

HOW TO GET RID OF RHEUMATISM

"Fruit-a-lives" Point the Way to Quick Relief

VERONA, Ont., Oct. 1.—I suffered for a number of years with rheumatism and severe pains in my Side and Back, caused by strains and heavy lifting. When I had given up hope of ever being well again, a friend recommended "Fruit-a-lives" to me, and after using the first box I felt so much better that I continued to take them; and now I am enjoying the best of health, thanks to your wonderful fruit medicine!

W. M. LAMPSON.
"Fruit-a-lives" are sold by all dealers at 25c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.—or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

White Ribbon News.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union first organized in 1874.

Anti-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.

Watermark—Agitate, educate, organize.

Officers of Wolfville Division.

President—Mrs. H. O. Davidson.

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Press and Willard Hall—Mrs. M. P. Freeman.

White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Hutchison.

Temperance in Sabbath-schools—Mr. C. A. Patriquin.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.—Rom. 14: 21.

Business meeting of the W. O. T. U. the last Friday of every month.

The End of War.

By Paul Goforth.

Flashed from thunder-clouds of hatred.

Came the lightning sword of War.

Suddenly the tempest burst; and,

Echoing on from shore to shore,

Thundered summons called the nations.

In the name of Liberty,

Once for all to stand for justice.

Till the World at last was free.

Years have passed. The seasons come.

The rivers flow, and skylarks sing—

All as of days of old, yet.

In the river's blossoming,

Seems a richer, lovelier hue.

The grass is fresher. Brighter skies

Smile on Earth, a re-born Eden,

Fit to be a Paradise.

Peace is ours!—the peace of God

Which passeth understanding. Yet,

Burned into our hearts and memories

Are the words, "Let Us Forget."

Nevertheless, if we can stay it,

Shall this curse destroying fall.

"Nevermore!"—the People's Voice—

Will crumble each dividing wall.

Walls of envy and suspicion,

Hate, misunderstanding, lies,

Fit too long have endangered nations,

Classes, man and man. We rise,

Tried by fire and born again,

To fashion this old world anew.

Fellow-citizens and comrades,

We shall make our dreams come true!

Citizens we are, and shall be,

Of a World united, free—

Free for action, free for progress,

Free for service. Land and sea,

Sound, from Earth united, to the

Farthest limits of the stars,

'Christ is Victor! Him alone we follow,

We have done with Mars."

—The Presbyterian.

Apres La Guerre.

The war is over, or as the French say, 'Apres la Guerre'—so we hope.

It seems too good to be true. It is hard to get one's perspective. It takes some serious thought to readjust one's self to the new conditions.

What a triumph for righteousness! What a collapse of iniquity! The cynics who said 'Christianity had failed' must see the glorious truth that Truth and Love have conquered.

Not the mailed fist of unbridled might, but the pierced hand of love is triumphant.

The glorious sunrise of the new day sheds its fulgent light over earth's glad, fresh morning. Browns deep-furrowed are becoming smoother; the care-lines obliterated. Women's faces are losing the strained, tense look of years, and eyes shadowed with apprehension's curtain are melting into a new tenderness, the soft, sweet radiance of renewed hope. Bowled shoulders of the aged are straightened and slowing steps have taken on a buoyant elasticity. The outlook and uplook are towards the light. The great world war is over, the war for an ideal, for the earth's

very life. The crimson tide of brave, young manhood has baptized the fields of the great conflict and mingled with the crystal tide of the flowing ocean deeps. A stupendous price has been paid, a victory beyond comparison achieved. Best of all righteousness has been vindicated, Christianity proved the hope of the world. What a collapse of iniquity. The evil thinking of men created the war atmosphere. Pride and lust of power demonstrated the evil purposes. Amid the crashing of Empires and falling of dynasties, through the Irish of ennobling thought forces, the God of Israel over-ruled all the machinations of the red in vice, outrage of men and all will outwork for His people's good.

Hints on Coal Oil Lamps.

Those of us who use coal oil lamps are wise to buy the best oil as it is more economical in the end. It lasts longer and gives a much better light. It is a good idea to get in the oil, a little bit of grit get into the burner and prevent it giving a good light. The oil may easily be strained by putting a piece of thin cloth, such as cheese-cloth, over the funnel.

Before using a new lampwick it is improved by soaking in vinegar and then hanging it up to dry. This improves both lasting qualities and lighting properties. When the wick is first put in the lamp, light it and let it burn with a yellow flame for a few minutes. Then blow it out and wipe the wick carefully with a piece of soft paper. Any little short ends of thread may be clipped off, but the wick itself should not be cut off in order to trim it.

PILES

Do not suffer from itching, burning, bleeding, or any other distressing symptoms of PILES. No matter how long they have been present, they can be cured. Write for a free booklet, "How to Cure Piles," and a box of "Pile Cure" will be sent to you. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose in stamp to pay postage.

Pushers and Pessimists.

Pushers are usually in the thick of the business fight, producing. Pessimists grow on the outskirts, waiting to seize the spoils the pusher wins.

Pushers build and pessimists tear down. Pushers blaze new trails. Pessimists travel in ruts.

Pushers are bright, cheerful, generous and brave. Pessimists are gloomy, doleful, grouchy and weak.

Pushers boost each other and encourage all. Pessimists knock each other, and thus they fail.

Pushers bring prosperity. Pessimists throw blight on all prospects.

We're going to be Pushers. What are you going to be—and die!

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Atkinson*

The Thrift Magazine

Makes its Appearance.

The first number of the Thrift Magazine, published under the direction of the National War Savings Committee, has made its appearance. It is edited by Mr. W. J. Dunlop, B. A., director of the schools section of the W. S. S. organization, who is also editor of 'The School'. The special purpose of this publication is to further the War Savings and Thrift Stamps movement among the schools of the Dominion. Ten numbers are to be published by June, the intention being to bring them out at fortnightly intervals. The Thrift Magazine is supplied free to every teacher in Canada and may be had on application to the office of publication, 371 Bloor St. West, Toronto. Parents, school inspectors, public libraries and persons generally interested in thrift education may also receive the Magazine by applying to this address.

Children Ory FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

An Irishman was walking through a lonely cemetery and stopped before an imposing looking monument bearing the following inscription: 'I sit here.' Pat reflected soberly for a moment and then said, 'well, if Orl was dead begorra, O'd own up to it.'

The more money a man has the harder it is for him to convince the world that he is a fool.

No matter how positive a woman may be of anything she is seldom willing to bet money on it.

A soldier should never lose his head in battle, says an officer. Of course not. If he did a pension would be of no earthly benefit.

Children Ory FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Some women swear like men, white others will not even darn socks.

No man can make a fool of himself all the time. He has to sleep occasionally.

It is a wise old saw that cuts with the wisdom teeth.

The wife of a bespecked husband hasn't much to crow over.

The only substitute for a chunk of wisdom is a chunk of silence.

Some persons are like one-legged milk stools—so good unless sat upon.

An old bachelor says that marriage is merely a hitch and a kick.

Mollie's German Spy

By AGNES G. BROGAN

The light in Billy May's eye leaped as he looked at his sister, leaping over her flowers. In Billy's vocabulary, Mollie was "his only excuse for living."

Long years before when the little orphaned sister had piteously held out her arms to him, Billy had pledged her his life's devotion, and she had repaid. It had been no easy task to lay aside the coveted career and to take up as a necessity for her advancement the first opportunity offered in a country village. Being rural, small carrier had made it possible for "Angel" to leave her education and the usual accomplishments befitting a modern young woman. That is what Billy had named the girl when her stary eyes spoke their gratitude from beneath a aureole of golden hair, and "Angel" she had remained.

College life had not spoiled Mollie for the village; she but returned with new enthusiasms and plans for his home making. He came to her now across the garden, his hands held a perfect bunch of roses. "I had prepared my dear, but he did not return. Dinner was also served without him; no course for the delayed absence, not even a telephone message. Temperament, I suppose. Wounded all the way to Brayton, no doubt, looking for light and color, and then probably calms down and ate his meal in the hotel, forgetting all about us. Franz is quite equal to do a thing like that, but by this time you'd think he might have a glimmering of returning consciousness. Well, I will show the people some of his sketches and his picture."

"Here, Mollie, dear, is his photograph. Striking likeness. Distinguished looking, don't you think?" Mollie, the large photograph clutched in her hand, suddenly subsided upon a deeply seated couch. Where had she seen that small twisted mustache, those steely clear eyes, that crisply curling fair hair—even the studious frown beneath the fine brows?

There was no need to think. The face had been indelibly stamped upon her memory as his owner had stood that morning on hand reaching for the knob of her auto door. The barrel of Billy's empty revolver had been leveled at that same distinguished countenance. And he, the man had said, he had turned his back and could not walk. He, the great artist, while she, Mollie, the heartless, the suspicious, had actually threatened his life and ridden away! Oh! It was horrible! Perhaps now even as the eager throng awaited his coming, the suffering man lay alone!

"What a ride! A little quick catch in her voice. "I must go home; at once."

"Well, dear," her friend agreed, "if it's Billy you are worrying about, of course you will excuse me."

Mollie did not wait to see Billy. Her remorseful heart burned to stone. In the garage she found the little red car and turned on the lights. A moment she lingered to sweep into a box the contents of two plates left from the evening meal, then out into the night she slowly opened the door.

On past the last twinkling house light, noisily over the wooden bridge, heavily through the newly cut roads into the deeper darkness. Her headlights showed him at least a long figure stretched motionless beside the road, his face upraised to the stars.

In a moment Mollie was bending over him. "Oh," she breathed in relief as his unbelieving eyes looked up into hers. "I feared that you had fainted."

His smile slowly spread itself over the artist's whitened face. "The surprising young woman" he murmured. "Have you returned to carry out your threat of shooting me down?"

"No, I am completely at your mercy." He pointed to his crudely bandaged ankle. "Couldn't get away if I tried."

"Oh, please," Mollie entreated, her eyes now shining in a coherent in her repentant haste, she told him the day's story.

"And so," he said at last, "you were defending these few's necks; you were plucky enough to take the place of an invalid brother, and tonight, his eyes held here in strange fascination, you came back alone over the rough ways, through the darkness, to rescue me, a stranger?"

Mollie nodded, and the class of his hand was so fervent, so pleasantly disconcerting, that she turned in laughing embarrassment to the emergency lunch she had brought him. And after that, his grateful glance still upon her, she led him heavily leaning upon her shoulder to the waiting car.

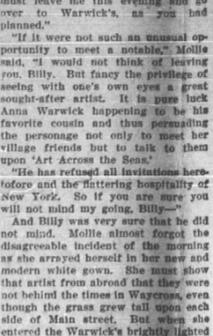
At the Warwick's entrance, when she turned to leave, the artist put forth his hand. "The statement," he said, and the slight accent had now a caressing sound, "is not yet complete. I must exact until the time of my recovery two hours reading each afternoon."

"As you will," answered Mollie, demurely.

"And at least one hour's conversation each morning," he agreed.

So, in a city art gallery is exhibited a wonderful picture, a girl whose wide eyes are as blue as the head on her hair. Against the artist's name in the catalog is written, "Portrait of Mollie, his wife." But to Billy May the picture is that of "The Angel."

How The Hun Used His Red Cross Trains



A Canadian signaller mending a wire in a street flooded by the enemy before they left Valenciennes.



A captured German Red Cross train which they had used for conveying ammunition.

DOCTOR URGED AN OPERATION

Instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Was Cured.

Baltimore, Md.—"Nearly four years I suffered from organic troubles, nervousness and headaches and a very month would have to stay in bed most of the time. Treatments would relieve me for a time but my doctor was always urging me to have an operation. My sister asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound before consenting to a n operation. I took five bottles of it and it has completely cured me and my A. figure is a pleasure. I tell all my friends who have any trouble of this kind what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—MILDRED B. BRITTINGHAM, 609 Calverton Rd., Baltimore, Md.

It is only natural for any woman to dread the thought of an operation. So many women have been restored to health by this famous remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after an operation has been advised that it will pay any woman who suffers from such ailments to consider trying it before submitting to such a trying ordeal.

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Voicing, Regulating, Repairing Orms Tuned and Repaired.

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Evacuation Scenes in France



British troops taking back the civil population to their original homes.



A scene of a town being evacuated.

Evacuation scenes in France.

For You and Your Friends

"I beg you to publish my letter."

It is only natural that people write us enthusiastic letters about Gila Pills. Wouldn't you do the same, if, after suffering from backache for years, you found relief? Wouldn't you wish your friends and others to know what Gila Pills had done for you, and what they will do for them? Of course, you would, and that is the only reason that prompts people to write us praising this great remedy.

Read what Isidore Thomas says in part:

"My case was very serious, and I was so sick everybody expected my death any day. No suffering could be worse than what I had to endure. Eight boxes of Gila Pills were sufficient to cure me entirely. I beg you to publish my letter and tell all sufferers of Kidney Trouble not to despair nor wait, as Gila Pills will cure them. I have to be very thankful to you, and I recommend Gila Pills to all my friends suffering from kidney trouble."

To be the advice of those who have tried most remedies and found that Gila Pills cure.

Gila Pills are not a cure-all—but a scientific remedy for Kidney or Bladder Trouble. They contain the beneficial ingredient of gila, without the alcohol, and gila has been recognized for years as the most perfect agent for toning up the kidneys and restoring these organs to perform their natural functions.

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WOLFVILLE.

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MR. Tablets stop sick headaches, relieve bilious attacks, tone and regulate the eliminative organs, make your face shine.

"Better Than Pills For Liver Bile."

A. V. Rand, Chemist and Druggist.

Many a temperate person fills a drunkard's grave.