three strides up and down the room. He looked at Mildred, whose lips were trembling; then all at once he stopped and thumped his fist down on the table.

"Mantion," he said, "I'm pretty tough, but I can't stand for this. I'm the culprit. I meant to tell you, but I didn't know how you'd take it. That boy isn't to blame."

"What do you mean, Colonel?" inquired Mantion stiffly.

"You remember, George—shabby little fellow with a lip who used to spy on the Knack properties? Well, Mantion, it may not have been quite straight, but I meant to let you fellows in on it. I tried to work Mr. Ormsby to give us a fair write-up. When he wouldn't I sent George to him with some fake papers and photographs in hopes he'd write just such an article as you see here."

"Then the mine is good?" gasped Ormsby.

"None better in Texas, sir," said the colonel shortly. "And since you've dismissed the figure that the capital stock of the Alpacas Oil Company was absolutely sound, it would have jumped to 100 again and I'd have cleared \$75,000. And as it is I've skinned out about \$95,000 to the bad. I don't know how you'd take it. That boy isn't to blame."

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WESTERN CANADA'S CROPS