

Railway & S. S. Lines

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

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

On and after June 10th, 1912, the Steamship and Train Service of this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):
Express from Halifax 12.21 p.m.
Accom. from Richmond 5.40 p.m.
Express from Yarmouth 1.46 p.m.
Accom. from Annapolis 7.50 a.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., 3.20 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.

Boston S. S. Service

BOSTON-YARMOUTH SERVICE.
(Beginning June 10th)
The Royal and United States Mail Steamship's "PRINCE GEORGE" and "PRINCE ARTHUR" sail from Yarmouth on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday on arrival of Express train from Halifax, arriving in Boston next morning. Returning leave LONG WHARF, BOSTON, at 2.00 p.m. Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday.

St. JOHN and DIGBY

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE.
(Sunday excepted.)
R.M.S. "PRINCE RUPERT"
From St. John. From Digby
7.45 a.m. 1.55 p.m.
Making connections at Digby with express trains for East and West and at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for western points.

S.S. "YARMOUTH"

From St. John. From Digby
From St. John 12.30 p.m.
after arrival of C. P. R.
from Montreal. From Digby
about 4. a.m.

P. GIFFKINS,
General Manager.
Kentville

FURNESS, WITBY & CO., LTD

STEAMSHIP LINERS

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

From London.	From Halifax
Steamer	..
—Rappahannock	June 18
June 11 (St. John direct)	..
—Kanawha	July 2
June 27 —Shenandoah	July 16
July 11 —Rappahannock	July 31

From Liverpool From Halifax.

From Liverpool	From Halifax
Steamer.	..
June 1 —Durango	June 22
June 18 —Tabasco	July 6
June 29 —Almeriana	July 20

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

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom. Mon. & Fri.	Time Table in effect October 8th, 1911.	Accom. Mon. & Fri.
Read down.	Stations	Read up.
11.30	Lv. Middleton Av.	16.25
12.01	* Clarence	15.54
12.20	Bridgetown	15.36
12.50	* Oranville Centre	15.7
13.07	* Oranville Ferry	14.50
13.26	* Kersdale	14.34
13.45	Ar. Port Wade Lv.	14.10

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

P. MOONEY
General Freight and Passenger Agent

Old folks who need something of the kind, find
NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

most effective without any discomfort. Increased doses not needed. 25c. a box at your druggist's.
National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

A Pen Picture

It is probable that no institution in the Dominion of Canada comes in touch with so large a number of persons who have made imprudent investments as does the Annuities Branch of the Post Office Department. It is understood that hardly a day passes that several communications are not received in which the writers bewail the loss of money invested in some scheme that promised phenomenal dividends or returns. One of the saddest of these cases is that of a lady who about three years ago engaged as to the cost of an Annuity of \$600. The information was promptly given to her, but the opportunity to purchase was not embraced. She believed she could invest her money to better advantage, and that by the time she attained her 55th birthday, she would not only have enough to pay for the Annuity outright, but a little fortune besides. This week another letter has been received from the same lady, who, by the way, is now over fifty years of age, which furnishes the sequel of the story. She says: "I have spent my savings on worthless stocks, believing, firmly believing, that I would soon be rich. I would not listen to advice, convinced that I knew best. I wonder at my foolishness now, to waste my all in schemes I knew nothing about. For some time I had a large salary and gave to certain companies every month. Now that they have turned out worthless, I see how crazy and wrong I was. I am sorry, if ever any one was sorry, for what I have done, but nothing will bring back what I have wasted." Her case is a pathetic one, and her experience has been costly, but it is the common experience of many who have tried the Get-Rich-Quick schemes.

VALUE OF A HOBBY.

Providing for the rainy day means laying up of bread and clothing for shelter. But it involves more. It implies arranging for the happy exercise of every human power as long as thought and will and strength and affection abide. The rainy day in this way becomes simply the day in which one changes his occupation for a work even more delightful than the business of the days of greater vigor. Who will dare say that such days may not prove the brightest days? Hence the duty of a hobby. The farmer does well who does more than plant corn to feed hogs, that he may buy more land to plant more corn. Such an existence, whether that of an agriculturist or a merchant, cannot but end in the dreariest of rainy days. There are a thousand things that call for sound judgment and maturity. These things cannot be learned in a day. If well learned and well done, the world will pay and prize the doer of these things. There the middle-aged will not be one's companion in old age. The friends of twenty-five years hence will be the boys and girls whose good-will is to be secured today. Further preparation for the rainy day is made by living in the present and for the future. He who does these things need fear no rainy day.

BUILT A CHURCH IN A DAY.

A church in Spartanburg, D.C., not a stone or stick of which was standing at sunrise in the morning was worshipped in at night by a great congregation that filled the building and overflowed into the street. It had been announced by the members of Bethel Methodist church that they would erect a building in one day, the church to be known as El-Bethel. These were those who doubt, but when more than two hundred workmen, well organized, gathered at the scene in the morning it became apparent that the undertaking would be accomplished. It is estimated that 5,000 persons visited the building during the day. Moving-picture machines played upon the crowds and upon the building at every stage of its erection. That same night the building stood completed, painted, papered, carpeted and furnished throughout.

When your child has whooping cough be careful to keep the cough loose and expectoration easy by giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as may be required. This remedy will also liquify the tough mucus and make it easier to expectorate. It has been used successfully in many epidemics and is safe and sure. For sale by druggists and dealers.

THE REMEDY
By Harriet Lummis Smith

The heavy cart, loaded with corn for the gristmill, has stood a good half-hour at Jonathan Murray's door. The oxen, chewing their cud reflectively, were in no hurry to start; but Jonathan's daughter, Mary, glancing at the sun, now high above the reddening maples on Blueberry Mountain compressed her lips into a severe line suggestive of over-taxed patience.

Through the closed door of the room beyond the kitchen came the murmur of voices, one breaking now and then into sobs, the other, a deeper voice, gently remonstrant. The words of the dialogue were not audible, but Mary could guess what was being said, the unreasonable appeal, to sturdy, common-sense rejoinder.

She had been trained to respect her elders, but in her heart there was a contemptuous wonder that any one, even her father's new wife, should not realize the necessity of a man getting his grist to mill. "Perhaps she would be content to eat it unground," Mary murmured, with a slightly curling lip. Her girlish step-mother, a child beside Mary in all practical things, had never shown any great readiness to undergo privation.

The door opened at last, and Jonathan Murray came from his wife's room with his strong face downcast. The trip to the mill would occupy only three days; the third night he would be at home again; but as his wife had begun weeping around his neck, and he had kissed the forehead of his two-week-old son, he had felt an unwonted heaviness of heart. It was a relief to stop for a word with Mary. The composed serenity of her face and manner was reassuring.

"She is troubled, Mary, to have me leave her, but I have no choice in the matter. The corn must be ground; already I am late with it. She is unaccustomed to our solitude. A neighbor or two would help keep up her heart."

He looked rather wistfully about the clearing, hemmed in by the forest, with the mountains rising beyond. It had never occurred to him before that it was lonely. He had his home, his wife and children, and strength to work for them. Few pioneers looked for more.

"She will grow used to it in time," Mary said, but she felt again that sense of surprised contempt for one whose peace of mind depended on seeing the smoke-wreaths from other people's chimneys. Mary knew as little of neighbors as she did of fashions. It was impossible for her to put herself in the place of the timid young creature, transplanted from the bustle of a thriving city to a solitude almost like that of a primeval wilderness. The young wife had struggled bravely against the stranger-ness of it all, but now, her power of resistance lessened by physical weakness, she had given up the effort to conceal her apprehensions. Her husband's departure seemed to her to leave them all at the mercy of innumerable dangers.

As the oxen plodded up the slope, Jonathan Murray turned for another look at his home, the square, substantial house, with its roof sloping in the rear to within a few feet of the ground, the wide chimney, spacious enough to accommodate the generous gifts of the Christmas saint, who must find himself sadly incommoded in these modern days.

A girlish figure stood in the open door. She waved her hand to him with a gesture oddly reassuring. Jonathan Murray found his heart suddenly lighter. Mary would take care of the weeping young wife whom he had left and the little, squirming, red-faced son. He could trust Mary.

When he looked back again, just before he turned the bend, the watching figure had disappeared. Mary was indeed in her step-mother's room, summoned by the baby's lusty crying. She took the child in her arms, conscious of a curious tender warmth in her heart. "Little brother, you must not cry so loud," she said in his ear, and the child stopped with almost uncanny abruptness, and stared at her with big round eyes.

Across the top of the baby's bald head Mary looked rather helplessly at the swollen, tear-stained face of the mother. Such manifestations of weakness made her feel awkward and ill at ease. For herself, she would have thrust her hands among the blazing logs in the huge fire-place almost as soon as she would have wept where other eyes could see her. Yet again the tears were rolling down the thin cheeks of her father's wife, and two trembling hands were extended toward her appealingly.

"Mary, I cannot bear it! I am afraid. Oh, 'tis terrible, this loneliness! Night and day it rests like a

A MARTYR TO HAY FEVER

"Fruit-a-lives" Cured After 15 Years' Suffering

CORNWALL CENTRE, ONT., NOVEMBER 27th 1911.
"I was a martyr to Hay Fever for probably fifteen years and I suffered terribly at times. I consulted many physicians and took their treatment, and I tried every remedy I heard of as being good for Hay Fever but nothing helped me.
Then I heard of "Fruit-a-lives" and decided to try them, and I am thankful to say that this remedy cured me completely.
To every sufferer from Hay Fever, I wish to say—"Try Fruit-a-lives". This medicine cured me when every other treatment failed, and I believe it is a perfect cure for this dreadful disease—Hay Fever."
Mrs. HENRY KEMP.
The real cause of Hay Fever is a poisoning of the bowels, kidneys and skin. "Fruit-a-lives" cleans the blood by regulating bowels, kidneys and skin—and thus relieves the excessive strain on the nervous system. Try "Fruit-a-lives".
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

The few smouldering embers on the hearth would not check him.

Again the baby cried, and close upon the sound of bits of mortar came rattling down the chimney into the fireplace. It was plain that the father, attracted by the child's crying, was trying to make an entrance by way of the chimney. The falling mortar suggested that he was already testing the steep sides with his formidable claws.

Mary's eyes flew to the loaded musket hanging on the wall within reach. Like all girls in pioneer households, she could use a gun with a fair amount of dexterity; but even as she moved to take it down, doubt caused her to hesitate. If she shot up the chimney at the possible intruder, she was more than likely to miss, and before she could reload, the infuriated creature might be upon her. If she waited for his descent, she must shoot to kill. There would be no chance for a second shot.

She ran back into the bedroom, where the baby's fretful crying had begun again. Mistress Murray, seeing by the light of the candle that Mary carried, the white determination of the girl's face, needed to ask no questions. "Mary!" she gasped. She lifted herself on her elbow, and a terrified glance toward the candle, and then fell back in a dead faint.

Snatching the pillow from beneath the unconscious head, Mary closed and bolted the door on the fainting woman and the crying child. She had no time to weigh methods. Again the rattling mortar told what the big cat was about.

Mary caught her father's hunting-knife from the nail where it dangled, and slashed the heavy linen cover of the pillow. Then upon the ashes of the dying fire she emptied the contents of the case. The gleaming white goose feathers fell like snow upon the smouldering embers. In an instant a cloud of smoke was ascending the chimney, and with it the indelible smell of burning feathers.

Overhead a great cough waked the echoes. The big cat, his head hanging over the top of the chimney, as he meditated a downward leap, received the ascending fumes full in the face. The cough was repeated. There was a scurry, a rattle of claws and then a tawny body launched itself from the roof into the dark, as if that breath of civilization has aroused in it an over-whelming desire for the unutilized atmosphere of the forest. And Mary Murray, with trembling hands and shaking knees, proceeded without delay to build a roaring fire.

When Mistress Murray came to herself, her step-daughter was bending over her, moistening her forehead and rubbing her hands. The composure of the girl's manner was in itself an answer to the question that sprang to the young mother's lips. Nevertheless she asked it.

"Has it gone, Mary? Are we safe?"
"It has gone," said Mary, quietly, "and we are quite safe." Then she noticed that her stepmother, now that her mind was partly at ease, was smiling uncertainly.

"'Tis a most unpleasant odor, dear Mary," she murmured.
"Burnt feathers are the best of all remedies for faintness, or so I have been told," Mary replied demurely. And it was long before the other woman knew the mere weighty reason for the sacrifice of one of the best pillows. As Mary's hands smoothed the damp hair back from her forehead, Jonathan Murray's wife was comparing herself with his daughter, to her own great disadvantage.

"You are brave, like your father, dear Mary," she said, at last. "And

House Cleaning SUPPLIES

Old Dutch Cleanser, Ascepto Soap Powder, Surprise Scap Powder, Pearl-line, Bon Ami, Gold Dust Washing Powder, Soaps of all kinds, Whiting, White Wash Brushes, Scrub Brushes, Brooms and Wall Paper.

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Our Farm, Field and Garden Seeds have arrived. Try our Earliana Tomato Seed.

WANTED:—Butter, Beans, Potatoes and Eggs in exchange for goods.

J. I. Foster

\$1000
1100
1200
1200 and 15%
1300
1400

"Which of the above would you advise me to accept," writes a Maritime-graduate of three years ago. He can only accept one. For which of the others are you competent?"

Maritime Business College
Halifax, N. S.
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PRINCIPAL

Millinery

Exclusive Styles
—AT—
MODERATE PRICES
—AT—

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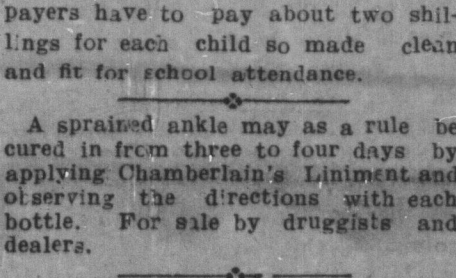
Order Work a Specialty

WANTED

A LARGE QUANTITY OF
HIDES, PELTS, CALF SKINS
& TALLOW

CASH PAID AT THE
HIGHEST MARKET PRICES

McKENZIE CROWE & Co., Ltd.



COSTS LITTLE
Accomplishes Much

A two cent stamp does a lot for very little money, but it would require thousands of two cent stamps and personal letters to make your wants known, to as many people as a 25c. investment in our Classified Want Ads.

"WEARWELL" PANTS FOR WORKING MEN ARE THE BEST VALUES.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

House Cleaning SUPPLIES

Old Dutch Cleanser, Ascepto Soap Powder, Surprise Scap Powder, Pearl-line, Bon Ami, Gold Dust Washing Powder, Soaps of all kinds, Whiting, White Wash Brushes, Scrub Brushes, Brooms and Wall Paper.

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