

AFRAID SHE WAS DYING

Suffered Terribly Until She Took "Fruit-a-tives"

ST. JEAN DE MATHEA, JAN. 27th, 1914.
 "After suffering for a long time with dyspepsia, I have been cured by 'Fruit-a-tives'. I suffered so much that I would not dare eat for I was afraid of dying. Five years ago, I received samples of 'Fruit-a-tives'. I did not wish to try them for I had little confidence in them but, seeing my husband's anxiety, I decided to do so and at once I felt relief. Then I sent for three boxes and I kept improving until I was cured. While sick, I lost several pounds, but after taking 'Fruit-a-tives', I quickly regained what I had lost. Now I eat, sleep and digest well—in a word, I am completely cured, thanks to 'Fruit-a-tives'."

MADAM M. CHARBONNEAU
 "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest stomachic in the world and will always cure Indigestion, Sour Stomach, "Heartburn", Dyspepsia and other Stomach Troubles.
 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Old Years Adieu

Old Father Time, with visage grim,
 Marks his on another year,
 His harvest he has gathered in,
 The sheaf was wide both far and near.

The strife of battle rages round
 The ranks of fighters in the van,
 But clashing arms and shouts resound
 Of victor and of conquered man.

The aged scribe, with trembling hands
 And hoary looks of silvery white,
 Perceives the passing of the sands,
 The sunset's glow, the clouds of night.

Mayhap there is a vacant chair
 At home, but recently resigned—
 A loved one gone about to wear
 The crown of bliss by angels twined.

The path to glory may not lead
 With roses strewn about the feet,
 But heed and strive by word and deed
 Some soul to cheer. The New Year greet!

—T. J. Deney in Pittsburgh Dispatch

A New Year's Gift

(By Charles Hervey)

"Only one day more," soliloquized the Baron de Croix-Martel as he put the finishing stroke to his toilet and contemplated his well waxed iron gray mustache with less satisfaction than he would probably have felt had not his mind been otherwise preoccupied.
 "One short December day," he went on after a pause, "and every likely place already explored twice over except the quay. I wonder who the idiot was who first invented New Year's gifts? Not one of my ancestors, I'll engage. The Croix-Martels date from the crusades end, I care say, have been guilty of follies enough since then, but I won't do them the injustice of supposing that they ever threw away more money than they could possibly help."

With this comforting reflection the Baron took up his hat, gloves and cane and sallied forth from his little apartment in the Rue Godot on the errand for which he was bound.

Our hero was a bachelor not so much from choice as from his inability hitherto to discover what he considered a suitable parti. Tall, thin and just turned fifty, he was sufficiently good tempered when nothing occurred to put him out of humor as ever existed since the days of Harpagon and John Elwes.

Perhaps the most disagreeable necessity to which he periodically submitted was complying with the (to him utterly inexplicable custom of celebrating the advent of New Year's day by a distribution of extremes, a train on his purse which, although he took care to confine his liberality within the narrowest limits, was even in its modified form inexpressibly painful to him.

The twenty franc piece he felt bound to offer his concubine caused him an annual pang, and the guard of 2 francs to the waiter of the little restaurant where he was in the habit of dining when not invited elsewhere lay heavy on his conscience even after appropriating to his own use—which no one but himself ever dreamed of doing—the cigar tied up with pink ribbon presented to him as a "reminder" and intended by its owner to be offered in turn to every customer in the room.

These, however, were minor grievances compared with what he was suffering on the last day of the year.

In the course of the preceding six months he had made the acquaintance of the Countess de Franchimont, a Belgian widow with two daughters, who had recently settled in Paris and who was, according to report, in possession of a handsome fortune. Naturally partial to society when it cost him nothing, he had by degrees become a habitual frequenter of her pretty apartments in the Rue de Marignan and had established himself there to a certain extent as *ami de la maison*.

Some de Franchimont was barely

forty and did not look her age. As for Mlle. Berthe, the brune, and Mlle. Louise, the blond, they were both charming and perfectly aware of the fact. In this pleasant circle the Baron soon made himself entirely at home. When he did not dine there he generally dropped in on an evening or occupied a seat in their box at the opera.

This continued intimacy, with its many contingent advantages, he had hitherto enjoyed without scruple, but the time was at hand when, in accordance with Parisian usages, the hospitalities he had received must be adequately returned.

For days and weeks he had wandered from place to place like a penitent spirit in quest of some object suitable for his purpose. He had dived into obscure passages and emerged at the other end with the disheartening consciousness of failure and had pored over the stock of half the curiosity shops in the capital without unearthing a single pearl of price within the limits of his own.

In short, the worthy Baron was at his wits' end and as a last resource resolved to explore the refuge of the destitute, the quay, from the Pont Royal to the Pont des Arts.

He had already exhausted the Quai-Voltaire and the Quai Malaquais and was on the point of retracing his steps when the recollection in the adjoining Rue de Seine struck him as a hitherto unexplored spot of an old bric-a-brac establishment locally. Taking, therefore, the turn opposite the Mazarin library, he speedily discovered on his right hand the object of his search and entered the shop. A few minutes examination and a question of two sufficed to convince him that his unlucky star was still in the ascendant, and he was about to resume his walk when some broken piece of china lying in a corner caught his eye.

"What is that?" he asked the dealer.
 "What it is now, you see, M. le Baron, but what it was before my shopman let it fall and smashed it to bits you can have no idea. I never saw a finer vase, real old Dresden, worth a couple of thousand francs if it was worth a sou. They say it once belonged to Mme. de Barry."

"Ah!" said the Baron, looking attentively at the heap of fragments and poking at them with his cane, "Can not it be repaired?"
 "Impossible, monsieur," replied the other. "The cleverest workman in France could make nothing of it now."

"What are you going to do with the pieces?" inquired M. de Croix-Martel, in whose fertile brain a "happy thought" was gradually germinating.
 "What can I do but throw them away?" growled the irate tradesman.

"Will you sell them to me for 5 francs?"
 "Certainly, monsieur, if you desire it. But what possible use—"
 "Never mind," interrupted the Baron; "that's my affair. Now, listen. What I want you to do is this. You will pack up these pieces just as they are, mind, put this card of mine with them, and send the parcel this evening, from 9 to half-past, to Mme. la Comtesse de Franchimont, 64 Rue de Marignan. It is not to be taken upstairs, but left with the concierge. Understand?"

"Perfectly, M. le Baron," answered the owner of the bric-a-brac shop, glancing at the card as he spoke. "All shall be done exactly as you wish."

"I can quite depend upon you?"
 "Quite, M. de Baron. At 9.30 to the moment it shall be delivered."
 "Enfin!" said M. de Croix-Martel to himself as he walked briskly homeward. "A most brilliant inspiration, ma parole! For 5 francs I shall have the credit of a present worthy of a millionaire. The fellow who brings it will naturally be supposed to have let it drop on the way—the Champs Elysees are always slippery in frosty weather—and to have bolted in order to avoid unpleasant inquiries. When the parcel arrives I shall be there, and as no one knows where I bought it I can storm away at my ease without fear of discovery."

Punctually at five minutes before 9 o'clock the Baron rang out the first door bell at 64 Rue de Marignan and was immediately ushered into the drawing room, where the three ladies were assembled. Mme. de Franchimont, seated by the fire, was occupied with some intricate work of embroidery, while her daughters were busily employed in arranging on a table in the corner of the apartment a variety of bonnet boxes and other objects strongly indicative of New Year's day, which had evidently just arrived.

"Look here, M. le Baron," said Berthe as he entered the room. "See what a number of presents we have already received—a lapis lazuli emperor stand and such a beautiful fower-ear near the window!"
 "And a delicious filigree cardcase," chimed in Louise, holding up the object in question for the inspection of the visitor.

"Charming indeed!" responded M. de Croix-Martel, looking more admiringly at the speaker than at the cardcase.
 "There, that will do, girls," interposed her mother, after shaking hands with her guest. "Come and sit

by the fire, Baron, and Berthe will give you some tea."
 "I trust," he replied, "that when my humble offering arrives you will be almost equally indulgent."
 "No follies, I hope, Baron," said Mme. de Franchimont, shaking her head reprovingly.
 "Oh, madame, a mere trifle, I assure you," answered our hero in a deprecating tone, accompanied, however, by a significant twirl of his mustache. "But you will see—you will see."
 "At that moment the door opened and the maître d'hôtel appeared bearing a voluminous parcel, which he solemnly placed on the table, and with the explanatory announcement, "For Mme. la Comtesse," withdrew as noiselessly as he had entered.
 "I wonder what it is!" cried Berthe. "Give me your scissors, Louise."
 "What a strangely shaped parcel!" remarked Mme. de Franchimont, rising from her chair and approaching the table, while the Baron, laying down his cup, was preparing himself for an outburst of indignation, or, in other words, "getting the steam up."
 "Ah, here is a card!" exclaimed Mlle. Berthe as she hastily tore away the last obstacle to the gratification of her curiosity. "M. le Baron! I knew it could be no one else. Mon Dieu! What can this be?"
 M. de Croix-Martel, who had quietly drawn near the table, gave one look at the contents of the packet, stood for a moment horror struck and then, unperceived by the three ladies, slipped out of the room and darted down the Rue de Marignan as fast as his legs could carry him. He had seen enough.
 Alas for the vanity of human calculations! The dealer of the Rue de Seine had exceeded his instructions and had carefully enveloped every fragment of the shattered vase in a separate piece of paper—Argoey.



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Can't Lose Hair

Twenty Years From Today a Bald-headed Man Will Be An Unusual Sight.

One of the most prominent druggists of America made a statement a few weeks ago which has caused a great deal of discussion among scientists in the medical press.
 He said: "If the new hair grower, Milderina Hair Remedy, increases its sales as it has during the past year, it will be used by nearly every man, woman and child in America within eight years."
 "When Milderina Hair Remedy is used almost universally, dandruff will disappear and with its departure baldness, itching scalp, splitting hair and all scalp diseases will follow and twenty years from now a bald head will be a rarity."
 There is only one way to cure dandruff, and that is to kill the germs. There is only one hair preparation that will kill the germs and that is Milderina Hair Remedy. This unusual hair restorer with its record of thousands of cures will grow hair on it will cure dandruff, stop falling hair and itching of the scalp in three weeks or money back.
 It is the most pleasant and invigorating tonic, is not sticky, greasy and is used extensively by ladies of refinement who desire to have and to keep their hair soft, lustrous and luxuriant. Fifty cents for a large bottle druggists everywhere. Mail orders filled by American Proprietary Co., Boston, Mass.

CUT THIS OUT

FREE to show how quickly Milderina Hair Remedy acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail anyone who sends this Coupon to AMERICAN PROPRIETARY CO., Boston, Mass. with their name and address and ten cents in silver or stamps to pay postage.

ADHESIVE POSTAGE STAMPS.

The First Crude Ones That Were Issued by Great Britain.
 The adhesive postage stamp had its origin in England as a direct outcome of the postal reforms introduced by Sir Rowland Hill, whose master mind created not only the inestimable boon of penny postage, but the means by which it was carried into effect—the adhesive postage stamp.

At the time of the passing of the uniform penny postage act in 1839 all postal charges were paid in cash usually on delivery, involving an enormous amount of bookkeeping on the part of the postoffice, which would have been increased a hundredfold when the reduced rates of postage came into force but for the suggestion of the great postal reformer for a bit of paper just large enough to bear the stamp and coated at the back with the glutinous wash, being subsequently embodied in the famous one penny black postage label and its consort, the twopenny blue, which made their debut in May, 1840 and were the progenitors of all adhesive postage stamps.

For three short years Great Britain enjoyed a monopoly of this novel and handy method of collecting postage, until in July, 1843, the enlightened emperor of Brazil followed suit with a series of unimpressive adhesive labels of native manufacture adorned with large numerals of value in place of a design.

On the 23d of August entered the field with two beautifully engraved portraits of Franklin and Washington, while the head of Ceres, the goddess of agriculture, found place on the first stamp of the French republic, engraved by the elder Barre, which made their debut on Jan. 1, 1849.—Strand Magazine.

Great Cities of the World

VII.—PETROGRAD

This is the new name for St. Petersburg, capital of the Russian Empire, the change having been recently made to introduce the Russian word "grad," city, in place of the German word "burg," fortress.—Ed.

Petrograd is a city made to order. In 1703 Peter the Great looked about him for a site for the capital of his vast empire, and his choice fell upon the marshy ground at the mouth of the Neva. Thereon he reared a city in spite of the opposition of his people. His court jester, in describing it, said: "On one side, the sea; on the other, sorrow; on the third, moss; on the fourth, a sigh." It is surrounded by swamps, sea and forest, and has a climate that is damp, depressing and unhealthy. As a foundation for every building piles had to be driven into the marsh. However, the emperor evidently gloried in surmounting difficulties. He probably got much more satisfaction in the face of such obvious disadvantages, than he would have had if the circumstances had been entirely favorable, and the result is a very splendid city.

Nevertheless, it is much handicapped by the climate and its flat situation. When certain winds are blowing the water of the Neva rises and floods the tenements along its banks. The people have to leave till the water subsides, when they return to their wretchedly damp houses with what bits of furniture they managed to take away with them. A gun is now fired from the citadel when the water begins to rise, and when it reaches a certain point there is a signal which warns the people to vacate their dwellings. Of late years many canals have been built to carry off the surplus water in flood time, and these, about 200 in number, are improving the condition of Petrograd a great deal. The largest of these are concentric, running around the city in the shape of a fan.

Keeping warm during the long, cold winter is an undeniable problem, yet it is during this season that Petrograd is at its best. People return to the city for their summer homes, provide themselves with warm clothes and furs, seal up their windows and prepare to enjoy life during the snowy months. The houses and public buildings are always warm, as the heating apparatus used seems to be more efficient than is found elsewhere in Europe. From December till March the streets are covered with snow, which falls with most alarming frequency. This makes the traffic during that time remarkably noiseless, and when the snow melts and vehicles begin to rattle over the cobblestones the change is very noticeable.

It is not only the society people that leave the city in the Summer and return in the Winter. Hundreds of peasants spend the warm months on their land in the country, and when the Winter comes they throng to the city, bringing with them their Finnish horses and quaint sledges for hire. Ice farms two or three feet thick on the Neva and lighted roadways cross it at intervals. In fact, tracks are sometimes laid on the ice, upon which run electric cars from one side to the other. They take the place of small steamers, which ply back and forth in the Summer.

When Peter the Great planned the city he said it was to be a "window into Europe" for the Russians, and it has certainly fulfilled his wish to make it a cosmopolitan city. Here many nationalities of the world mingle, though they have not fused to the extent that they have done in other European cities. However, foreigners have not eclipsed the real Russian—generous, indolent, improvident, unambitious. And how these people do enjoy themselves! They delight in revelling through the night and sleeping during the day. They may go calling at ten or eleven o'clock in the evening and extend their visit till three o'clock in the morning. All kinds of entertainments start at a late hour, and are carried on correspondingly late in the morning. Sometimes the finishing touch to a night of pleasure is to drive along by the river in the early morning and watch the sun rise. This applies particularly to people of leisure, but even those who have their daily work to do turn night into day as much as they can afford to.

For inspiring a feeling of space, Petrograd matches the country of which it is the capital. Everywhere there is plenty of room; the streets are broad, the squares are large, the thoroughfares are so spacious that they seem to be deserted. The only space that is ever crowded, where one finds oneself in a surging mass of diversified traffic, is the Nevsky Prospect, the chief street of the city. It is while traversing its less than three miles of length that we realize fully Petrograd's truly cosmopolitan nature. Franchimen, Germans, Dutchmen, Finns, Tartars, Englishmen, Jews, Orientals—you will find them all there, intermingled with the Russians, many of whom are in bright uniforms, for the civic officials vie with the soldiers in brilliance of garb. A medley of languages falls upon your ears; a great variety of vehicles, ranging from swiftly moving motors to clumsy little rustic carts, greet your eyes. It is a fascinating sight.

Gray, flat, monotonous—we might use these terms to describe Petrograd if it were not for the diadem of pinacles and domes that crowns the city. A dazzling sight they are when the sun beats down upon their gilded surface, and they even manage to gleam through the mist on a dull, dreary morning. The centre of all the city views is the immense gilded dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral, the main cupola, with its surmounting cross, is overlaid with 200 pounds of gold leaf.

The cathedral, which is gorgeous and striking, though hardly taying claim to artistic beauty, stands on a space large enough to hold five hundred thousand men. At the main entrance are gigantic monoliths of Finnish granite sixty feet high, each weighing 123 tons, and between these massive pillars you walk to immense bronze doors. The interior is also gorgeous, and there are pillars of the lapis lazuli and malachite, which is used so extensively in Russian churches.

But St. Isaac's is suffering from its unfortunate situation. When it was erected, over 1,200 huge piles were driven into the boggy ground to form its foundation, but they have not been adequate to support it, and one side of the magnificent edifice is slowly sinking into the marsh.

In the Hermitage, which has been called the Louvre of Petrograd, are many antiquities of great value and interest, besides a splendid array of pictures. There is the best collection in the world of the works of Rembrandt, containing, as it does, at least forty of his paintings. There are also productions from the brushes of Rubens, Van Dyck, Velazquez, Murillo, and many other great masters.

In one of the rooms of the Hermitage is a life size wax figure of Peter the Great, dressed in doth's that were really his, and mounted upon his yellow charger. His favorite yellow bound is by his side, while in his hands he grasps a sword. Round about are hundreds of instruments and tools that he used. There is his iron staff, so heavy that you almost drop it when the attendant places it in your hand, while the same attendant smiles proudly as he holds a stick beside you, and observes that the notch, which represents the great emperor's height, comes a foot above your head.

Not far from the banks of the Neva is the famous statue which Catherine erected to the memory of Peter the Great. It stands on no ordinary pedestal, but upon a great block of granite, which was raised and transported from some distant marsh with great difficulty. The bronze statue represents Peter mounted on a rearing horse, whose hind hoofs are crushing a serpent. His hand is raised as if he were pointing out some of the wonders of the golden-domed city.

Another man besides Peter has stamped his individuality upon the city. This is Alexander II., of whom we are forcibly reminded in the Winter Palace, where his private apartments are preserved exactly as they were on that fateful day in 1881 when he left them to review some troops for the last time. Five times his nihilists attempted to kill the "tsar," and his son begged him to "take every precaution. In spite of protests, however, Alexander left his writing to fulfill his customary duty only to be carried back an hour later leading to death. The rooms, with their simple furnishings, are now open to the public.

The slow, broad, silver flood of the Neva has formed a delta where it pours into the sea. This delta contains about forty islands, which are connected with one another and with Petrograd by numerous bridges. Here nature has not been quite so unkind as she has proved in the main part of the city, for there are many beautiful spots on the islands. During the Summer evening they are the favorite resort of those who have to remain in the city, while on the more distant ones there are many Summer homes belonging to the wealthy. As you cross rustic bridges and go along avenues shaded by ash, willow or lime trees, you will see charming villas built of wood, each with its beautiful garden and greenhouse, and probably a boat house down by the water. Life would be very pleasant here were it not for the inevitable drawback—the ground is low, the atmosphere is damp and mists are of almost daily occurrence.

Patagonia Panthers.
 The panther on the plains of Patagonia gets as near a herd of guanacos as it can, then lies down behind a bush on its back. It puts one paw up in the air, then another, then the third and fourth and after a bit all four at once. That seems curious to the guanacos, and they come close to investigate. Up jumps the panther and lights on the nearest one's back and breaks its neck.

Extreme Penalty in Italy.
 Capital punishment was abolished in Italy in 1888.
 Iron and Rust.
 Experiments made in Germany respecting the protection of iron from rust by paint prove that one coat of paint is more efficacious than two or three, as a single coat is more elastic and less liable to scale off or crack, and thus affords more protection from atmospheric influences.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills
 Latest style in Caskets, etc. All orders will receive prompt attention. Phone 76-4 to all parts of the county. Phone 76-4

Billousness
 is certainly one of the most disagreeable ailments which flesh is heir to. Coated tongue—bitter taste in the mouth—nausea—dizziness—these combine to make life a burden. The cause is a disordered liver—the cure Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. They go straight to the root of the trouble, put the liver right, cleanse the stomach and bowels, clear the tongue and take away the bitter taste from the mouth. At the first sign of billousness take

Maritime Business College
 Halifax, N. S.
 E. Kaulbach, C. A.
 W. E. REED
 Funeral Director and Embalmer

OH, SUCH A HEADACHE!
 Nearly everyone has ripping, tearing headaches at times. Disordered stomach—sourish liver does it. Cheer up! Here's the real relief—Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They put the stomach and bowels right. All druggists. See our mail from Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY.
 "LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUYER"
 On and after November 8th, 1914, train services on this railway is as follows:
 Express for Yarmouth, 11.57 a. m.
 Express for Halifax, 2.00 p. m.
 Accom. for Halifax, 7.40 a. m.
 Accom. for Annapolis, 6.05 p. m.

Midland Division
 Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily (except Sunday) for Truro at 7.05 a. m., 5.10 p. m. and 7.50 a. m., and from Truro at 6.40 a. m., 2.30 p. m., and 12.59 p. m., for Truro at 7.05 a. m., 6.15 p. m. and 7.30 a. m., and from Truro at 5.45 a. m., 2.30 p. m., and 12.25 p. m., connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway, and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.
 Buffet Parlor Car service on Mail Express between Halifax and Yarmouth.

St. John - Digby
 DAILY SERVICE
 (Sunday Excepted)
 Canadian Pacific Steamship "YAR-MOUTH" leaves St. John 7.00 a. m., leaves Digby 1.45 p. m., arrives in St. John about 5.00 connecting at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for Montreal and the West.

Boston Service
 Steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Company sail from Yarmouth for Boston after arrival of Express train from Halifax and Truro, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
 P. GIPKINS,
 General Manager,
 Kentville.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY
 Accom. Mon. & Fri. Time Table in effect June 22, 1914. Accom. Mon. & Fri.
 read down. Stations Read up.
 11.10 L.V. Middleton Ar. 15.45
 11.38 " " Clarence " 15.17
 11.55 " " Bridgetown " 15.01
 12.23 " " Granville Centre " 14.36
 12.53 " " Karadale " 14.05
 13.15 " " Ar. Port Wade Lv. 13.45

FURNESS SAILINGS
 From Liverpool For Liverpool
 Via Newfoundland
 Durango Jan. 7
 Dec. 29 Queen Wilhelmina Jan. 19
 From London From Halifax
 Sachem Jan. 7
 Graciana Jan. 10
 Dec. 20 Start Point Jan. 19
 Jan. 7 Sagamore Jan. 29
 Yours truly
 Furness Withy & Co., Limited
 Halifax, N. S.

Boston & Yarmouth Steamship Co., Ltd
 Two Trips per week in each direction between Yarmouth and Loston
 Steamers leave Yarmouth Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6.00 p. m. for Boston. Leave Boston Tuesdays and Fridays at 1.00 p. m. for Yarmouth.
 Tickets and Staterooms at Wharf Office
 A. B. WILLIAMS, Agen

JANUARY FOURTH
 All day classes at the Maritime resume regular session. Now is the time to prepare for the industrial activity when the war is over. Don't wait for the declaration of peace to qualify for a position. More young persons will be then required than at any previous time. Be ready when that happy moment arrives.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills
 The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies.—Steels.