NO MORE KIDNEY TROUBLE

Since He Commenced to Take "Fruit-a-tives"

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WALTER J. MARRIOTT.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers 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.

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Press and Willard Hall—Mrs. M. P. Freeman.
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Hutchinson.
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: 31.

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

W. C. T. U.

Extracts from the Dominion President's letter while on tour in the Maritime Provinces.

Dear Dominion Comrades,—How wonderful is this near approach to world-peace! Truly 'God hath done great things for us whereof we are glad.' Such 'great things' that we must measure up to the highest and best to be at all worthy of them.

Never was there such a high strong call to our membership to do its utmost, to not only hold what measure of gain we have, but to press on for better things. We are grieved to note in Nova Scotia many infractions of the Provincial Licence Law. In its Capital—the fine old fortress city Halifax—one November evening in early twilight during my recent visit there, I met two fine looking young men in khaki, but sorrowful to relate, both under the influence of liquor.

As they passed us I caught from one the words addressed to his comrade, 'Somehow, Bob, we don't seem to be in line to-night'—nor were they. For each was out of alignment with duty's high appeal, with honor and sobriety—and it may be a mother's counselling and prayers. Something must be done to make it less easy for our brave soldier boys to fall 'out of line.' Were this an isolated case one might leave it, but this same story, with variations, repeated itself almost daily during my stay in Nova Scotia. One day it was an old grey haired woman who was so intoxicated she had to be helped on her way—another two big stalwart men with lunch baskets. There is great laxness somewhere or this sad state of affairs could not be possible.

What about our own immediate work? Is it moving forward as it should? From coast to coast should be resurrected interest and increased activities. Immortal destinies are at stake—and let not anyone deceive herself with considering the present issue other than a most grave one. Already the liquorites in Canada are organized and ready—have thousands of reams of leaflets for distribution—indeed already on its way.

One leaflet setting forth in specious terms that the great death rate from the recent influenza epidemic was directly traceable to the inability to procure as much liquor as necessary for the patients, and another deprecating the unjustness of passing prohibitory legislation when the soldiers were not here to make a protest, etc. In every particular it is a situation fraught with grave import and should form a stirring 'call to action' of every White Ribboner.

Seldom has there been greater need of the rallying of our forces and activities as at the present! If we are to have as one of the precious aftermaths of war's sad harvest 'a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness', we must unitedly and determinedly do our utmost to prevent the traffic ever again starting a legal foothold in Canada.

Yours in the work,
Sara Rowell Wright.

A Cure for Bad Breath

"Bad breath is a sign of decayed teeth, foul stomach or useless bowels." If your teeth are good look to your digestive organs at once. Get Seigel's Curative Syrup at druggists. 15 to 30 drops after meals, clean up your food passage and stop the bad breath odor. 50c. and $1.00 Bottles. Do not buy substitutes. Get the genuine. 5

His Tuneful Message.

From Tit-Bits.

Included among the passengers on board a ship crossing the Atlantic recently was a man who stuttered. One day he went up to the captain of the ship to speak to him.

'S-s-s-s-s', stuttered the man.

'Oh, I can't be bothered,' said the captain, angrily, 'go to somebody else.'

The man tried to speak to everybody on board the ship, but none could wait to hear what he had to say. At last he came to the captain again.

'Look 'ere,' said the the captain, 'I can tell you what to do when you want to say something; you should sing it.' Then suddenly, in a tragic voice, the man commenced to sing: 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind, the blooming cook's fell overboard, and is twenty miles behind.'

Be Ready For Emergencies

The best way is to always keep a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in the house, ready for emergencies. Then when croup, or colds come suddenly they can be promptly cured before they have time to reach an acute and dangerous stage. To meet this requirement we have put the syrup up in family size bottles which cost in nearly three times as much as the 25 cent bottle and sell at sixty cents.

Speaking at a recent dinner, Senator Henry C. Lodge, of Massachusetts, referred to the technical automobile terms and told the following story:

One afternoon some time ago two young girls were on the veranda knitting for the soldiers when one of them turned the conversation to an automobile ride she had the evening before.

'Mr. Jones' ability in running an automobile is simply wonderful,' declared the pretty one. 'I never dreamed that it was possible to go quite so far without machinery.'

'Go without machinery?' was the wondering rejoiner of the other. 'Do you mean to say that such a thing happened?'

'Yes,' promptly replied the first. 'We must have gone at least twelve miles before Mr. Jones discovered that the engine was missing.'

PILES

Do not suffer another day with Itching, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly cure you. 60c. a box; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

A Horse's Death Cry.

One of the touching incidents of the war is told by a member of the crew on an American ship carrying 2500 horses to Europe before the United States became a belligerent. This ship was attacked by the German cruiser Moewe while crossing the Atlantic. After the transport had been torpedoed her crew was taken aboard the Moewe, while horses, dead and alive, poured out of the great hole left in the side of the transport by the torpedo.

'Then,' says the one telling the story, 'a fine big white horse sprang out and swam strongly to us, half a mile away. Ah, he was a noble beast, that horse. Near us he neighed. An officer barked something in German and a sailor began shooting at the animal with a pistol. One shot hit and the horse screamed. Did you ever hear a horse scream? It sounds like a woman in agony and it makes your blood creep. He was right near us and we could see his eyes, wild, pleading, fear of death in them. The officer jerked out his own pistol and fired once and the horse sank immediately. That's the horse I have nightmares about sometimes.'

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Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

An interview with Bonnycastle Dale, the well-known writer on outdoor subjects, occupies the opening pages of the January issue of Rod and Gun, while the frontispiece in this issue shows a reproduction of a photograph of Mr. Dale. H. C. Hadden contributes another installment of 'A Year with the Deer;' Fred Copeland a story entitled 'Mr. Brewster Discovers a Wildcat;' Vincent Perry a sequel to 'My Bob' entitled 'Bob's Baby;' Robert Page Lincoln a finely illustrated article on the making of snowshoes, etc., etc. The regular departments are up to standard and include some valuable, interesting and informative articles. A report of the Canadian Field Trials at Ojibway occurs in this issue. Rod and Gun is published at Woodstock, Ontario, by W. J. Taylor, Lmtd.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

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Children Cry
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Dawn's Early Light

By FRANK RIGNEY

Six rows of stars, eight in a row. Forty-eight white stars twinkling on a blue square. Seven long lines of red and six of white rippling, waving, gathering up and flying out straight again. A setting sun sending out red beams of light that mingled with and faded away among the early peeping stars far overhead dipped a parting salute to Old Glory. Old Glory, illumined by the red golden rays, looking more resplendent and glorious than ever, waved back an acknowledgment.

Such was the picture Jack Cody gazed on. Jack, a fine, hearty, clean-cut boy of fifteen years, was the son of a lumberman and lived in a small wooden house on the outskirts of a village that was situated away off ever so far from trolley cars, subways and skyscrapers. Jack was a boy of the woods. The forest was for him school and playground and was frequently his bedroom.

This particular June evening Jack, resting after a strenuous day, was sitting on a pile of lumber and gazing at the flagpole newly erected on the "town hall."

News, a speedy traveler, where telephones, papers and crowds mix, seemed to slow up and get down to a crawl when it journeyed toward Jack's town. It had to work miles upstream against rolling logs, along old, rocky trails and through long stretches of woods, lakes and other things that go to make up a virgin country. This time it had put on a little extra speed, being helped along by some surveyors who had come as the advance guards of a party of railroad engineers and workmen. The news was big news. It was the president's war declaration, and it had the village buzzing with excitement. The surveyors had brought the flag along and one of them had left behind him a pencil, colored blue at one end and red at the other. Jack was the lucky finder of the pencil and with it he was endeavoring on a piece of white wrapping paper to portray the scene spread before him. The trees, hills, houses and view in general proving too much for him, he concentrated on the flag.

"Forty-eight stars and thirteen stripes," said Jack. "Gosh, but it is some flag! I wonder who invented it?"

His picture finished, he climbed down from the log pile and wandered towards the "town hall" to proudly display to some of his boy friends his copy of Old Glory. From nowhere in particular, similar to that mysterious place from which conjurers produce cards and rabbits, Jack's friends produced pieces of paper of various shades and shapes and the young artist was surrounded by a noisy crowd shouting, "A flag for me, Jack!" "Make me one!" "Do one for me!"

Across the main street, the one and only street of the village, was a group of men quietly discussing the news and asking questions of an elderly man whose appearance showed him to be a newcomer to the place.

The commotion created by the clamoring boys brought the quiet discussion of the men to an end and the stranger strolled over to know what the uproar meant.

"Good!" he exclaimed, when he found out. "Great, boys, great! That's the spirit, boys," he said, "but easy there, fellows, until I ask you a few questions. What are you going to do with your flags?"

"Stick it in my window," shouted one boy. "Paste it on the wall over my bed between Lincoln and Washington," said another—and so on until it seemed that the little village would be papered from end to end with the flags that Jack had not yet drawn.

"Fine!" said the inquirer, "Fine! Let me ask you, boys, now that I know what you are going to do with your flag, what you know about your flag—and what you are going to do for your flag? I ask you what you are going to do?"

A silence that could be almost heard descended on the crowd and the boys looked uneasily at each other.

"I didn't know that the flag wanted me to do anything for it," spoke up Jack, much to the relief of his friends, as the stranger's attention was drawn from them and directed to Jack.

"Come into the hall, my boy, get your friends to round up a few of the men, as many as they can, and let them all come, and I'll try and tell you and your friends a little story of the flag waving up there on the pole."

Very quickly the big room filled and it seemed as though Jack would have to get busy penciling out "Standing Room Only" notices, when the man who called the meeting had commenced his story.

There is no occasion to follow in detail all he told the men and boys of the Stars and Stripes, for that would be telling you something, friend reader, that you already know forwards and backwards. Sufficient to say that he commenced with the tale of Betsy Ross and the first flag, the adoption on June 14, 1777, by congress of the Stars and Stripes; that he told stories of countless heroes whose lives were given up so that Old Glory might ever wave free, the emblem of liberty to all; that he explained the wearing of the colors and the high ideals that they represented.

"It is glorious to die for the flag," he said, "but equally glorious to live for it, and that living for it means living for America, working and striving unceasingly for the betterment of all, 'One for all, all for one.'"

A powerful full-house chorus rendering "The Star Spangled Banner" under the leadership of the stranger brought the informal gathering to a most enthusiastic end.

Jack was impressed very, very much and strolled home lost in deep thought. A person walking close by Jack would have heard him muttering to himself, "Gee!" and "Gosh!"

* * * * * * * *

Boom! Boom! Zis! Zis! Zip! Bang! Boom! Crash! Bang! Jack never heard such a tremendous noise before. Rushing to his bedroom window, he gazed awestruck at the sight that presented itself to him. The village was in flames—men were rushing hither and thither shouting, calling and yelling for help. Jack dashed out, hatless and breathless. Bang! A huge shell tore away half of his little home. An awful rending, crashing upheaval followed. Flying stones, and splinters knocked Jack all in a heap. "War!" he panted, "War!" Yes, it was war with a vengeance. Struggling to his feet, he raced onwards not knowing where to go, but onward, in hope of being able to do something. Bang! Bang! All the while the most unearthly shrieking sounds of flying shells and bursting bombs mixed with the rattle of machine guns and the frightful roaring of the heavy cannon. Khaki-clad figures rushed past Jack. A fearful explosion louder than any of the previous, left Jack dazed. At his feet fell one of the khaki figures, beating the ground, striking the earth with his hands and hoarsely calling in a choked, feeble voice for help. Jack was afraid at last. Not of bayonets or bullets, but of the wounded man, for Jack did not know what to do with him or for him. "I'll go and get help," yelled Jack. He ran a few yards, stumbled and fell. Looking up, he saw right before him in the midst of the uniforms, Old Glory! "The flag was still there! Hurrah! Live for my country, die for my country," flashed through Jack's thoughts. "Now to help the wounded soldier, now to help—" A sudden stinging pain shot through Jack's shoulder. He fell forward on his face. He essayed to rise, but the excoriating pain was too much for him. "Help! Help!" he called. A sound of running feet fell on his ears. Painfully turning his throbbing head, Jack saw some of his boy friends, gazing foolishly at him. "Please!" called Jack. "Please! Oh, you boobs do something—help, lift me," but a near-by explosion had scattered the crowd. Toby, the village stray dog, dragged itself by yelping and was soon lost to Jack's view. The flag! The flag! There it is again—this time in the hands of the newcomer, who holds it high in the air. The figure holding it wavers, staggers. Jack makes a supreme effort to rise, but for him comes oblivion.

* * * * * * * *

It was a beautiful June morning when Jack awoke and sat up suddenly. He rubbed his shoulder, scratched his head and blinked his eyes. "Old Glory!" thought Jack, "Where is it? What has happened it?" The rising sun was paying its respects to Old Glory and Old Glory was returning the compliment.

"You're up early," said a voice that startled Jack into full wakefulness. It was the stranger.

"Yes," said Jack, "I thought I—that is—I thought—"

"What?" said the man, encouragingly.

"That you were killed and that the flag—" went on Jack as he related his dream of the night before. The man laughed and asked Jack what he would do for the wounded soldier, for an injured dog, for himself. Jack didn't know. He then asked Jack what he would do in ordinary peace times in emergency cases. Jack didn't know. Neither did any of his boy friends, who were beginning to come out into the morning sunshine.

"Don't you see," said the man, "that the best way to help your country and flag is by being prepared to serve? Be prepared for all cases and for all times. Even in this far-away town, at this present moment, you can be of service. Every man, woman, boy and girl and child from the top corner of Alaska to the other end of Florida can be of help if they only make a little preparation. Help the men with their work, prepare the way for the great railroad that's on its way to you and you will be serving your flag and country.

"Say, fellows, let me tell you something. Railroading is my big business, but my big pleasure is scouting. I'm high up in both jobs, and as I'm bringing my business to your town, there is no reason why I shouldn't bring my pleasure. Who's for scouting?"

"Me for one," said Jack. "Me, too," chorused all the others.

"Fine!" said the man, "and now listen. I'll fix it up in New York at headquarters that your town will be marked on the scout map. I'll see that you get all necessary papers and information, and, by the way, I may have a job on the railroad of lettering or map drawing for a certain scout who has prepared himself with a red and blue pencil."

The crowd dissolved and Jack started home to his work softly singing to himself:

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?"

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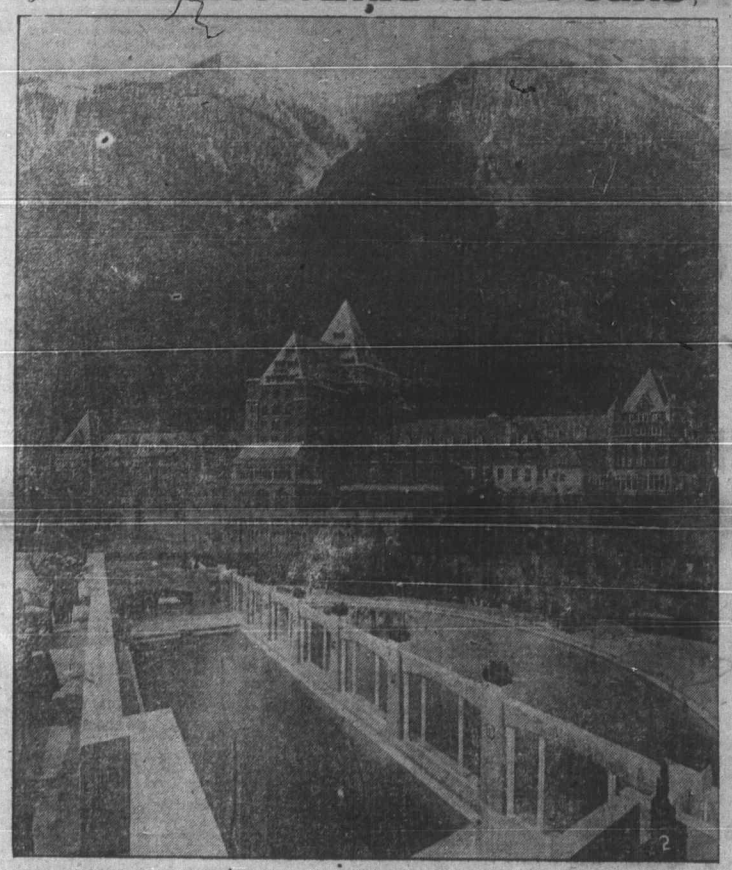


(1) Banff Springs Hotel. (2) The swimming pool at Banff Springs Hotel

Thirty-five years is three and a half decades and a great deal might happen during that time. In fact, one might grow from a toothless, mumbling family pride into a white hope and a nation's pride, or one might grow from a white hope or a nation's pride into a toothless, mumbling civic burden. No matter what happens there are always changes, the few things remaining unaltered being the mountains, the ocean, the deep blue sky. Forests wither and burn and draw in their borders, fences and grain fields are now where the wild lands rolled, towns and cities flourish where the antelope and the mule-deer used fearlessly to slake their thirst.

Mountains, having the broader perspective, see the greatest changes, and and the mountains of Banff could tell much if they would talk. Forty years ago they looked down on the primeval forests of their lower slopes and valleys, traversed sometimes by red men, sometimes by pioneer whites. Thirty-five years ago they saw the C. P. R. gangs stretching the first steel threads which binds the Pacific to the Atlantic and have opened the land for the coming millions. The white men lived in the open, in tents, in dugouts and log cabins, they ate of the rudest fare, and they hewed a way for the following hordes who brought with every new contingent, new comforts and new developments.

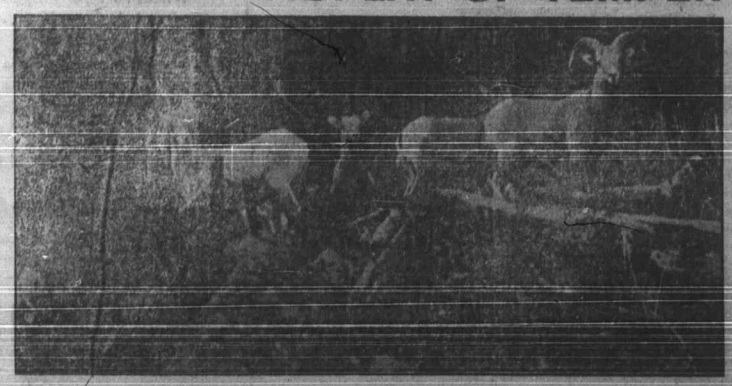
Up on the slopes of Sulphur Mountain the sulphur springs had rippled, and smoked and steamed for centuries, known only to the wild animals and natives, but when the railway steel was put down white men came and saw the commercial possibilities of the medicinal waters. One of these earliest pioneers decided to be forehanded and obtain possession. On the northeast side of Sulphur Mountain, where the sulphur bubbled and a wondrous cave of gloomy pools and stalactites promised attractions for future tourists he erected a small log hut and placarded it with a roughly planed board branded "hotel" in letters of charcoal. Consequently, while waiting for the rush of tourists he fed and bathed stray railroaders trappers, guides and prospectors. He was a free and easy landlord, if there was room on his floor they could sleep under his roof, if there was flour in the sack and bacon on the nail they could eat. They paid what they thought was right. This was the first hotel in Banff park.

The government, realizing for the first time the great possibilities of the moutains, streams, and medicinal springs of Banff decided that it should be reserved as a national playground and health resort for all Canada and the world. The squatter who had hoped to retain the medicinal springs for his own profit, was consequently bitterly disappointed. He took up other work and the "hotel" drooped in decay. Wood lice, ants, mountain rats, bears, and mountain storms soon wiped out the structure.

To-day there is modern housing in the big Canadian resort for three or four thousand transients. The peoples of the world visit the springs, the caves, the fishing and hunting grounds. They live in the hotels and go away satisfied with the comforts provided. In the early days four walls and a roof were comfort, to-day bellboys, elevators, waitresses, servants, fine linen, baths, architectural marvels are necessities. Roman baths, foodstuffs from the distant parts of the earth take the place of the muddy pools and the flour and bacon of pioneer days. The first beautiface of Banff built his hostelry from timbers which grew on the mountains; the great C. P. R. hotel in Banff went deeper and builded from the very stones that underlaid the soil which fed those timbers. Tall, and grey as the very cliffs themselves the big structure looms up in castellated grandeur, not even seemingly pigmatized by contrast with the mighty precipices.

Eight guests would have strained the accommodations of the first log hotel, eight hundred is not too many for this one great building which now stands and overlooks the valley of the Bow. As one will admit changes come with the years, though the mountains still stand as they stood when Rome burned and Nero played.—L. V. K.

A LITTLE DISPLAY OF TEMPER



A Group of Rocky Mountain Sheep.

One bears of the affection of wild creatures and their devotion to one another, even unto death. This is undoubtedly true in many instances, but to my mind more wild animals die through displaying bad temper than through gentler sensations. I have seen a grand ten-point black-tailed deer brought down while bullying a game little spike buck; I have lain on the edge of deep pools and watched a surly pike ram his head into a net while attempting to intimidate a big bull trout. Moreover I once saw a grizzly that died because he had lost his temper when a man approached as the bear was eating, and I was once an active participator in the death of a lynx that would have escaped unscathed had it not stopped to claw up a dog that it could have outrun on three legs.

On the other hand, there are many stories of affection. Once I was an interested observer of a she-bear putting a fast-climbing Dane up a tree and keeping him there while her twin offspring climbed neighboring saplings and were, in her opinion safe. I have been told of devoted trout that committed deliberate suicide because their mates had taken the hook. I know of enormous bull walruses off the coast of British Columbia who personally see to it that even the smallest pup is driven into the safety of the black waters when danger threatens. Then there are the tales of the male salmon guarding the spawning beds from buccaneering trout while the female salmon deposit eggs; and sailing men have told me of mother whales sheltering calves under their great flukes while the harpoons were reaching deep for the mother's vitals. All these are worth telling, and may be told, but at present the subject is temper leading up to the demise of the mountain sheep whose eighteen-inch horns had been the ambition of hunters for three long seasons.

He ranged the peaks a score of miles below Pallister where, from the highest pinnacles of his range he could look down the lofty slopes of the valley and see C. P. R. trains toiling up or roaring down the grades. He did not know what they were nor did they bother his mind much. To him they may have been crawling flies. His simple life did not include them, his chief annoyances were the self-imposed duties of whipping young and ambitious bucks, keeping his band of ewes in proper subjection, and avoiding the two-legged creatures who crawled so clumsily about the rocks and frightened one with sharp noises followed by high-pitched whines. Once, when he had heard the sharp sound and did not hear the whine, his side had hurt for a long time and the blood had flowed as it does when an eagle or a mountain lion rips the hide, and he did not want to repeat that experience. So he was very watchful.

One day he stood on a wind-swept slope and gazed, high-headed, over the broad valley. Nearby his band browsed placidly. A youthful and jealous male edged over to a charming young female and butted her playfully. She too displayed frivolity, she shouldered him away playfully. The king of the band saw these carryings on and stamped a stern warning. The young buck and the silly ewe sprang apart with a keen appreciation of what followed outbursts of temper by the lord and master. A small stone, loosened by the hasty feet of the young buck rolled and clattered down the rocky grade.

Around behind a distant shoulder of rocks a man who had been fruitlessly hunting all afternoon had turned toward his valley camp, warned by the lengthening shadows of late afternoon. He heard a distant clatter of a rolling stone on loose shale and paused a moment before dropping to his knees and creeping noiselessly toward the point from whence the clatter came. The big buck, high-headed and watchful, but raging and foaming with anger, was just stepping down toward the impudent young male with every intention of inflicting merited chastisement when the rifle cracked. The animal turned and fled, blindly and fast, half stunned by the blow that smote his shoulder and burned his interior. He ran instinctively upward while his band also scattered to the heights by other routes and the white man, breathless and panting, followed the blood drops that marked the path of his prize. He followed to the snow line and beyond, his hunter's soul gladdened by the crimson dashes on the white mantle. And at last, a half mile from where he had raised the band, and a thousand feet above the spot, he came upon the highest chief's body, half buried in the pure white of a heaven-climbing slide. One little display of jealous temper had ruined the life of the most astute Rocky Mountain sheep in the whole hunting country south of the C. P. R. main line.—L. V. K.

Have You Friends Who Suffer?

You have friends who are discouraged, who seem to have lost all interest in life, and whose sufferings are acute—because they are afflicted with Kidney or Bladder trouble?

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Persuade your friends to try them, if only a sample box. Mrs. James Harris of Port Rowan took the advice of a friend and wrote us for a free sample. Hear in her own words the result.

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The case of W. T. Baldwin, of Smithville, Ont., is similar in many respects. Mr. Baldwin suffered from a pain in the back for over three years. Finally on advice from friends he tried Gin Pills, with the result that he obtained relief from his pain after taking the first box.

There is no need for anyone to invest a cent in Gin Pills until they have received a sample free and tried them, as Mr. Harris did. Write to-day, telling us to send a sample box free to your friend's address.

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