



"Perhaps you are right, Mary, I think I will follow your advice"

"In what way?"

"By trying Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I have been reading here about the symptoms of exhausted nerves, and the description just suits my case."

"I am sure it will help you just as it did me when I had nervous prostration, for you know yourself that nothing else seemed to do me any good."

"That is about right."

"Well, I have been telling you that the Nerve Food is what you need."

"I know you have, but I did not think there was anything wrong with my nerves, for I was always pretty well. One thing sure, I cannot sleep nights, and get up so tired every morning that I do not feel like taking hold of work like I used to."

"I have felt that I am losing grip on business and sometimes get discouraged. Of course, I have been working hard since we are so short-handed, and I suppose this is beginning to tell."

"Well, I have been worried about your health, but you would not take my advice and so I could do no more. I am awfully glad you are going to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for I am sure it will build up your health."

"I have been reading here a letter from Mr. Myles of Lindsay, and I am not going

to delay treatment until I get like he was. When the Nerve Food cured him it will surely help me."

This is the letter:

Mr. Alex. Myles, 5 Regent street, Lindsay, Ont., writes: "For the last five years I had been troubled with my nerves. At times I could not put on my coat alone, and often when trying to read the paper my hands would shake so that the paper would rattle, and I could scarcely read it. When drinking a cup of tea it was difficult to get it to my lips. I did not sleep well, and sometimes would only be asleep a short time when I would wake up and then lie awake the rest of the night. Then, also, I used to take cramps in my legs so badly that I would have to get up at night and walk the floor. Sometimes during the day the cramps would bother me, too. My muscles seemed to tie up in knots. I had tried different medicines without success. Last fall I secured a box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and as this one box helped me, I got some more and continued taking them till my nervousness was cured. I feel much better generally, can eat well, and sleep right through the night. I have not had any cramps for two months, and I give all the credit to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Some years ago, too, I was troubled with piles, and upon the advice of a friend, used Dr. Chase's Ointment, which cured me. I have great faith in all of Dr. Chase's medicines."

Because Dr. Chase's Nerve Food supplies to the body the vital substances from which new, rich blood and nerve force is created it cannot fail to be of benefit to the system. 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., is on every box—the genuine.

NOTES FROM HENNIGAR'S, HANTS COUNTY.

Christmas and New Year have again passed enjoyed by every one, and we all look forward for prosperity in 1919. Influenza is still raging in our little village but only one case has proved fatal; namely Ercil V. Miller, three years of age, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Miller; and all extend sympathy to the bereaved parents.

Many of our young men are engaged in the lumber woods with Mr. Edward Laffin.

The Misses Lillian Laffin, Ruby Laffin, Elizabeth Miller, Ruby Spares and Ellen Laffin will soon return to their schools after enjoying pleasant vacations.

The young folks spent a very enjoyable evening at the home of Mr. Chester Laffin on Monday evening, Dec. 29.

They have also met in several other homes the evenings being spent in playing crokinole and other games; refreshments being served.

Wentworth Miller and Guy Laffin spent Christmas with their parents.

We regret that our clergyman Rev. H. Cook intends leaving us in the Spring, after a term of ten years. All wish him every success in his new parish in the West.

Miss Laura Hennigar has returned to her work in Truro, after spending Xmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Hennigar.

Miss Edith Hennigar intends opening her school in Scotch Village, Monday, Jan. 6.

Our school is progressing under the management of Miss Kathryn Hennigar.

Mr. and Mrs. Merton Miller are spending the winter in Tenecape.

Mr. Albro Miller, is kept very busy this season with his wood-saw and milk team.

Mrs. Percy Hennigar with her child has spent several weeks with her parents in East Noel.

Miss Blanche Laffin, has returned home for the winter, and is recovering from an attack of "flu."

Looking forward to next Christmas we picture our soldiers all home after doing their bit for King and Country, and nobly taking part in the greatest victory ever known.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

Having probably captured Kaiser Wilhelm's "German Riga" and certainly upset Berlin by a desperate revolutionary attempt, the Bolsheviks are justifying themselves as a German invention by recoiling upon their makers.

ECZEMA SPREADS OVER ENTIRE BODY.

No rest night or day for those afflicted with that terrible skin disease, eczema, or, as it is often called, salt rheum. With its unbearable burning, itching, torturing day and night, relief is gladly welcomed.

It is a blessing that there is such a reliable remedy as Burdock Blood Bitters to relieve the sufferer from the continual torture and who can get no relief from their misery.

Apply it externally and it takes out the fire and itch and aids in the healing process. Take it internally and it purifies the blood of all those poisons which are the source of skin eruptions.

Mr. Andrew Bowen, Highland Grove, Ont., writes: "I must say that Burdock Blood Bitters is a wonderful preparation. I had a very bad case of eczema which spread almost over my entire body. I tried doctors, home treatments and many other patent medicines, but with no results. A friend advised me to try B.B.B., and after taking five bottles, I am thankful to say they cured me completely."

B.B.B. is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Charles Jones, who lives in Kentville is 105 years of age. He cares for his hens, cuts hand splits his wood and does all the chores about his place. He has a brother living in Amherst who is 103 years old.

ACADEMY DEBATE.

The most successful debate of the present school year was held Thursday evening in the Academy assembly room. The subject chosen was: "Resolved that the pulpit is a greater public benefactor than the press." The speakers were—

AFFIRMATIVE.
Miss Edna Marshall; Frank Dickie; Frank Stanfield.

NEGATIVE.
Miss Catherine Whittier; Harold Weir; Lee Chisholm.

In this all important branch of their training the students are showing a marked interest and enthusiasm. The speeches last night were all good, and well worthy of generous commendation. While some were slightly better than others, it would be difficult to make any very great discrimination. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative.

The next subject for debate is, "Resolved that the World is growing better," and promises to be of special interest.

FLYING JIMMY

All the way from New Haven, Cordelia sat on the edge of the car-seat, fairly vibrant with the wonderful secret she was bearing home from Aunt Louisa's.

Alertly erect, with her usually prim, dark little face happily quivering, and her ordinarily staid twenty-five-year old feet tapping an unheard measure on the floor, Cordelia even forgot the hat—the hateful, made-over hat which her sister, Alexandra, had evolved out of one of her old ones and against the wearing of which Cordelia had registered one of the few passionate protests of her meek life. She forgot now that the lavender, facing the ribbon on top, did not match, and that neither shade agreed at all with her tawny, olive complexion. So much for the magical hypnosis of happiness.

The outskirts of the little home town began to straggle past the car-window—Beck Wendell's cabin with the three red pigs asleep on the hard ground beside the wash pot—the store at the bridge where, exasperated wives whispered, beer was sold—the cemetery glistening white and green, and then the scarf of road winding out to the club—Cordelia knew every acre of it with the intimacy of twenty-five stay-at-home years, but now she looked at it through new eyes as if she were a stranger entering the little town for the first time—a tall stranger, it might be, travelling to the village to see the one girl in all the world.

She tried to see things as he would see them—to judge her native environment impartially and off-hand—to realize that though Becky was the best landlady in the county, her porch was decidedly rickety and her windows and stringy curtains grimy beyond all apology. But it was no use. The critical mood would not endure. The golden glamour of her dream overspread even the sordid neighborhood of the tannery and painted the dingy little station a brilliant, unnamed hue—even Tal Blodgett with his one hand and his iron hook and his rattling old "flivver."

On the platform stood Alexandra—and, for a wonder, the kindly aura which had enveloped Cordelia's journey swam in a soft nimbus about Alexandra.

Alexandra was smiling—and it was seldom that Alexandra took the trouble to smile at Cordelia. Usually the younger and more popular of the sisters was too much engrossed with her own affairs to concern herself much about Cordelia, who owned in Alexandra's mind a sort of ineradicable connection with silver polish, laundry bundles and other things utilitarian and unexciting. Cordelia smiled back. It was such a beautiful day!

They walked home through the shady streets, and Cordelia sensed the quiet, the cleanliness, the friendliness of the little town afresh. Somehow cities tired her so? And unless a person had loads of money, the shops were apt to be a bore—and Cordelia seldom had any money.

"I love this town!" she exclaimed quite unexpectedly.

"How absolutely provincial," scoffed Alexandra, who had looked briefly upon far mountains and encompassing seas—and returned with some rebellion. If it weren't for the club and the people who come out over Sunday, I'd perish! Everybody on this street knows all about everybody else. There's Mabel Wittey peeping through the curtains now. She's wondering if you bought any new clothes in New Haven."

More likely she's recognized the genesis of this hat!" returned Cordelia with some spirit. "I don't care. Let her peep. I like people to peep at me!" "My goodness!" exclaimed her sister. "You have changed your point of view. A month ago you wouldn't go to church alone for fear somebody would look straight at you."

"I'm growing old," Cordelia remarked. "Doesn't the house look clean since the rain? I love that sulphur rose."

"Aunt Emma's got the pillows airing on the window sills again," mourned Alexandra. "I went down to the old Fort, last week, with Mrs. Silsbee's cousin; and when we came back what did I see but grandmother's chain-lightning quilt flapping, full length, from the upstairs porch

—as though we were mountain-eers!"

"The beds smell better anyway," declared Cordelia, tugging her suitcase up the steps. "The screen's hooked. We'll have to go around."

"You unhook it then," directed Alexandra, dropping into a chair on the porch. "I'm absolutely faint with the sun."

Cordelia's exalted mood did not desert her—even when she found the kitchen hot and syrupy, and Aunt Emma, who was hard of hearing and shook the house when she walked, stirring industriously at a great kettle of strawberry jam. They needed jam!—over there. She put on an apron promptly, and began wiping the scalded jars.

"I had a lonesome time of it while you was away," complained Aunt Emma, testing the scarlet mixture against the light with a dripping teaspoon. "Allie ain't no hand to help around. She can put on a pair of gloves and wipe around a little with an oil-mop, but—you got to put your mind on housework."

Cordelia hummed a scrap of a tune. The jars in her fingers shone under the joyful flit of the towel, but of a surety her mind was not upon her task. Where her thoughts wandered—what blithe paths they danced upon—her shining face did not disclose. But the cadence of them quickened her fingers and lifted on her song until Alexandra, who was languidly setting out the lunch, came to the kitchen door and surveyed her sister with puzzled eyes.

"You must have had a delicious time at Aunt Louisa's?" She commented with a trace of acidity. "You're so buoyed up and excited over it."

Cordelia turned quite deliberately. Now was her moment, the moment which all night in Aunt Louisa's bed and all morning in the stuffy day coach, she had rehearsed over and over in her mind until the thrill of it went through her like electricity. She faced Alexandra quite calmly. She held her head high. She beamed. "I'm engaged!" she said.

"What?" demanded Alexandra.

"What say?" inquired Aunt Emma, who had sensed the drama but missed its portent.

"I'm engaged!" repeated Cordelia, standing on tiptoe and shouting, as you had to, to Aunt Emma, "I'm engaged—to be married!"

"Good lands!" breathed Aunt Emma, letting the spoon slide slowly down into the boiling jam.

"Engaged?" repeated Alexandra, incredulously. "Ridiculous! Why you've only been gone sixteen days! Who could you be engaged to?"

"I'm engaged," stated Cordelia calmly, "to Lieutenant James Guerry of the Lincoln Escadrille."

"What say?" demanded Aunt Emma.

Again Cordelia repeated the name which the car wheels had clicked all the way home from New Haven. Still Alexandra looked dubious.

"On such short acquaintance?" she asked. "Very likely after the war is over you'll find you don't care for him at all! Or, are you going to be married at once? Why didn't he come down with you?"

"Because," said Cordelia, "he sailed yesterday for France!"

"Good lands!" Aunt Emma supplied her characteristic amen, the news having penetrated her dull ears.

Alexandra, rummaging the bread box, said nothing. Cordelia went on polishing the jam-jars, thrusting the towel down into them with a knife handle. But the glamour of romance seeped about her like a halo—she could feel the warmth of it about her head and the taste of it was like spice on her tongue. She could almost detect a shade of deference in the slope of Alexandra's back—and she observed that Aunt Emma began fishing the jars out of the boiling water herself with an air of apology. It was pleasant to be of some personal consequence—she who for so many years had been a mere sort of pearl-gray background against which scintillated Alexandra's rose-and-gold brilliance. Cordelia decided that she was going to like it. She also decided that she was not going to wash the dishes after luncheon. She had heard it stated that engaged people were usually hard to live with.

The sulphur rose had scattered its petals, and the little crab apples begun to globe goldenly and spatter like spicy hail upon the grass when the letter arrived—

the ragged-looking letter which cleared away the doubtful frown from Alexandra's brow and sent Aunt Emma to exploring among the old chests of family treasure—bridal loot of a half-dozen generations.

Cordelia snatched the letter out of the post-box and flew up stairs to her own room, where she shut the door and crumpled down in a quaking heap beside the window. For a long while she held her burning cheeks between her palms and looked at the outside of the letter—the smudgy envelope of French blue, the crooked stamp, the address in plunging, vertical characters, written with purple ink. And her eyes, fixed and brooding, saw beyond the bluish square as if it had been a veil—saw a young man neither remarkably tall nor extraordinarily handsome—a rather plain young man, to tell the exact truth, with a square, boyish face and a wistful mouth—the sort of young man whom elderly women love to "mother."

She saw him sitting on the railing of a bridge, his very new puttees glistening, his service cap jerked low over his eyes as he stared down into a drifting stream and declared that war was certainly tough on a fellow who hadn't anybody—by George, not even an old maid aunt!

She saw him flying—swooping and solitary, a lonely speck against the blue. She saw him in his billet. And always in her vision, a forlorn loneliness enveloped him like a dun gray aura.

Then she opened the letter.

It was quite short. No lovely superlatives adorned it. No cryptic crosses decked its margin. It began, "Dear Miss Wright." The writer reminded her that he was keeping his promise and that he hoped she would keep hers, as this war was about the loneliest place on earth, and a fellow certainly liked to get letters. He was in Paris now—but no chance to see a thing of the town, as they were working the whole bunch day and night. The French mechanics were certainly wonders. He hoped to be flying soon. Maybe he would send her a propeller blade of a German Fokker. And remember him to Aunt Louisa, and tell her that he never would forget that raisin cake. That was all—and he was sincerely hers, James D. Guerry, A.F.C.

For a fiancé, it was truly an amazing letter. But Cordelia reading it through slowly, read into each slashing stroke the ardent subtlety with which her own dreams were kindled. To her it was not merely a friendly note from a lonely boy she had met at Aunt Louisa's, and liked, but a fervent epistle full of sweet hopes and fond imaginings—just as when she looked into the mirror she saw, not a reckless and romantic girl who had betrayed the pious teaching of a trusting maiden aunt, but a dark-eyed and desired one for whose love a man might glory to fly or die!

Her conscience, deliciously anaesthetized with the poppy draft of dreams, lifted not so much as a protesting sigh. Nevertheless she hid the letter under the paper in the bottom of the bureau drawer. Aunt Emma was the soul of honor—but she was not so sure about Alexandra! Then, with her head high and eyes like stars, she went downstairs.

"Aunt Emma," she said, "I want you to teach me to knit. I'm going to knit Jimmy a helmet."

"Looks like they'd all have three apiece now," snorted Aunt Emma, "as many as they've knit in this town!"

Alexandra, stretched in the hammock, turned a carefully coiffured head. "Did you know that your Jimmy was a distant cousin of the Ponds, out at Wahasset?"

For a brief, pithy second, something chilly thrust a probing tentacle into Cordelia's heart. She bit down hard on an escaping gasp and twisted her lips into a quick, calm smile.

"No," she said, "I didn't know it."

"Strange he hasn't told you," commented Alexandra, with a trace of her exasperating manner. "Anne Bowen Pond is quite devoted to him. She was positively astounded to hear that he was engaged—to you!"

Cordelia's ears, sharpened by twenty years of sisterly slights, did not miss the last pronoun. But her smile only grew blander. She sat down on the doorstep.

"Considering that we were together only a week, and that we had other more interesting things to talk about, I don't call

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