THE BLESSING OF A HEALTHY BODY

Has Not Had An Hour's Sickness Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES".

MR. MARRIOTT
73 Lees Ave., Ottawa, Ont., August 9th, 1915.

"I think it my duty to tell you what "Fruit-a-tives" has done for me. Three years ago, I began to feel run-down and tired, and suffered very much from *Liver and Kidney Trouble*. Having read of "Fruit-a-tives", I thought I would try them. The result was surprising. During the 3½ years past, I have taken them regularly and would not change for anything. *I have not had an hour's sickness* since I commenced using "Fruit-a-tives", and I know now what I haven't known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain".

WALTER J. MARRIOTT.

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

OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION.

President—Mrs. L. W. Sleep.
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Peace and Arbitration—Mrs. J. Read.
Press—Miss Margaret Bars.
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Walter Mitchell.
Loyal Temperance Legion—Miss Esson.

Recompense.

Although I do not know God's wonrious ways,
Yet I believe from out life's puzzling maze I shall be brought. He knows.

I do not ask to see the journey's end,
For He walks at my side just like a friend. So all is well, He cares.

I will not care, though roads are long and rough,
Sure will His grace sustain, and that's enough to bear me up, He cares.

I would not be my own guide if I might,
But rather trust to His unerring sight To lead me on. He guides.

I could not guard myself, for that were here,
For I can heed His summons without fear. He died for me. He lives.

So when from scenes of earth He beckons hence
To fairer realms, 'will be sweet recompense for evermore, with Him.

—Written on the Somme battlefield by a Canadian soldier.

Using German Ships.

America will soon have in commission a good number of seized German and Austrian merchant fleet. Six of the seven ships already repaired are now in active work on time charters to the French, Russian and Italian governments. This month will see several more of the enemy ships ready for sea. Repair work on others is so far advanced that the contractors expect in the two months to add more than a hundred thousand tons of shipping to that already in service and to make further additions each month. Germany's effort to destroy the merchant marine of the world and so bring the Entente to terms is the greatest of all German failures. Submarine losses are steadily growing less, and with the near approach of the harvest season it is made clear that Germany's effort to starve Britain and her allies is an impossibility. For the next six months and more the Allies are sure of food for all their needs, and while the same may be true of Germany the difficulty that Germany faces is that when these six months have passed the Allies' shipbuilding plans will be yielding tonnage at a much faster rate, while the ability to deal with the submarine will certainly not be less than at present.

WHY YOU ARE NERVOUS

The nervous system is the alarm system of the human body.

In perfect health we hardly realize that we have a network of nerves, but when health is ebbing, when strength is declining, the same nervous system gives the alarm in headaches, dizziness, dreamful sleep, irritability and unless corrected, leads straight to a breakdown.

To correct nervousness, Scott's Emulsion is exactly what you should take; its rich nutriment gets into the blood and rich blood feeds the tiny nerve-cells while the whole system responds to its refreshing tonic force. Free from harmful drugs.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

Money Lost on Calves.

An investigation into 26 Ohio d[illegible] herds brought out the fact that calves of dairy cows kept even to the le[illegible] veal age generally lose money for their owners and that the loss increases if they are kept until a year old. The milk required to raise these calves posesses gr ater value as human food. The average loss on 32[illegible] veal calves in 30 herds was abou $1 95 a head, and the loss on keeping such calves until a year old averaged $6 90 on 361 calves. Out of 30 herds studied only five found that calves were raised at a profit, and the average losses are revealed in the figures quoted. Purebred calves tell a different story, when matured for sale in breeding herds. The survey was wide enough to give basis on which to reach conclusions, and the results confirm story of the experience of farmers in the country over. It might be well if the calf-conservators turned their attention for a time to an effort to get the millers by law to do business at a loss, in order that the consumers might have more abundant and cheaper bread.—Ex

Shot Himself Through the Head.

Temporarily deranged in his mind Arthur E. Perkins put a shotgun to his head after he had retired at his home, Gaspereaux Station, last Friday night, and killed himself. The discharge of the weapon, mistaken by other occupants of the house as a dropping window sash, attracted attention and the body was not found until next morning. Perkins, who was 21 years of age, was a telegraph operator.—St. John Telegraph.

Strenuous Work Soon Tells On You.

BUSINESS MEN AND BREADWINNERS THE VICTIMS OF NERVOUS EXHAUSTION

When worry is added to overwork men soon become the victims of nervous exhaustion—neurasthenia—the doctor calls it. Some have no reserve strength in their systems to bear the strain; others overtax what strength they have. If you find that you are nervous and not sure of yourself, that you sleep badly, and wake up tired and aching, your nerves are out of order. Other signs are inability to take proper interest in your work; your appetite is fickle, your back feels weak and you are greatly depressed in spirits. One or more of these signs mean that you should take prompt steps to stop mischief by nourishing the nerves with the food they thrive on namely the rich, red Blood made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have cured thousands of cases of nervous disorders, including nervous prostration, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and partial paralysis. Here is an example. Mr. P. H. Callan, a well known business man in Cole[illegible], P. E. I., says: 'I owe my present health, if not life itself, to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had always been an active man, and when I began to run down in health paid little attention to it as I thought in only a temporary weakness. As time passed however, I found myself growing worse and consulted a doctor who said that I was not only run down but that my nervous system was badly shattered. I lost flesh, my appetite was poor, and, notwithstanding the doctor's treatment, grew so weak that I had to leave my business and was confined to the house. Time went on and I was steadily growing weaker and my friends were all greatly alarmed for my condition. In this condition I was strongly recommended to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and as the doctor's medicine was not helping me I decided to do so. By the time I had used three boxes I could tell that they were helping me. When I had taken eight boxes of the pills I felt able to attend to my business again, and people were surprised to see me out. I continued the use of the pills until I had taken twelve boxes, by which time I was feeling as well as ever I did, and was being congratulated by my friends on my full restoration to health. I feel now that if I had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the outset I would not only have saved much money spent in doctor's bills, but would have had renewed health sooner. I cannot speak too highly of this medicine, and would recommend it to every man who feels weak, nervous or run down.'

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A sum of $10,000 in gold has been found in an earthen pot hidden in the house of a man who has died at Portalegre, Portugal.

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. Notice surprising 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.

'Who was Gladstone?' asked a member of the examining board.

'A statesman,' said one boy. 'An orator,' said another.

'But what is a statesman?' asked the examiner.

'A man who goes around making speeches,' answered a small boy.

'That's not just exactly right,' said the gentleman, smiling. 'Now, I go around making speeches once in a while but I m no a stateman at all.'

'I know,' spoke up a bright little fellow. 'It's a man who goes around making good speeches.'

It pays to buy at home.

HE FOUND HIS OWN

Fireman Unknowingly Rescues His Own Baby Girl From Burning Building.

By HAROLD CARTER.

The first loud clang of the alarm had hardly ceased to echo through the quarters of the sleeping firemen when Halloran had sprung to his feet, his eyes still closed with sleep, found the thick pole, and slid down to the stable, first of his companions. Underneath the horses were neighing excitedly in their stalls. They pictured the gallop through the streets, to the blaze, with the loaded ladder car clattering behind, the urging shouts of the driver. Halloran pictured it grimly, too. It was not his first fire, but it was his first big one. Everybody knew that it was a big one. Why, a whole block of tenements was burning on the East side!

He was at his post upon the car now, holding on grimly as the vehicle swung from side to side. The horses dashed through the deserted streets, and from a thousand windows heads were thrust out and cries and questions showered upon the men. Nobody answered, nobody thought of them. All eyes were turned toward the east, where a line of flame lit up the sky.

Halloran's mind went working back during that wild journey. He had been a fireman only six weeks. He was an ex-convict. Nobody knew that—nobody except Chief Porter. And Porter had believed in him and had kept his secret faithfully. After three years in Sing Sing for a crime that should, at most, have merited a short period of detention in Elmira reformatory, Halloran had been embittered against society. And Porter had found him and plucked him out of the mud and given him his post. Porter believed in him.

But Eileen, his young wife, did not. They had been married only three months when he had stolen the purse.

Stood on the Sill for an Instant.

to give her those little comforts which she needed so badly. She had stood in the court beside the pen and watched him with eyes full of anguish and yet of hope. But when the dread word "guilty" was pronounced she turned and walked slowly away without a word to him. That was the last Halloran had seen of her, or heard, either. She had never visited him in prison, she had never answered his letters. When he came out to freedom Eileen was gone. Her friends could not be found. Her family had dispersed. There was no trace of her.

Then Porter had found Halloran and picked him out of the mud and made a fireman of him. Some day he would show Porter that he was worthy of his confidence.

The wild journey was ended in front of a block of flames that sent up columns of smoke and spouted fire. The street was guarded by police, who kept back the gathering thousands. Lines of dripping hose writhed like long serpents over the cobblestones and sidewalks. Halloran's company was the last of three to arrive; but there was nothing more to be done except to play the hose upon the burning walls. All the occupants of the tenements had long since been removed or fled to safety.

No! Suddenly a cry went up from the multitudes. Far up on the seventh story a child was leaning out of the window, uttering a feeble cry. A little brown-haired slip of a girl, with outstretched arms and clinging night robe, crying in terror as the coiling smoke surged round her. Ladders had been run up. "Too short!" shouted a man. That was all Halloran knew. He was already upon the lowest part of the ladder and climbing steadily.

He rose and rose above the sea of faces, until he neared the top of his slender, quivering perch. Then for a moment he looked down. A sickening horror swept over him as he saw the human ants beneath him, with their upturned faces, silent in the face of this tremendous battle. Then he looked upward again. The child still hung in the midst of the coiling smoke wreaths and he was at the top of the ladder, and a full two stories beneath her.

He poised himself and sprang and caught the sill of the window of the fifth story; caught it and hung there. Then he drew himself up, stood on the sill for an instant, and plunged into the hell within.

Two minutes later a gasp went up from the watchers as they saw a staggering, smoke-blackened figure appear at the window of the seventh story and drag the child upon the sill. It was Halloran. Angry tongues of fire darted out at him, licked at his clothes, greedy for their prey.

Halloran clung to the sill and looked down. The crowd was shouting to him not to jump. The firemen were splicing on another ladder and raising it. Could he last long enough or would the agony of burned flesh and scorching clothing impel him to cast himself down? Halloran prayed for strength, but it was only that slight figure in his arms that gave him the courage to wait.

Slowly the ladder upreared itself until it reached the sill. Halloran felt for it through a cloud of flame-tipped smoke in which whirled fiery, stinging sparks, clung to it with his feet, perched himself upon that swaying thing and thrust the child into the arms of the steel-helmeted man who clambered up to him. And then, when she had passed downward along the line Halloran collapsed into his rescuer's arms.

At the foot of the ladder was a woman who had broken through the police lines. So tense was her face with anguish that they had suffered her to pass; and now she clasped the child to her breast and laughed and crooned over it, oblivious of all else. The child was scathless. Not a hair had been burned. Halloran's thick coat, scorched to a crisp, bore witness to that. And Halloran, a fire-blackened ruin, with burned-off hair and singed eyebrows and hands that rested limply in the surgeon's bandages, opened his eyes to find the woman kneeling over him.

"He'll do well now," exclaimed the police surgeon.

"Sure he will," cried the voice of Porter, the fire chief, and in his tones was something that set Halloran's doubts at rest for ever.

But it was not of Porter that he thought that moment. The burned eyes opened widely, staring into the face of the woman at his side. And he whispered:

"Eileen!"

She knew him, had known him. She crouched lower beside him and laid her head upon his breast, her tears falling on his face like rain.

"Tom!" she whispered. "She's ours—your child and mine. And we shall be waiting for you, Tom dear, to make a new home for all our lives."

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

RIGHT CARE SELDOM GIVEN

Altogether Too Few People Know How to Deal With Child When Afflicted With Sickness.

When a child is in seeming good health, uncertain foods and unfiltered water are consumed without notice, and it is only when the child is actually ill that some sort of attention is paid to it. However, if the special attention was of the right sort, the child might even at the eleventh hour escape serious illness, but with the usual ignorance in regard to the laws of health and the nature of diseases parents in general are almost certain to do the wrong thing and then the child is sure to have something. Windows are closed, if by any possible chance they had been open; extra clothes are piled on the little one and it is coddled and given anything it wants, because it is sick.

Of course the child grows worse, until finally a doctor is called, who also proceeds to make matters still worse with the usual drugs or "antitoxins." If the youngster manages somehow to pull through the doctor is given the credit, and if it dies, well—"He did the best he could!" Of course he did. He means well, but instead of getting the poison out of the little body, he unthinkingly puts more into it.—Edith M. Bates Williams, in Physical Culture.

Long-Lived Hen.

It is possible that South Paris holds the record for an aged hen. At any rate, a hen long a pet with the family of I. F. Evans was peacefully laid away a few days since which the family know to have been either twenty-three or twenty-four years old last spring. The only authority the Democrat has been able to find says that "domestic poultry rarely exceed twelve or thirteen years," and we know that they are not often allowed to reach that age. The Evans hen has laid until within two or three years—not largely, but perhaps half a dozen eggs in the course of a year; enough to say that she had not entirely outlived her usefulness. For the last two or three years she has been on borrowed time—kept for the good she had done. She was of mixed Leghorn blood.—Oxford (Me.) Democrat.

Domestic Relations.

George Barr McCutcheon, the author, said at an artists' dinner in New York:

"Artists, especially artists of the Washington square set, are, I am afraid, a sad lot. The wife of a Washington square artist gave a tea the other afternoon, and during the tea the little daughter of the house played in an adjoining room with her dolls.

"I happened to slip in on the little girl. At that moment she took up a doll, shook it, and gave it a slap. Then she said:

"'So you have tum home at last! Just look at the clock. Work! Humph. You've just got to have your studio here in the house after this. Now go to bed. This room smells like a brewery.'"

NOW IS THE TIME!

To Get Your Furniture Upholstered.

Carpenter work is slack at present, and I am prepared to do Upholstery of all kinds of Furniture, also Carriage and Sleigh Seats. I will also repair Furniture of all kinds.

I have had a large experience in this work and can guarantee satisfaction.

J. C. Bishop, - Wolfville.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

It pays to buy at home.

McCallums, L'td

The largest dealers in Improved Farm Properties in Canada.

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Are now offering the property of the Wolfville Fruit Land Improvement Co. Ninety acres of Orchards fully improved, in whole or part. Price exceptionally low. 25

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COAL! COAL! COAL!

Carefully Screened and Promptly Delivered.

Springhill, Albion Nut and Old Sydney.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Burgess & Co.

(1) First C. P. R. train to Vancouver. (2) Donald A. Smith (Lord Strathcona) driving the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Craigellachie, B.C., Nov. 7, 1885. (3) Before confederation.

THE Dominion of Canada is celebrating the bi-centenary of Confederation. But what is Confederation? Within the last half century Canada has been confederated at least twice: once when her scattered provinces were united politically to form the Dominion, and again when the builders of the first transcontinental flung a line of steel across the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

What was Canada before Confederation? It was a land of vast distances, more or less unmapped, and practically unexplored west of the Great Lakes or east of the Rocky Mountains. When the late Sir Charles Tupper was High Commissioner of Canada in London, just a quarter of a century ago, he delivered an address at St. Petersburg, before the International Railway Congress. He described how Canada, prior to 1867, consisted of three groups of provinces: the Maritime Provinces, Upper and Lower Canada, and British Columbia. These three groups were isolated physically as well as politically.

The Maritime Provinces were separated from "Canada" by a wilderness of forest and flood hundreds of miles wide. Canada, in the west, was separated from British Columbia by a thousand miles of forest, a thousand miles of prairie land, and a chain of mountains five hundred miles wide. Which was the real confederation—the one that brought the representatives of the three groups of provinces together in Parliament, or the three thousand miles of steel rails which alone made the political union worth having?

Confederation was first, last and all the time a problem of transportation. British Columbia agreed to come in if it got a railway from the western limit of "Canada" to the Pacific Coast and it got the Canadian Pacific.

The political confederation of Canada began in 1841, when Ontario and Quebec, which had been separated in 1791, were re-united. On July 1st, 1867, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were united as the Dominion of Canada—the first Federal union in the British Empire. The Prairie Provinces were bought for £300,000 in 1870. British Columbia joined the union in 1871, and Prince Edward Island in 1873, and the inclusion of Newfoundland is more probable every day.

Who made modern Canada by making the confederation of 1867? Certainly, no one man. Sir John Macdonald has been styled the Maker of Canada, but, on the other hand, Sir Charles Tupper declared a few years before his death that without Sir George Etienne Cartier there would have been no confederation. At the first interprovincial conference, held at Quebec in 1864, there were thirty-three representatives present, and these have been termed the Fathers of Confederation.

But that was not by any means the origin of the project. As far back as 1690, Sir Francis Nicholson proposed a confederation of all the Anglo-American colonies, and the idea was revived every few years subsequently. To the Hon. A. T. Galt belongs the honor of having first advocated it in Parliament. That was in 1858, and his speech made a tremendous impression all over the country. Confederation was formally adopted as part of the programme of the Cartier Government in 1858, in the following terms:

"The expediency of a federal union of the North American Provinces will be anxiously considered, and communications with the Home Government and the Lower Provinces will be entered into on this subject."

Confederation owes its political success to the men at Ottawa, its economic success is due to the railway men of Montreal, Mountstephen, Strathcona, R. B. Angus, Van Horne, Shaughnessy, who by linking the steel rails across the continent, linked up the trade between the east and west and annihilated distance. Quebec to-day sells 70% of its manufactures, with the exception of army supplies, west of Winnipeg, and the western prairies provide the wheat for the bread of the east. Moreover, the railway itself has new feeders in its fleets on both Atlantic and Pacific, which link China and Japan through Canada with the ports of Great Britain. Canada is now on the highway of traffic round the world, instead of being merely an outpost of the Empire.

From
THE NEW NORTHWEST PASSAGE.
(A Colloquy on the Canadian Shore.)

Canada: "Here's your Empire route a right of way whose value to compute will tax the prophets."

Britannia: "Links me closer still with all my wondering sons who tame and till the world's wild wastes, and throng each paradise. In tropic seas or under southern skies, see, Halifax, Vancouver, Sydney, set fresh steps upon a path whose promise yet even ourselves have hardly measured. Lo, far China brought within a moon or so of ten-devouring London. Here it lies, the way for men and mails and merchandise striking athwart your sea-dividing sweep of land; one iron road from deep to deep—well thought well done."—(From *Punch*, Oct. 15, 1887.)

Fun Kings

We defy anyone to look on the sad side of life when the delicious, negro drollery of Bert Williams is at hand or when the inexhaustible humor of Joe Hayman, "Calamity Cohen," is ready to divert in

COLUMBIA
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RECORDS

Step into any Columbia dealer's and listen to

Bert Williams—A1289—85c.
My Landlady (Williams)
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ARE you discouraged because you are not getting on in the world as you should? Do you feel that something is holding you back? That you are not earning enough money? That you do not have the educational training that lifts men and women up into positions of power and influence?

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You can do as others have done! Everything is made so easy you cannot fail to learn, right at home, in your spare time. I. C. S. experts guide and drill you at every step—ease every difficulty—answer your every question.

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Explain, without obligating me, how I can prepare for position marked X.

ARCHITECT	BOOKKEEPER
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Electric Car Running	ADVERTISING MAN
MECHANICAL ENGINEER	English Branches
Draftsman	CIVIL SERVICE
STATIONARY ENGINEER	Teacher
Gas Engines	AGRICULTURE
CIVIL ENGINEER	Fruit Culture
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Must Count the Interest.

A farm business should pay for the capital invested the same as is expected of any other business enterprise. The capital is an expense in running the business. For instance if the total receipts on a farm are $3 216 the current expenses $1,075 and 5 per cent. interest on the capital $2 024, the profit is but $117 after the expenses and interest are deducted. Such a farmer would have $2 141 available for his living, but $1 724 should be credited to his capital. This leaves only $117 for his own labor and management in addition to what the farm contributed toward the living. He is living off the interest of his investment.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—This fall I got thrown on a fence and hurt my chest very bad, so I could not work and it hurt me to breathe. I tried all kinds of Liniments and they did me no good.

One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT warmed on flannels and applied to my breast cured me completely.

C. H. COSSABOOM.

Rossway, Digby Co., N. S.

A woman's heart-breaks are often as bad as a man's indigestion.

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FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

'It's easy to borrow trouble.'

'Naturally. Every one has more of it than he wants.'

Wolville Time Table

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AND TO BOSTON VIA
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Service daily, except Sunday.

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Express from Kentville	6.15 a m
Express from Halifax & Truro	9.58 a m
Accom. from Middleton	11.55 a m
Accom. from Windsor	1.30 p m
Express from Yarmouth	4.20 p m
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Express for Halifax and Truro	6.15 a m
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Accom for Windsor	11.55 a m
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Canadian Pacific Railway S. S. "Empress" leaves St. John 7.00 a. m. arriving Digby at 10.00 a.m. Leaves Digby 3.00 p.m. arriving St. John 5.00 p.m., making connection at St. John with trains of Canadian Pacific Ry. for Montreal and the West.

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Express train leaving at 9.58 a. m. for Yarmouth connects with steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Co., Ltd., sailing on Wednesday and Saturday for Boston.

Buffet parlor cars run each way, daily, except Sunday, on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

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Prompt Returns.

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Modern 8 room house and 60x150 lot, Prospect street, Wolfville, Bath, large basement with laundry, hot air furnace, fruit-trees. Magnificent view. Possession September, 1917. For particulars apply to MRS. L. C. Hutchinson, 2402 East Colfax avenue, Denver, Colorado, U. S. A.

FOR SALE!

Those interested in building lots at the west end, would do well to confer with E. C. Johnson, as he is now offering for sale the only available lots at this centre

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The public are hereby forbidden the use of my property as a thoroughfare for teams between Main and Front Streets. Persons persisting in thus trespassing will be prosecuted without further notice.

EVANGELINE D. BOWLES
Wolfville, Sept. 10th, 1915.

E. B. SHAW

Repairing of Boots and Shoes of all Kinds

Has resumed business at the old stand in his new building.

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