

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

Steamship Lines - TO St. John via Digby - AND - Boston via Yarmouth "Land of Evangeline" Route.

On and after Jan. 1st, 1911, the steamship and Train Service on this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):

Table with 2 columns: Route and Time. Includes Accom. from Annapolis 7.50 a. m., Express from Halifax 12.21 p. m., Express from Yarmouth 1.46 p. m., Accom. from Richmond ... 5.40 p. m.

Midland Division

Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily (except Sunday) for Truro at 7.30 a. m., 5.35 p. m. and 6.45 a. m. Mon., Tue., Thurs. and Sat., and from Truro at 6.50 a. m., 3.20 p. m. and 12.00 noon Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sat., connecting at Truro with trains of the International Railway, and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.

Boston Service

SERVICE IN EFFECT DEC. 12th, 1910.

The Royal and United States Mail Steamship "BOSTON" will leave Yarmouth Wednesday and Saturday on arrival of Express from Halifax, arriving in Boston next morning. Returning leave LONG WEAIR, BOSTON, at 1.00 p. m., Tuesday and Friday.

St. JOHN and DIGBY

ROYAL MAIL S. S. YARMOUTH. Daily Service (Sunday excepted). Arrives in Digby 10.45 a. m. Leaves St. John 7.45 a. m. Leaves Digby same day after arrival express train from Halifax.

P. GIFFKINS, Kentville, General Manager.

FURNESS, WITBY & CO., LTD.

STEAMSHIP LINERS.

Table with 2 columns: From and To. Includes London, Halifax and St. John, N.B. Mar. 11 - Kanawa Mar. 31, Mar. 23 (via St. John's, Nfld) - Rappahannock Apr. 14, Apr. 7 - Shenandoah Apr. 28

Table with 2 columns: From and To. Includes LIVERPOOL, ST. JOHN'S NEWFOUNDLAND SERVICE. From Liverpool, From Halifax. Mar. 22 - Durango Mar. 22, Mar. 28 - Tabasco Mar. 28, Mar. 28 - Almeriana Apr. 15, Apr. 11 - Durango Apr. 29

FURNESS WITBY & CO., LTD., Agents, Halifax, N. S.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Table with 3 columns: Accom. Mon. & Fri., Time Table in effect Oct. 1910, Accom. Mon. & Fri. Includes Read down, Stations, Lv. Middleton A., 16.25, 11.51, 11.51, 12.08, 12.35, 12.51, 13.09, 13.30, An. Port Wade Lv., 14.10

Flag Stations. Trains stop on signal. CONNECTIONS AT MIDDLETON AND D. A. R.

P. MOONEY, General Freight and Passenger Agent, HALIFAX, N. S.

The Cup That Cheers COFFEE TEA and refreshes is made more certainly possible when our coffees and teas are used. They have a flavor, a body that cannot fail to appeal to coffee and tea drinkers.

GROCERY STORE As we cater the best trade, we buy only first-class goods where quality is always conspicuous. Our stock being large and varied, if you want the best you should trade here. J. E. LLOYD and SON

Boots and Shoes Just arrived a large stock of Mens' Heavy Grain Boots at \$2.50 - Boys' Heavy Grain Boots at \$2.80 Youths Heavy Grain Boots at \$1.60 Ladies Tan Oxfords at \$1.80 Ladies Black Oxfords at \$1.80 and other lines of Boots Shoes and Rubbers at reasonable prices.

WANTED: Potatoes, Eggs and Butter in exchange for goods. JOSEPH I. FOSTER GRANVILLE ST.

Household Staples SEE WHAT A QUARTER WILL BUY! 3 lbs. Frosting Sugar .25c, 7 Backwheat Flour .25c, 7 Graham Flour .25c, 7 Griz or Farina .25c, 3 cans Pumpkin .25c, 4 lbs. Tamarinds .25c, 9 Gold Dust Meal .25c, 3 Mixed Starch .25c, 6 bars Welcome Soap .25c

Telephone 36-3 C. L. PIGGOTT, Granville Street

WHY? Send to a distant city for an EDISON PHONOGRAPH when you can get the same Phonograph at the same price, on easy terms, and in a much more satisfactory way? All you need to do is to drop me a word, and I will be pleased to bring you and let you hear it in your home, when we can talk the matter over. C. B. TUPPER, Granville St., Bridgetown N. S. Agent for Organs, Pianos, Sewing Machines and Phonographs. Edison Records always on hand.

Removal Notice Mr Thomas Marshall has removed his tailoring business to the Store in the Shafner Building recently occupied by Mrs. Whitman.

COMMERCIAL AND SOCIETY PRINTING NEATLY EXECUTED IN THE Job Department OF The MONITOR OFFICE

The Choice of a Loving Heart

"The human heart is like heaven, the more the angels (the more the room)"

(By Winnifred Earle.) Great tears rolled slowly down Grannie's faded cheeks, and fell, drip, drip, drip, into the wash-tub. Had anyone asked Grannie the cause of her trouble, she would most likely have stoutly denied that she was crying at all. "Be up and doing, and don't waste time crying" was her favorite motto, and yet the tears were falling faster now, drip, drip, drip. "I can't do it," she said at last with a sob. "I've tried hard enough, heaven only knows, but who in this wide world could expect anyone to bring up three little children on ten shillings a week. Oh! Mary, dear why did you die, and leave them all to me?"

Grannie dried her eyes with a corner of her apron, then picking up the well-worn little books, in silent enjoyment for the mail, and consequently, felt very important, especially as she carried a letter in her pocket. Usually Molly, for the mail on Saturdays, and Molly walked in for it together, and it was but seldom they were rewarded for their trouble. But today, for he had been sent the two-mile to the township all by himself, he was bringing back a letter, and what was best of all, he could kick up the dust as much as he pleased, now little motherly Molly was not there to remind him that it was naughty to try to wear out his boots in such a reckless manner. For the quarter of a mile he ran, kicking up the dust with a yellow stamp with a "ran." But Grannie was much too busy to bother about letters at that moment; there was a lively dimpled baby to be bathed and put to bed, and afterwards to get and two more children to be scrubbed; then the dishes to be washed, and oh, such a hundred and one old jobs to do. So it was not until after three were safely tucked away and fast asleep that Grannie found time to open the letter.

And after all, there was no hurry, for there would just be the usual postal note and perhaps a few lines telling that the children were all well. But tonight there was a whole sheet of paper written closely on all sides, and it took Grannie a very long time to read all that her son-in-law had to say. She read it through once, then again, and later on a third time. Still, she never moved until at last she turned up the kerosene lamp, polished her spectacles, and read it a second time. No, there was no mistaking the meaning, it was all quite plain and simple. Her son-in-law had married again and would be willing to take charge of one of his children, and he would still continue to send the ten shillings a week for the maintenance of the other two. He knew a man and wife who would be travelling westward very slowly, and for a small sum of money they would be willing to look after the child during the voyage. He enclosed a five pound note, which he thought would cover the child's fare and any other expense. The mosquitoes buzzed wildly about the lamp, and the big brown moths crept gaily round the round Grannie's head, but she took no heed of any of them. She had thought that she knew the never-ending troubles, but in these first bewildering moments all that had passed before seemed nothing compared with the advances of this. The mosquitoes buzzed on merrily, but Grannie just sat and gazed steadfastly out into the night, and in her heart was the calmness of a great despair. (Continued in next issue.)

Way Home for Consumptives Should be Provided

A C. McCurdy writes to the Halifax Herald as follows: While the cry for municipal homes for the tubercular poor is in the air, I would like to ask a question or two of your readers.

Have you, dear sir, or dear madam, an assured income of one thousand dollars a year or more? What would you do if you were suddenly to find yourself a consumptive and in consequence lose your income and thus become almost penniless? Where would you go? Would you knock at your friend's door and ask him to take care of you? Would your friend be a good enough friend even if a relation, to do this should you have the check to ask him? Do you, dear sir, or dear madam find it hard to scrape along while in good health? What would you do were you suddenly to find yourself a consumptive? Where would you go? To whom would you say, "I'm sick with a contagious disease, I'm penniless I can't work, I can't eat, I can't sleep, I need care, will you take me into your family among your children and your wife, and keep me till I die? Will your My God you'll have to for I can't stay on the street, and no one else will have me?"

To whom, dear sir, or dear madam will you address this appeal SHOULD YOUR TURN COME? There is many a poor devil in this fix now - ARE YOU, DEAR SIR OR DEAR MADAM, CERTAIN THAT YOU WILL NEVER BE IN, SUCH SORE STRAIGHTS? While you have money do you begrudge spending a little to provide a home for these poor consumptives? Or will you turn them from your door and force them to die on their feet working in places, spitting in places where you go at times? Are you certain that your lack of generosity will not cause the very man whose life you might have saved to spread the tubercular germs from his lungs to yours? Oh, friends, think of yourselves, if you don't think of those poor creatures - the tubercular poor! Think of yourselves, friends! Turn your selfish thoughts into generosity and spend a dollar to give a home to the poor devil who otherwise will have to die on their feet, spreading more death around them than a gnatling gun.

The following item is from "Physical Culture" and is headed: THE YOUNG MOTHER AND THE FAT HOG - NOT A FABLE, SIMPLY STRAIGHT

"One" "me a little mother, who was only twenty-five years old, began to feel tired at the time. Her appetite had failed her for weeks before the tired feeling came. Her three little girls, once a joy in her life, now became a burden to her. It was "Mamma," "mamma" all day long. She never had noticed these symptoms until the tired feeling came. The little mother also had a slight dry cough. One day, when dragging herself around, forcing her weary body to work, she felt a sharp but slight pain in her chest, her head grew dizzy and suddenly her mouth filled with blood. The hemorrhage was not severe, but it left her very weak. The doctor she had consulted for her cough and tired feeling had said: "You are all run down, you need a tonic." For a few he prescribed bottles made of alcohol, water and gentian. This gave her false strength for a while for it checked on her little reserve. When the hemorrhage occurred she and all her neighbors knew she had consumption and the doctor should have known it and told her months before. "Now she wrote to the State Board of Health and said: "I am told that consumption in its early stages



To Head-Off a Headache

Nothing is Better than Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills They Give Relief without Bad After-Effects.

"For four years I was subject to almost constant headache. At times so severe I was unable to work. Through the advice of a friend I was persuaded to try Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and the result has been that I have entirely eradicated my system of those continuous headaches that followed a hard and continuous mental strain." - O. L. Russell, Apt. C. N. W. Ry., Daily, Ia. For Sale by All Druggists. 25 Cents, 50 Cents. MILES MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Can.

can be cured by outdoor life, continued rest and plenty of good food. I do not want to die. I want to live and raise my children to make them good citizens. Where can I go to get well?" The reply was: "The great Christian State of Indiana has not yet risen to the mighty economy of saving the lives of little mothers from consumption. At present the only place you can go to is a grave. However, the State will care for your children in an orphan's asylum after you are dead, and then in a few years a special officer will be paid to find a home for them. But save your life - never!" "That is a cranky idea," for a member of the floor of the Sixty-fifth Assembly said so. Besides," said he, "it isn't business, the State can't afford it." So the little mother died of the preventable and curable disease, the home was broken up and the children were taken to the orphan's asylum.

"A big fat hog one morning found he had a pain in his belly. He squealed loudly and the farmer came out of his house to see what was the matter. He's got the hog cholera," said the hired man right away. "Sure enough the man came. He said he was a D.V.S., and he was, too. He had a government medicine in his hand bag and he went for the hog. It got well. It wasn't cranky for the government to do this, and it could afford the expense, for the hog could be turned into ham, sausage, lard and bacon." "Anybody, even a fool, can see it would be cranky for the State to save the life of a little mother, and, it could not afford it, either. Moral: Be a hog and be worth saving."

CATCH UP! There's a term heard now-a-days. Get busy! There's a gold mine in the phrase. Get busy! You've been shirking long enough. If you claim to be good stuff - Show the world it ain't a bluff - Get busy! You've been wasting precious hours. Get busy! How about those God-given powers? Get busy! Idly in one place you stood, Letting things go as they would; If you're any earthly good, Get busy! Shiloh's Cure

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