

Railway & S. S. Lines

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

Steamship Lines

—AND—
St. John via Digby
—AND—
Boston via Yarmouth

"Land of Evangeline" Route.

On and after November 9th, 1912 train service of this railway is as follows:

Express for Yarmouth	12.04 p.m.
Express for Halifax	2.00 p.m.
Accom. for Halifax	7.50 a.m.
Accom. for Yarmouth	5.50 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 7.45 a.m. and from Truro at 6.50 a.m. 8.20 p.m. and 12.45 noon connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway, and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.

St. JOHN and DIGBY

S.S. "YARMOUTH"

leaves St. John, daily except Sunday at 7.00 a.m. returning, leaves Digby at 1.55 p.m. making connection at Digby with express trains east and west and at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for Western points.

Boston Service

Steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Co. sail from Yarmouth for Boston after arrival Express train from Halifax and Truro on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

P. GIFFKINS,
General Manager.
Kentville.

FURNESS, WITBY & CO., LTD

STEAMSHIP LINERS

LONDON, HALIFAX & ST. JOHN, N. B., SERVICE.

From London.	From Halifax
Steamer.	...
February 26—Kanawha	March 18
March 15—Shenandoah	April 3
March 26—Rappahannock	April 17

From Liverpool.	From Halifax
Steamer.	...
February 27—Durango	March 15
March 8—Tabasco	March 25
March 22—Almeriana	April 8

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

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom.	Time Table in effect	Accom.
Mon. & Fri.	October 7th, 1912.	Mon. & Fri.
Read down.	Stations	Read up.
11.30	Lv. Middleton A.S.	16.25
12.01	" Clarence	15.54
12.20	Bridgetown	15.36
12.50	" Granville Centre	15.07
13.07	" Granville Ferry	14.50
13.26	" Kersdale	14.34
13.45	Ar. Port Wade Lv.	14.19

*Flag Stations. Trains stop on signal.
CONNECTION AT MIDDLETON
WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S. W. RY
AND D. A. RY.

P. MOONEY
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

For Loss of Hair

We will pay for what you use if
Resall "93" Hair Tonic does not
promote the growth of your hair.

In all our experience with hair tonics the one that has done most to gain our confidence is Resall "93" Hair Tonic. We have such well-founded faith in it that we want you to try it at our risk. If it does not satisfy you in every particular, we will pay for what you use to the extent of a 30 day treatment.

If Resall "93" Hair Tonic does not remove dandruff, relieve scalp irritation, stop the hair from falling and promote a new growth of hair, come back to us and ask us to return the money you paid for it, and we will promptly hand it back to you. You don't sign anything, promise anything, bring anything back, or in any way obligate yourself. Isn't that fair?

Doesn't it stand to reason that we would not make such a liberal offer if we did not truly believe that Resall "93" Hair Tonic will do all we claim for it—that it will do all and more than any other remedy?

We have everything there is a demand for, and are able to judge the merits of the things we sell. Customers tell us of their success. There are more satisfied users of Resall "93" Hair Tonic than any similar preparation we sell.

Start a treatment of Resall "93" Hair Tonic today. If you do, we believe you will thank us for this advice. Two size bottles, 50c and \$1. You can buy Resall "93" Hair Tonic in this community only at our store:

ROYAL PHARMACY,
Bridgetown, Nova Scotia

The Resall Store
There is a Resall Store in nearly every town and city in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. There is a different Resall Remedy for nearly every ordinary human ailment, each especially designed for the particular ill for which it is recommended.

The Resall Stores are America's Greatest Drug Stores

SEASONS.

Any old time is springtime, if you're willing to help it along;
Any old day is a holiday, if you'll furnish the laughter and song.
The birds can't be singing 'always, and the blossoms can't bloom without rest,
But there's hope an' there's light an' the sky seems bright for the fellet that's doin' his best.
Any old time is winter, if you're willing to see it that way.
The frost in the heart is the frost that chills till the world is dull and grey.
You may shiver by day an' be shivering still as you turn to a rest-less couch,
For the days go slow through the ice an' the snow for the feller that's nussin' a grouch.

—Washington Star.

NOVA SCOTIA TEMPERANCE ALLIANCE.

A Fitting Recognition of the Great Services to the Temperance Cause of the Rev. R. H. Grant, in Connection With the Annual Meeting of the Temperance Alliance.

On Wednesday, the annual meeting of the Nova Scotia Temperance Alliance was held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall at Halifax, when the report of the Rev. H. R. Grant the General Secretary, was listened to with deep interest.

In the evening a banquet was tendered to Mr. Grant, which was attended by a large number. The menu was excellent, and the toasts and speeches appropriate to the occasion.

A most flattering address was read to Mr. Grant by Rev. D. C. Ross. It was followed by the presentation of a handsome cheque to cover the cost of a new residence erected in New Glasgow, for a home for Mr. and Mrs. Grant. The presentation by the Alliance of this tangible token of the love and esteem in which Mr. Grant is held by his fellow workers in the cause so dear to his heart, was accepted in the same spirit as it was bestowed.

To say that Mr. Grant deserved such royal treatment is only a feeble way of expressing the real truth. Mrs. Grant who was also present, received many words of appreciation for her part in so nobly supporting her husband. Both have sacrificed much for the great work of uplifting fallen humanity from the evils of intoxicating drink.

TUNNEL UNDER THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

France may be connected with England by a tunnel under the Channel at no very distant date, according to the project which is being discussed at present. Following this it is now proposed to build an electric railroad line through the tunnel. Mr. W. Rose Smith is promoting this movement, and the main idea is to construct an electric railroad from London to Dover, then crossing the Channel through the tunnel to Calais then running the line directly to Paris. In this way the trip could be made by express trains from London to Paris in a few hours. He states that French capitalists will be approached so as to promote the enterprise in that country for designing and building the Paris-Calais section as well as the French part of the Channel tunnel. It would take about five years to build the tunnel, and he estimates the cost of the work to be about \$25,000,000.—London Electrician.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

A Little Learning

By Max Moritz.

I shall never forget the feeling of consternation I experienced when Marjory told me she had refused Dick Garfield.

Marjory is the youngest of a large family of whom I, as the oldest, have had the partial bringing up. As a baby she had, I confess, been somewhat spoiled, and developed a way of queening it over us which we all thought charming. The same opinion penetrated to the outer world apparently, for Marjory was never without her court of admirers, who ministered to her every want. She accepted their attentions in a natural and charming way, but never became serious with any of them until she met Dick Garfield.

Mr. Garfield was a rising young dramatic, well connected, clever in his profession, and sufficiently good-looking to pass muster. Marjory took to him at once.

We were daily expecting the denouement, when one evening she told me that she had decided not to marry Mr. Garfield.

"Marjory!" I exclaimed, sinking helplessly into a chair.

"Yes, I knew you would scold," said Marjory. "You'll say I've led him on and that I had no right to flirt with him as I have done. But you don't know everything. When you do you'll be thankful for my escape."

This sounded so mysterious that I could only gaze at my sister in utter amazement. From the miserable look in her blue eyes I felt certain she had been crying. But what about?

"But why can't you marry him, Marjory?" I asked in bewilderment. "I thought you liked him so much! What has made you change your mind?"

"It is his bumps," said Marjory.

The apparently ridiculous words were uttered in such tragic accents that I was unable to control my laughter.

But the more I laughed the more tragic Marjory became. Seeing that she was really in earnest, I endeavored to check my ill-timed hilarity.

"I'm sorry, Marjory," I said apologetically, "but what have Mr. Garfield's bumps to do with it?"

"I think perhaps I'd better explain"—and Marjory took a seat on the other side of the fireplace. The action showed how deeply my levity must have offended her, for generally when we indulged in one of our easy chats she sat on the arm of my chair.

I felt humiliated, and sat patiently waiting for her to begin.

"I don't think you know, Janet," she said, "that I have been going in for phrenology lately?"

I did not know, and opened my eyes in wonder, for Marjory had anything but a scientific mind.

"I should have told you," she went on, "but you have been so taken up with your slumming that I never could get a word with you."

I apologized humbly. Certainly I had had some very bad cases lately, but that was no excuse for neglecting home duties, and Marjory always required considerable attention. "It must be a very interesting science," I said sympathetically as I could, for, personally, it was a science that did not appeal to me in the slightest.

"It is," agreed Marjory; "and it's one that everybody ought to study. I shall never be grateful enough to Mr. Garfield for introducing it to me."

"Oh! He interested you in it?"

"Yes. He has given me several books on the subject. I'll lend them to you if you like. They're most instructive. They explain all about the different bumps—where they are placed and the various traits of character they represent. Just think of the importance of it, Janet—to be able to find out what people really are in their inmost minds, not how they appear in society!"

A light began to dawn upon me. "You don't mean to say you have been feeling Mr. Garfield's bumps?" I exclaimed.

"I didn't mean to," she said. "In fact, I never seriously thought of applying phrenology till Dick proposed."

"Oh, he has proposed, then?"

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

are best for nursing mothers because they do not affect the rest of the system. Mild but sure. 25c. a box at your druggist's.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

"Yes. He came to tea this afternoon. He said he had heard you would be out—I mean that I should be alone."

Marjory need not have picked her words, for it was I who had informed Mr. Garfield that the coast would be clear for him.

"Yes," I said. "So he came did he? And made good use of his time?"

"We had such a cosy tea! Everything that Dick likes, and afterwards he proposed, and then—"

"Then you felt his bumps?"

"Yes, I don't know what made me but I had to. He was kneeling down beside me."

"Oh!" I ejaculated.

"Yes. Wasn't it romantic? And he was pleading so eloquently that I was going to give in, when suddenly it flashed across me that it would be a good idea to feel his bumps first, just by way of precaution, for it would be a terrible thing if we had different tastes."

"And they were not favorable?"

"My dear, they were awful!" Marjory shuddered at the recollection. "I couldn't, of course, examine them thoroughly. I just passed my hands once over his head, and it was covered with bumps all over. He seems to be a little vain and selfish, what is more, he must be vicious, too, for the bump of vice was as big as a pigeon's egg."

"My poor Marjory!" I cried in consternation. "Whatever did you do?"

"I walked away from him," said Marjory. "I think he must have thought me mad, but I was so upset. Then I told him that I couldn't possibly marry him, and then—Well, then I rushed up to my room and cried."

"Poor Marjory!" I said again, and held out my arms, for my heart ached for the poor child.

All her dignity was gone, and she came and knelt beside me and laid her head on my lap, while I stroked the soft shining curls.

"Did you care for him so very much, Marjory?" I asked.

"Yes," murmured Marjory brokenly. "I liked him—better than—all the rest put together!"

"Perhaps his bumps are in wrong places?" I hazarded hopefully. "He may be an exception to the general rule."

"I'm afraid not," said Marjory, refusing to catch any ray of hope. "They were so very clearly defined and"—she shuddered—"so very, very awful!"

"Then I suppose we must consider you have had a very lucky escape," I said.

"Yes," Marjory assented doubtfully.

She was silent for a minute or two; then she sat up on the hearth rug and wiped her eyes with my handkerchief.

"Janet," she said, "don't laugh at me, but I was wondering if something could be done to his bumps?"

"We might suggest poulticing!" I agreed cheerfully, at which Marjory fired up again.

"I think you are very horrid to joke about it, Janet!" she said. "I thought you would have been more sympathetic."

"I am sympathetic, Marjory; but really I don't see what we can do in a case like this."

"Perhaps they could operate," suggested Marjory hopefully. "Wonderful things are done in surgery nowadays."

"Possibly perhaps, but not feasible, I'm afraid, in this instance! We can hardly suggest to Mr. Garfield that he should go through the operation of trepanning merely because his bumps don't happen to suit you. That would be carrying devotion too far."

"If he cares for me he would be willing to make any sacrifice for my sake," said Marjory, with her queenly air. "But, of course, if you think he doesn't."

The tears threatened to come again, so I put my arms around her and comforted her as I would a child.

"Well, well, dearie," I said soothingly. "I'll see what can be done."

I persuaded her to lie down on the sofa and rest. Afterwards I went to my room to consider ways and means. The more I thought, however, the more the absurdity of the situation flashed across me. To refuse Dick Garfield, who possessed all the attributes of a model husband, simply because of the size of his bumps, was too ridiculous for words. I found myself laughing again at the ludicrousness of the idea, and only the remembrance of poor Marjory's distress could bring me to any degree of solemnity.

The next day I was returning home from my district, when in a small road leading out of ours I almost ran into Mr. Dick Garfield.

My first impulse was to bow and pass on, for, apart from the embarrassment I was bound, as Marjory's sister, to experience in his company. I had a sneaking feeling that it would not be quite respectable to be seen talking with a young man of such vicious tendencies. But after a quick glance at the misery expressed in his countenance, all my scruples vanished, and I stopped and held out a friendly hand.

He took it with a grateful look and an embarrassed inquiry.

"You know then? She has told you?"

"Yes," I said. "I'm so sorry."

"Don't mind me," replied Dick, bravely. "I hope Marjory is all right?"

"As right as a trivet," I answered. This wasn't exactly true, for I had left Marjory on the sofa, looking very white and dejected.

"That's a comfort," said Dick, with a sigh of relief. "I began to be afraid she might be ill, for her behavior yesterday was—well, rather queer."

A mental picture came before me of Marjory listening to her lover's proposal with a rosy blush—she looks charming when she blushes—gracefully beginning to yield to his flow of eloquence, and then without warning hastily examining his head and running away from him. No wonder he thought she was "rather queer!"

"I wonder what made her refuse me?" queried Dick as I kept silence, not knowing what else to do.

"She probably found at the last moment that you weren't indispensable," I hazarded sarcastically, and the next moment I regretted my words.

"I know I'm not half good enough for her," said Dick humbly, "but she seemed to like me in spite of my faults. Indeed I felt certain that she was going to accept me, when something came into her head and she refused me. I wonder what it was?"

"It was your bumps."

In spite of myself I found that my voice had almost the tragic ring of Marjory's. But the words, so fraught with meaning to us, conveyed nothing to Dick Garfield.

"My bumps!" he echoed in bewilderment.

"Yes, your bumps."

Then I proceeded to tell him, as tersely as possible, what Marjory had related to me the evening before. I don't know whether I expected him to be overcome by the stupendous possibilities of vice inherent in his nature, but I certainly did not expect what followed, for Dick, after taking off his hat and running his hand through his thick, dark hair, burst into boisterous laughter.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Janet," he said at last apologetically, "but it's the biggest joke I've heard for a long time."

"I'm glad you think so," I replied stiffly, for this was certainly not the disconsolate, dejected lover I had been pitying.

"You see," explained Dick, "those particular bumps to which your sister takes such exception, are not phrenological bumps at all. I received them in a much more prosaic manner—in a lacrosse match a day or two ago."

"Then you are not incipiently vicious?" I exclaimed in a voice which betokened intense relief.

"I hope not," replied Dick.

The words were spoken seriously enough, but the corners of his mouth were still twitching ominously. My own followed suit, and very soon we were both laughing merrily. Then I shook him by the hand.

"I can't tell you how glad I am," I said. "I don't wish to flatter you, but I was really hoping to have you for a brother-in-law, and was quite upset by Marjory's horrible discovery."

"But does she really care for me?" Dick asked. "She looked at me with such horror yesterday that I thought there was no hope for me."

"Marjory is fond of you, I'm sure," I hastened to assure him. You would have been quite satisfied last night if you had heard her discussing the possibility of your bumps being cured. She even suggested an operation."

"Did she?" cried Dick eagerly. "My dear little girl!" He was silent for a moment, then added, "Look here, Miss Janet, if I come round at six this evening, will you see that I get another interview with her?"

I promised, and he went off with a light step, while I returned home to a spoiled lunch and a rather tearful Marjory.

The hours dragged heavily until six o'clock. The door bell rang, and a minute later the maid entered, bringing me a note, in Dick's familiar hand. I opened it hastily. It was a properly signed certificate from our family doctor, certifying that the bumps now so prominent on the head of Mr. Richard Garfield were the result of accident, and that, far from having vicious tendencies, the natural

CURE KIDNEYS AND RHEUMATISM DISAPPEARS

GIN PILLS Put Things Right

Get rid of YOUR Rheumatism for good by taking that reliable remedy, GIN PILLS. They will relieve the pain—they will strengthen the kidneys—they will cure you to stay cured—or your money will be promptly refunded.

Montreal, March 20th, 1912.

"It affords me great pleasure to inform you that I have used GIN PILLS for about six months and that they have done me a great deal of good. I had Rheumatism for two years and this winter I saved myself from it by taking GIN PILLS. I highly recommend them to the public."

A. BEAUDRY.

GIN PILLS neutralize the acid condition of the urine, prevent the formation of uric acid in the blood and stone in the bladder and kidneys, keep the kidneys well and strong, and thus cure and ward off Rheumatic attacks. See a box, 6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

bumps distinguishable from the artificial ones pointed to the fact that Mr. Garfield was generous, industrious, good-tempered, and likely in every way to prove a suitable husband.

This was rather a clever move on Master Dick's part, and, thrusting the certificate into Marjory's hands, I went quickly into the hall to greet the bearer of the message.

"Has she—Is she—" he asked, torn between nervousness and the humor of the situation.

"I have given her the certificate," I said, "but I have explained nothing. I consider you are the proper person to do that"—and opening the drawing-room door, I pushed him gently in.

The explanations took a long time but were evidently satisfactory, for when Marjory came up to dress for dinner she was radiant with happiness.

"You dear!" she cried, embracing me affectionately. "Whatever should I have done if you had not met Dick this afternoon?"

"Then it's all right?" I asked, kissing her.

"Of course it is!" said Marjory. "And it never would have been wrong if I had understood phrenology properly. Dick says it shows how dangerous a little learning may be."

GROWING AND ENSILING CORN.

(Department of Agriculture and Forestry, Ottawa.)

The lack of confidence in the value and use of corn ensilage is gradually being overcome. According to Mr. J. H. Grisdale, Director of Experimental Farms, corn for forage or ensilage can be grown to advantage in almost all parts of Canada occupied by stock farmers. Failure to secure satisfactory results has often been due to wrong cultural methods practiced, or unsuitable varieties grown, rather than to adverse climatic conditions.

In order to secure for the benefit of stock growers generally reliable information on the subject of corn ensilage, Mr. Grisdale has summoned by the Select Standing Committee of the House of Commons on Agriculture and Colonization, to give evidence based on his experiments and observation. This evidence was printed in a pamphlet of sixteen pages and sent out in large numbers, but there are still available for distribution a number of copies in the hands of the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa.

Corn will do well in almost any kind of soil provided with good drainage and well prepared. Barnyard manure, which may be applied during the winter or spring, is the best fertilizing material to use. From the middle to the end of May, according to the weather and soil conditions, is said to be the proper time to plant the seed which may be put in hills or rows. After describing the necessary cultural operations, varieties suitable for various provinces and districts are named. For the more northerly latitudes Longfellow, Compton's Early, Angel of Midnight, North Dakota Flint and Sanford are recommended. Harvesting and ensiling are fully described and feeding is dealt with also. For feeding young stock some corn and clover hay should be added to the silage. Rations are given for all classes of cattle.

In discussing silos a table is embodied which shows the capacities of those of different dimensions. A barrel-shaped circular silo is shown to be twenty-seven feet deep and sixteen feet inside diameter. Silos of different materials are dealt with and their construction described. Cement silos properly constructed are referred to as being probably more durable and satisfactory than those built of wood.

Sick Headaches

are not caused by anything wrong in the head, but by constipation, biliousness and indigestion. Headache powders or tablets may deaden, but cannot cure them. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills do cure sick headache in the sensible way by removing the constipation or sick stomach which caused them. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are purely vegetable, free from any harmful drug, safe and sure. When you feel the headache coming take

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