SUFFERED TERRIBLE AGONY

"Fruit-a-tives" Alone Gave Him Quick Relief

Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915.

"For seven years, I suffered terribly from Severe *Headaches and Indigestion*. I had belching gas from the stomach, and I had chronic Constipation. I tried many remedies but nothing did me good. *Finally, a friend advised* "Fruit-a-tives". I took this grand fruit medicine and it made me well. To everyone who has miserable health with Constipation and Indigestion and Bad Stomach, I say take "Fruit-a-tives", and you will get well".

ALBERT VARNER.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

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.

OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION

President—Mrs. B. O. Davidson.
1st Vice President—Mrs. G. W. Miller
2nd Vice President—~~Mrs. McKenna~~
Recording Sec'y—Mrs. Ernest Redden
Cor. Secretary—Mrs. W. O. Taylor
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SUPERINTENDENTS.

Evangelistic—Mrs. George Bishop
Parlor Meetings—Mrs. Young
Labrador Work—Mrs. Fielding.
Red Cross and Lumbermen—Mrs. J. W. Vaughn.
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 a occasion to fall in his brother's way.—Rm. 14. 31.

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

New Version of The National Anthem.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
For him we'll ever pray,
On this and every day,
And from our hearts we'll say
God save the King.

God make our Empire strong,
In peace, her life prolong;
God save our King.
May peace forever be
Vouchsafed, and liberty
To all from sea to sea,
God save the King.

And not to us alone
May perfect peace be known;
God bless all lands,
[illegible] unity;
God save all kings.

From all beneath the skies
Shall praise to God arise;
God save our King.
On him Thy grace bestow,
Shield him from every foe,
Grant him Thy peace to know;
God save the King.

—W. C. TURNER,
in the Christian Guardian.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

British Efforts to Curtail the Drink Traffic.

Dr. Oaten, speaking at the great Prohibition convention in Toronto, spoke of the efforts of Mr. Lloyd George to curtail the drink traffic The following is the substance of his remarks:

As soon as the war broke out Lloyd George addressed himself in the most vigorous way in the reduction of the drink evil in Great Britain. At that time the British people were consuming 36,800,000 barrels of beer a year. This Lloyd George reduced with one stroke to 18 millions of barrels. He then further reduced it to 10 million barrels. There was then some backsliding and during the course of the war from 12 to 15 million barrels of beer were consumed each year. In addition to this the treating system was cut out, the hours of sale were greatly reduced and the sale of wine and spirits was placed under the most drastic restrictions. But perhaps the most important act of all was the cutting out of the alcoholic contents of the beer. The English beers before the war were heavy beers of 12 to 15 per cent. This Great Britain reduced to 4 and 5 per cent. so that the old toper when drinking the same declared it tasted like rain water. The English laborer stood for this interference with the quality and character of his national drink because he realized that national efficiency was an absolute necessity of the hour that the war might be won and he came to an appreciation of Lloyd George's viewpoint that full national efficiency was not obtainable so long as the nation continued to consume the vast quantities of alcohol which was the nation's practice before the war. The statement will show that whilst there remained during two-thirds of the war a very considerable remnant of the liquor evil that the British Government by what it did made a tremendous slash at the drinking habits of the English people.

Normal Weight

Perhaps you are worried because your child does not pick up in weight? Better try

Scott's Emulsion

and watch how it helps make a thin child grow and put on weight. *There is nothing quite so strengthening as Scott's Emulsion for a child of any age.*

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 15-4

Prince of Wales May Visit Us

ONCE more is the report revived that the Prince of Wales is to pay a visit to this continent, and any comment we have observed in the American press is most cordial. In fact, we have little doubt that the prince will be just as warmly welcomed in New York as in our own Canadian cities, for if the Englishman loves a lord, there is no doubt that the American loves a prince, as his slang bears eloquent testimony. The idea is that the young prince, now in his 25th year, is out wife-hunting. He is certain to get married if he lives, for one of the most imperative duties of the heir to the throne of Great Britain is to provide himself with a wife and the nation with heirs-presumptive. The war in some respects has limited the field through which the royal lover can roam in quest of a helpmate; in others it has widened it. For instance, all the eligible German, Austrian, Bulgarian and Turkish princesses are ruled out. There will be no more German princesses in England.

The democratizing influences of the war have been such that if the next Queen of England should happen to be a commoner born, there would be no objection raised in any quarter. The prospect of the Prince of Wales bringing home an American or Canadian bride shocks nobody. The only feeling that is likely to be at all strong in England with regard to Prince Edward Albert's future wife is that she be of the same religion as the prince. If he had chosen the Princess Yolanda of Italy, whom gossip had marked out for him some time ago, it would have been necessary, of course, that she should adopt the state religion of England. But there is a sentiment or prejudice against a Roman Catholic-born being Queen of England. With the justice or unreasonableness of the sentiment we have nothing to do. It exists, and it is not likely to be ignored by the Prince of Wales. The war has created a situation, therefore, in which it will be more natural for the Prince of Wales to marry a British subject or an American than unite the crown of England with any other European monarchy.

Though the Prince of Wales is still a young man, he has lived long enough and participated sufficiently in great events to have inspired a biographer, and from David Williamson we are able to get as intimate a view of the future king of Kinsmen as is ever permitted of persons so near the throne. He was very strictly brought up, we learn, for Queen Mary has a Spartan strain that makes her an admirable mother of princes. The King himself is also very democratic at heart, and knows the advantages of what seems to us the very best training in the world, namely, the training of the British navy. He sent his son to the same naval school whence he himself had graduated, and until the beginning of the war the chief training of the Prince of Wales was that of a sailor. He is also an Oxford graduate, having matriculated at Magdalen in 1912, although Christ Church has been considered immemorially the college of the scions of the English aristocracy.

We are not aware of the scholastic triumphs of the prince, if there were any, but the fact is to be set down that he never was expelled from college nor indelibly disgraced for failure to make a respectable showing in his examinations. He showed quite a taste for athletics, and although one would gather from his photographs that he was a notable walker, considering a twenty-mile tramp merely a slight appetizer. At Oxford, where, with almost suffocating humor, his fellow-students had nicknamed him "Pragger Wagger" — a first-class Oxford pun for "Prince of Wales"—he interested himself in the Officers' Training Corps, and when war was declared had a far better military training than most of the officers who enlisted with Kitchener's First Hundred Thousand. Both the King and Lord Kitchener, however, reminded him that his training was far from complete, and he set cheerfully to work to learn all that could be taught him in the first few terrible months.

There was considerable reluctance on the part of the Secretary of War to sending the Prince of Wales to the front, for, as he explained to the young man, there was plenty of precedent for a prince going to the front and getting killed, but the danger was that he might be taken prisoner, in which case his capture might make the subsequent peace terms embarrassing to the other Allies. Finally, however, the young man went as a second lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards and in a few months was made first lieutenant. This is the rank he still holds in the army, which is no small tribute to the British authorities. If the prince had been a German, he would have been swiftly created a general and loaded down with all sorts of decorations and titles. His knowledge of French made the prince an admirable liaison officer, and he did his bit without fuss and with a good heart. All with whom he came in contact liked and respected him, and if he continues long as Prince of Wales—which God send—he is likely to become as popular as his grandfather.

Diseases of Sweet Potato.

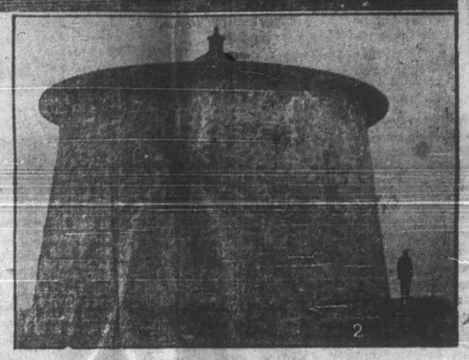
Ten million to fifteen million bushels of sweet potatoes are lost every year through disease. Much of this loss can be prevented by proper selection of seed and treatment of seed beds. Black rot, foot rot, surface rot, and scurf or soil stain are the principal diseases causing loss.

It was not until the eleventh century that stockings came into use. Before that time it was customary to swathe the feet with bandages.

The largest trout ever caught in the Province of New Brunswick was recently taken from Bedell Brook by Ranger H. W. Bradbury, who was angling in that water, which is tributary to the North Branch of the South West Miramichi. The fish was a genuine speckled trout. Its weight was eight pounds, length twenty-four inches, and girth sixteen inches.

The city which has been most often destroyed is Herat, in Afghanistan. Fifty-six times have its walls been laid in ruins, and fifty-seven times have they been rebuilt.

The City of the Reversible Falls



(1) The Reversible Falls at St. John N.B.
(2) Martello Tower, St. John, N.B.

The Bay of Fundy is famous for its tides which are reputed to be the highest in the world, and the variation in the harbor depth, owing to the great rise and fall in the tides, is from 20 feet at ordinary neap tides to 28 feet of water at ordinary spring tides. St. John is the winter port of the C.P.R., and has splendid facilities for handling ocean traffic. The harbor is entered from two channels, the east channel being used for large vessels and that on the west side for smaller craft. Numerous large berths stand in the harbor and alongside them there are many capacious warehouses and some big grain elevators. The war has stimulated shipbuilding in St. John.

The chief attraction for the tourist to St. John is the Reversible Falls, a curious phenomenon due to the great tides. When the tide of Fundy Bay is low the waters of the St. John river pour under the great railway bridge in the form of rapids. But when the tide begins to rise it forces back the current of the river and gushes up into its bed with great force. This continues until full tide. Then as the tide recedes, the immense volume of water in the bed of the river dashes to the Bay in a massive whirling sheet of foam. At low tide the piled up waters of the river are higher than the sea, and at high tide the incoming flood of the Bay of Fundy is higher than the river. That is the explanation of the phenomenon. It is on at certain periods of the day that the falls may be seen at their best. The river is deep, but no boat, however, may venture on these waters when they are falling. Small boats go up and down the river at opportune times when the waters are in their mildest moods.

Lancaster Heights overlook the port of St. John, and it is here that Martello tower stands. This tower was built over a century ago as a watch tower over the harbor.

Since the Canadian Pacific Railway has taken over the hotel at Digby, Nova Scotia, known as "The Pines," there is likely to be an increased influx of visitors to the Land of Evangeline in the future. Before crossing the Bay of Fundy from New Brunswick to Digby there is a great deal to interest the traveller in the City of St. John, the commercial capital of New Brunswick. St. John has a population of 61,000. The city takes its name from the St. John river which was discovered by Champlain and de Monts on June 24th, 1604, the feast day of St. John of Patmos. No permanent settlement was made until 1783, when 3,000 United Empire Loyalists, who had refused to take the oath of allegiance to the United States after the War of Independence, made their homes at the mouth of the St. John river, and founded the city.

"Canada is par Golf," Says Champion Evans

"Canadian golfers are hard to beat, but Canadian hospitality cannot be beaten," declared Charles ("Chick") Evans, Jr., amateur and open champion golfer of the United States, after he had returned from the Hamilton and Scarborough Golf Clubs. Canadian experts in those clubs had compelled him to play his best to win, and then both clubs had made him a life member. Canada, in my opinion," he added, "is par golf."

About the third week in June Evans hopes to make his fifth trip to Canada to play for the benefit of the Canadian Red Cross. Other noted golfers who may go along are Francis Ouimet, Jerome D. Travers and John G. Anderson. The cities visited will be Montreal, Ottawa, St. Andrews-by-the-Sea and Toronto.

Canada has a string of well-planned golf courses from the Atlantic to the Pacific, ranging from seaside links at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea on the Bay of Fundy to the Banff Springs Golf Club, Alberta, where the golfer can play his game at an altitude of nearly a mile. Going farther west he can play the Vancouver and Victoria golf clubs where the altitude is not far above the sea and where the golf sharp can play the royal and ancient game every month in the twelve, because the Japan current decrees that there shall be no "winter killed" greens.

This year will be the greatest in the history of Canada and the United States so far as international golf is concerned. Ten of Canada's best golfers will play against ten of the best from the United States at the Hamilton Golf and Country Club, Hamilton, Ontario, on July 26th, and the Canadian Seniors, who won the Duke of Devonshire's Cup in a match against the United States Seniors, will defend the cup in a return match at Apawamis Golf Club, Rye, N.Y.

Champion Evans has a very high opinion of Canadian golf courses, and of the Hamilton Golf and Country Club in particular. "This club," he states, "is one of the very best links in North America. It swings well, and is a thorough test of golf."

The St. Andrews-Algonquin Golf Club at St. Andrews-by-the-Sea is an 18-hole links, 6,000 yards in length, and there is also a 9-hole links near-by. The long course resembles some of their best seaside links of Scotland. Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Winnipeg, Calgary, Victoria and Vancouver are all great golfing centers. At the Banff Springs Golf Club on "The Roof of the World," the golf is excellent and the scenic surrounding unsurpassed in beauty.

A Strange Post Office.

South America can boast of the simplest post office in the world. Opposite Tierra del Fuega is a very high rocky cliff overhanging the Straight of Magellan and from one of the rocks is suspended by a long chain a barrel which receives mail. To be sure, there is no postmaster nor is there any regular letter carrier or collector, but every ship that goes through the strait stops and sends a boat to this curious little post office, looks over the letters that are in it to see if there are any for the men on board that particular ship, and places therein letters for seamen on board ships that are known to be headed for the strait.

'Squire,' asked Constable Stackputter, the well known sleuth of Petunia, 'what would you do to a feller that confessed he was driving his Ford at a rate of forty five miles an hour?'

'Fine him for exaggeration, dad-burn him,' snapped old Squire Peavy.—Kansas City Star.

'Wonder why woman is so perverse and contrary.'

'You must remember that she was made out of one of the crooked parts of man.'

A hotel in a Colorado town features an 8 x 10 ad which reads the world's Free Board for Any When the Sun Doesn't Shine.' This offer, it is said, was first made in 1912 and since that time only three days, December 4, 1913, December 18, 1914 and February 27, 1918, have passed on which there was no sunshine and guests could claim their privilege of free meals. This is a record of 2 554 sunny days in seven years.

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. It is a surgeon's operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and will 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 gauger on one of our large lines of railways has keen Gaelic wit. One warm afternoon, while walking along the line, he found one of his men placidly sleeping on the embankment. The 'boss' looked disgustedly at the delinquent for a full minute, and then remarked:

'Slape on, ye lazy spalpeen, slape on, jur as long as you slap you've got a job, but when you wake up you ain't got any.'

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

'What is the name of the proprietor of this restaurant?'

'Sam Smith.'

'But he's a Greek, and 'Sam Smith' isn't a Greek name.'

'No. it was adopted for business reasons. There isn't room at the bottom of a check to sign the name he brought with him to this country.'

There was an increase in the capitalization of railways in Canada in 1918 of $14 760 483, representing an addition of $4 790 620 to stocks and $9 689 883 to funded debt, according to statistics compiled by the Department of Railways and Canals.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

There is neither thunder nor lightening in the Arctic circle.

The Fantom Diver

By GEORGE W. LEWIS

(Copyright)

Big Harkinson stepped off the raft and disappeared downward. The gray-green water lapped above his head, a few blister-like bubbles danced and exploded in the tiny swirl that marked his exit. That was all. The sepulchered Helena was about to receive a second visitor from the land of the living. The slender conduit that linked the diver with life paid out rapidly, then suddenly stopped and we knew that Harkinson was aboard the wreck.

"Seventy-one feet," drawled Garrick.

"A little pale, wasn't he?" queried Wenry, keeping a watchful eye on the line.

Garrick looked over to the speaker as though he had expected the question.

"What d'you s'pose is wrong?" he said. The faintest trace of anxiety was in his great, slow voice.

"It's Connors—I mean the mysterious way Connors' air-tube parted," returned Wenry. "I don't believe in spooks, 'specially submarine ones; but there ain't no more cause for the Atlantic cable coming in two at this minute than there was for poor Connors' hose—a brand new one, too, mind you—separatin' as it did. It's queer."

Garrick, listening, spat reflectively at the last remaining bubble. Watching from my seat in the dingey, I knew that the two men, whatever demnis they might make, were at last impressed with the gruesomeness of their chosen profession—dallying with dead things under the sea. Mayhap it was because Connors had been their tutor, their companion. Indeed, the old diver had been pretty nearly everything to them; but he had been even more to his employers. In his unaccountable death the world had lost a master-diver, and the company had lost money. But because John Connors had been a faithful servant, the company had paid hard money that the diver's harness-weighted remains might be the first brought up.

Harkinson's signal "up" was of that nervous, hurry-up sort that tells of sudden distress. He had been down but three minutes. At a similar depth he usually remained thirty or more, for he was a Hercules, and for him water-pressure had no terrors. I knew that Wenry, at least—though for no good reason—fully expected to see the big diver come up limp and dead. I read his white face like print. But when big Harkinson's helmet bobbed out of water a moment later, both his big red hands were clutching at the raft as frantically as if some pursuing monster were about to drag him down to death.

When his helmet was off, his face showed mottled and chalky. The spluttered-out, meaningless fragments of speech, and his eyes were fixed in a terrified stare. Garrick forced half a pint of whisky down his throat before anything like coherency could be restored.

"He's down there—boys—Connors!" The diver clapped his hands over his eyes as if to shut out some hideous recurring vision. "Oh, Lord!" he wailed, "think—think of the harness—Connors, dead sixty—sixty hours—walking and beckoning—"

Harkinson's great strength snapped like a reed under the strain, and he dropped forward upon his face, unconscious.

When Garrick consented to go down to the Helena, I knew that it was because he needed money—needed it badly. Garrick, unavoidably, had long been idle; besides, he was engaged, and the girl was pretty and worthy; and the big, slow-spoken diver knew that he must prepare a suitable home for her. He was of a good, honest sort, was Garrick, and courageous, too. But I had watched his face as Harkinson, his nerves shattered, related from a sick bed his uncanny experience aboard the sunken Helena; and thus I had come to know that, badly as Garrick needed money, he needed courage more, if he would succeed where Harkinson had failed. The thing was on his nerves, right enough; but I saw the grip of his big jaw, and I knew that he was indeed going down, even though he might not come up.

"There was a lot of wreckage piled up about the cabin-door," Harkinson had told us, "and I had to squat as low as I could to pass under it. As I raised up, inside the cabin—Connors—dead sixty hours—got up off a bench fixed to the opposite wall of the cabin, and came to meet me. Seventy-one feet under the sea with a ghost! Connors—yes, it was him, all right—suddenly stopped and threw up his hands as though recognition of me startled him. He wore his same diver's outfit—the kind we all use. After a moment his arms fell limply by his sides; but immediately he made a hand and passed it over his brow perplexedly. Then he seemed to gesture to me; and I found that I was also beckoning to him, signaling to him to follow me up. But he backed away in a manner almost of despair, I thought, and resumed his bench at the farther side of the cabin as I bent low under the wreckage at the door and backed out on deck, signaling to be pulled up."

Wenry's face was chalk-white, as big Garrick went over the side and dropped out of sight in the green swell that rocked our raft and dingey. As for me, I confess my nerves were strangely shaken. But I was scarcely more than a green diver as yet, whereas Wenry thrilled his listeners—and himself—with well-told tales of raised treasures and strange submarine encounters in which, be it known, he spared himself little of the commendation due to achievements.

Within twelve minutes after Garrick went down, the body of Connors had been recovered in a fair state of preservation. Harkinson, an old-timer, too, had after all allowed himself to be frightened off the job by some fool, subaqueous phenomenon whose phases he had been studying all his precious life.

Wenry's superstitious mind was infinitely relieved. A semblance of color came back into his face, and I had begun to feel less of the anxiety experienced by one at work with a nerve-maniac for a companion, when all at once Garrick startled us with a fiercely tugged "up" signal. He was mumbling strange sounds before we got his helmet off, and when the light fell on his face it revealed a mask of terror unspeakable. His features were drawn and seamed unbelievably, and speech had deserted him altogether. Some awful emotion shook his great body like an aspen.

It was two long hours before we knew his story. All that Harkinson had seen in the Helena's cabin, Garrick, too, had beheld—the same in all its blood-chilling details.

The affair began to nag my nerves with a vengeance. I would have staked my very existence on the grip of Garrick's big jaw. I almost wished that I had done so; for Wenry and I were the only available now, and I knew beforehand that Wenry, if detailed, would refuse to go down. It was a time when one must be a man or a mouse; when a white feather becomes a white flag, and a white flag means the surrendering of a career. I am a natural coward, but possess underlying qualities of resolution. I could live without this job, I thought; and, too, I, unlike Garrick, was blessed with no woman's love save a mother's; but her comforts were my pleasures, her self-denials my heartaches. I went down!

I went down—down, down, down until my cumbrous feet met the slimy, slanting deck of the ill-fated Helena. The water was as clear as might be at a like depth. Everywhere was a confusion of wreckage. It had been a smashing gale that wrought all this demolition. I made out the cabin, half-hidden under a tangled mass of wreckage, and worked my way to the debris-barred door. I avoided the keen edge of a long knife which some whim of the storm's fury had fixed firmly in a piece of broken mast. The edge turned outward, menacing my lines, and I gasped. The mystery of Connors' death was laid bare. His hose had doubtless caught on the knife blade; he had tried to haul it after him, and—!

I had to crouch low to pass under the barrier at the door. The cabin windows were clear, and in the ceiling was a huge, spar-torn hole which admitted light. I stood erect inside the cabin, and—! At the opposite side of the room a second diver in full dress had risen before me, motionless, but erect with the confident poise of life. A nervous, insane curiosity seized me; a yearning to know if the diver that faced me were of flesh and blood, or—or something else. I advanced toward the apparition; and then my nerve all but broke, for it followed my example and came forward to meet me! I hesitated only for the space of a heart-beat; then I threw myself forward wildly, hands clutching, but on the greasy, slime-coated floor my feet flew from under me with the effort, and I crashed down.

The fall dazed me. I only knew that my hands, in the instant of my falling, had slipped over a smooth, hard surface exactly where the apparition had stood. From the floor I strained my eyes upward. The strange diver had disappeared. I tottered to my feet; and then the desperation of fright sent my hand to my sheath-knife, for as I gained my feet the vanished figure again confronted me. I drove the knife with all my strength, for I knew that the mysterious diver was not Connors. The knife-point deflected and grazed an impenetrable, even surface, and the force of the blow carried me with a momentary shock against something that felt peculiarly like a sleek, enameled panel. My tense nerves went slack, and my knees swayed weakly from the sudden relaxation as the light of understanding broke upon my groping senses.

"The deuce!" I ejaculated in the close confinement of my helmet, "a mirror!"

Early English Coffee Houses.

In an age when newspapers were unknown, or consisted only of official or strictly licensed prints containing only what the court desired to have known, the coffee house became the great exchange of news and politics, and so marked did its influence become that the government attempted at one time to suppress it. The attempt merely served to bring out the importance of the function this unique institution had attained to, for so widespread was the protest of all classes of business affected, and of opinion roused, that Charles II was forced to abandon it.

Foundation Must Be There.

A man can never be a true gentleman in manner until he is a true gentleman at heart.—Dickens.

Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

Professional Cards

DENTISTRY.

A. J. McKenna, D. D. S.

Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College. Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No 43.

M. R. ELLIOTT

A. B., M. D. (Harvard)
Office at residence of late Dr. Bowles
Telephone 23.
Hours—8 10 a. m., 1 3, 7-9 p. m.

D. S. HART,
Consulting Accountant and Auditor.
Wolfville and Halifax.

If You Have Funds

to invest and want advice notify me and I will call.

R. W. TUFTS

Phone 32. BROKER.
Agent Halifax Fire Insurance Co.

DR. J. T. HOTCHKIS
Veterinary Surgeon
WEBSTER ST. KENTVILLE.
Phone 10

Geo. C. Farrell, O. D.

Webster St., Kentville
Every Thursday, Friday and Saturday.
Appointments for Examination of the Eyes may be made by mail or phone. 44

PUBLIC NOTICE!

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Avard J. Woodman, late of Wolfville, merchant and undertaker, deceased, are requested to renderthe same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to:

MELINA WOODMAN, Administratrix.
OTTA FOSHAY, Administrator.

Wolfville, October 5, 1919

You can judge a business man by his advertising. He realizes that that is what most folks see and plans accordingly. You will find the good advertiser's store the best kept and cleanest, the stock freshest and the service most satisfactory. Read the ads, and pick the business winners.

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NR
TONIGHT
Tomorrow Alright
NR Tablets stop sick headaches, relieve bilious attacks, tone and regulate the eliminative organs, make you feel fine.
"Better Than Pills For Liver Ills."

Get a 25c. Box.

A. V. Hand, Chemist and Druggist.

'This seashore resort reminds me of Sunday morning.'

'So quiet, eh?'

'Not that. The bells are peeling, don't you know.'

A shortage of bread exists in Barcelona, Spain, as a result of the prevailing dearth of flour.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

One hundred and fifty lorries were destroyed and two British soldiers injured in a fire at a British army motor depot at Tournai, Belgium.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Rub soap on, under and around the finger-nails before going to work in the garden. Then when you have finished your work, the grim can easily be removed. The same rule holds good when polishing a stove.

Lady Customer—That parrot I bought of you swears dreadfully.

Dealer—I'm surprised at that, ma'am. I thought he was quite an expert.

Fine old lace can be made to look like new if laid away in dry starch for several hours and then hung on the clothes line for a short time.

Public Notice!

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Robert Shaw, late of Avonport, merchant, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to:

L. E. SHAW
F. E. COX } Administrators

Avonport, May 30, 1919.

Charles Hogan, C. E.
Provincial Land Surveyor
Surveys, Plans, Levelling & Estimates.
Church Street.
Greenwich, Kings Co., N. S.
Long distance telephone, Wolfville exchange

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.