FAMILY DOCTOR'S GOOD ADVICE

To Go On Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Because They Did Her Good

ROCHON, P. Q., JAN. 14th, 1915.

"I suffered for many years with terrible Indigestion and Constipation. I had frequent dizzy spells and became greatly run down. A neighbor advised me to try "Fruit-a-tives". I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve, and he advised me to go on with "Fruit-a-tives".

I consider that I owe my life to "Fruit-a-tives" and I want to say to those who suffer from Indigestion, Constipation or Headaches—'try Fruit-a-tives' and you will get well". CORINE GAUDREAU.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

White Ribbon News.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union first organized in 1874.

AIM.—The protection of the home, the abolition of the liquor traffic and the triumph of Christ's Golden Rule in custom and in law.

MOTTO—For God and Home and Native Land.

BADGE—A knot of White Ribbon.

WATCHWORD—Agitate, educate, organize.

OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION.

President—Mrs. L. W. Sleep.
1st Vice President—Mrs. J. Cutten.
2nd Vice President—Mrs. R Reid.
3rd Vice President—Mrs. Geo. Fitch.
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Lumbermen—Mrs. J. Kempton.
Willard Home—Mrs. M. Freeman.
Temperance in Sabbath-schools—Mrs. Dr. Brown.
Evangelistic—Mrs. Purves Smith.
Peace and Arbitration—Mrs. J. Read
Press—Miss Margaret Barss.
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Walter Mitchell.
Loyal Temperance Legion—Mrs. L. Rand.

New York city justices of the court of special sessions have decided on most severe treatment for intoxicated persons driving autos One year in penitentiary and a fine of $500 will be their portion. There have been occasions hereabout when with such a law in effect there would have been opportunity to collect.

Here is a little story that the suffragists will be glad to clip for their scrap-books. During a supper-party a gentleman in conversation with Madam Duse remarked that it was absurd for women to expect equal rights with men. 'Man was made first,' he said, 'and woman sprang from man.'

'Quite so,' replied the actress quietly. 'It is natural for the flower to come after the stem, but surely you do not call that an indication of inferiority.'

Wheeling The Ice.

There is no worse pride than wanting to seem to be humble. A college student who recognized this temptation said to an older Christan friend: 'How do you get away from this? I was wheeling a lot of ice with one of the fellows. He said, 'let's go by the road.' 'No,' said I, 'let's go across the grass.' Now the reason I wanted to go across the grass was so that the people in the dormitory should see me wheeling the ice.' " This college student clearly recognized that he wanted to get the credit for the humility of being willing to do a menial task. Only he was franker than most of us who eagerly hope for just that sort of credit from the people who are watching our lives. When we are ready to let Christ deliver us from the selfish sin of wanting to seem humble, he can begin to work the miracle of accomplishing true humility in our otherwise self-serving lives.—"S. S. Times."

Compulsory Training.

Australia has adopted a system of compulsory military training for every young man between the ages of twelve and twenty-six years. From the ages of twelve to eighteen, drills, athletic exercises and shooting are a part of the regular school work. The junior cadets have not less then fifteen minutes daily for one hundred and twenty days a year, and the senior cadets considerable more. At the age of eighteen years the young man becomes a citizen soldier, and for the next eight years gives from sixteen to twenty-five days a year to training, a part of the time in camp

Safeguarded.

The following is a bona fide statement made by a seven-year-old girl who had listened to medical talk all her life. Being asked her father's business, she replied:

"My father is a doctor, but he isn't a quack! My father's got a license, so if he kills anyone they can't arrest him!"

NOT ENOUGH CHILDREN

ever receive the proper balance of food to sufficiently nourish both body and brain during the growing period when nature's demands are greater than in mature life. This is shown in so many pale faces, lean bodies, frequent colds, and lack of ambition.

For all such children we say with unmistakable earnestness: They need Scott's Emulsion, and need it now. It possesses in concentrated form the very food elements to enrich their blood. It changes weakness to strength; it makes them sturdy and strong and active.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

The History of Gasoline.

AT ONE TIME IT WAS THE INFANT TERROR OF THE OIL INDUSTRY.

Gasoline first compelled public attention in the role of the little demon in the kerosene or oil lamp In this capacity it kept the coroner and the insurance adjuster working overtime

When crude oil was first discovered in the Pennsylvania district the public received it as a cure-all for disease instead of fuel or an illuminant

Then it was discovered that by subjecting it to distillation a certain portion of it could be used for lighting purposes, to supplant candles and lamps using whale oil and vegetable oils.

But it was found that a considerable fraction—about 20 per cent.—of this oil had so low a boiling point was so volatile and explosive, that it was extremely dangerous in lamps At the sign of the coal oil lamp of that pioneer period fires and explosions were the prevailing programme.

It was soon seen by the refiner that if kerosene was to become a popular illuminant, the "light boiling point fraction" must be taken off the top and disposed of in some other way.

For a considerable time it was turned into the nearest streams and allowed to dispose of itself by evaporation; but experience proved that this was a very unwise method of disposal. The refiners were force to recognize the fact that in some way they must find a legitimate commercial outlet for this volatile fluid which was so explosive that it could not be dumped without great peril to life and property.

Under the pressure of this economic necessity, about 1875, a man named Hull, who was in touch with the Cleveland refiners, invented a gasoline stove which was the father of the gasoline stove of to-day For a time this furnished a very considerable outlet. A considerable quantity of gasoline was consumed at this period in street lamps and out-of-door lighting systems

About 1903 the motor car, with its internal combustion engine, appeared on the scene—just in time to rescue gasoline consumption from a decided setback, due to the fact that gas had come into general use for lighting and heating purposes and was able, on account of its greater cheapness and safety to push gasoline out of competition to a greater extent

Gasoline has in short pushed King Kerosene from the throne The outcast, the infant terror of the oil industry, has now become the czar of the whole empire of petroleum commerce, and there are few who do not pause at the sign of the garage pump to pay him tribute.

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. Surgical operation needless. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly cure you. 60c. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

"A friend of mine once gave out a notice which one would rather have left unsaid. While the preacher was actually in the pulpit, he announced—'The collection today will be to get rid of the dry-rot in the pulpit.' "

'Mamma,' asked three year-old Freddie, 'are we going to Heaven some day?' 'Yes dear, I hope so,' was the reply. 'I wish yapa could go too,' continued the little fellow. 'Well, and don't you think he will?' asked the mother. 'Oh, no!' replied Freddie; 'he couldn't leave his business.'

Towards the end of a tiresomely long play an actor came on in a prison scene and began picking at the walls of his cell with an iron bar. Pausing and wiping his brow, he said: 'This will take years.'

'Good night,' said a youth in the gallery.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

'There's one advantage in being poor.'

'I'd like to know what it is.'

'Well, if a poor man has a few friends he's dead certain they like him fot what he is, not for what he has, and a rich man isn't so sure.'

Picture Fiend—Where can I see a good moving picture today?

Her Friend—See 'The Last Days of Pompeii.'

Picture Fiend—How did he die?

Her Friend—I am not certain, but I understand it was from an eruption.

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT
MRS. A. LIVINGSTONE
Lot 5. P. E. I.

I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT,
Mahone Bay. JOHN MADER.

I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Bridgewater. JOSHUA A. WHYNACHT.

'Why do you insist on taking summer boarders?'

'I like to have 'em around,' replied Mrs. Corntossel. 'It's a comfort to have somebody criticisin' the table besides my own family.'

Knicker—What are the prevailing policies?

Bocker—Frightfulness and writefulness.

'I see that a widower with nine children has married a widow with seven children.'

'That was no marriage, that was a merger.'

The time has come when everybody's vocabulary must include a few mispronounced Mexican words.

"Thank you, I will take the Nerve Food with me."

"I don't want to miss a single dose, because it is doing me so much good. My nerves were so bad that I could not rest or sleep, and would get up in the morning feeling tired out.

"Besides that, I frequently had severe nervous headaches and got so cross and irritable that every little noise would set my nerves on edge. I did not seem to have any energy or strength, and the slightest exertion would use me up entirely.

"Then a friend told me of the benefit she obtained from using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I decided to give it a trial. It was not long till I found that I was sleeping better and enjoying my meals. There did not seem to be so much to worry me, and I began to find a new pleasure in life. It is wonderful the way the Nerve Food builds up my health and strength, and since I have been using it I have found out that many of my lady friends have had a similar experience."

This is the way women everywhere are talking about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Seldom has any treatment ever aroused so much favorable comment. While natural and gentle in action, this food-cure is wonderfully potent in building up the run-down system. Ask your friends about it and put it to the test when in need of restorative treatment.

50 cents a box, 6 for $2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes, sent free if you mention this paper.

The Heartening Drum.

HELPED A MARSHAL OF FRANCH TO SAVE HIS ARMY.

A general must alway preserve his dignity, but he should be prepared to do almost anything, even to taking a spade in the trenches, to keep his men in good heart in critical situations Many such crises occured during the terrible retreat of the French from Moscow in 1812, when what we should call blizzards prevailed. The cold found the French singularly unprepared for it Their sufferings were aggravated by the fact that supplies were scarce, for they had themselves, on their way to Moscow, devastated the country through which they marched

A drummer boy Maurice by name, who was on this dreadful expedition, late in life left a simple memoir of his experiences. He relates that one bitter day in the Wilna road the men were sinking on every side, and all seemed likely to perish, when Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl, rode up and shouted to the colonel;

'Twelfth of the line!' Where are your drummers

The colonel answered, 'for 12 days now I have had no drummer left but little Maurice here'

'My young friend,' said the marshal to the boy 'go to the head of the line and beat the march.'

Maurice went to the head of the line. He beat the march as hard as he could. The poor lad's heartbeats seemed to be quickened by the roll of the drum. They marched on bravely They held an important place in the line, and the marshal rode by the side of the little drummer.

For three-quarters of an hour Maurice beat the drum. Then the sounds began to fail His hands were stiff with cold His face and ears were frozen. Tears ran down his cheeks and froze on his skin as they fell

'Prince,' said the boy, 'I can't keep it up any longer, I am frozen.

Better fall behind and die, like the other drummers I'd rather go to sleep and die that way than suffer so cruelly.'

Marshal Davoust said nothing, but got down from his horse, gave it to an orderly and took the drum from Maurice's hands. Davoust had worked his way up from a low grade and in his early service had learned to drum

He beat the drum well enough, at any rate, to inspire the men Even little Maurice took heart, and after wrapping his fingers in cloth, was able to take the drum again and resume the march, while the soldiers struggled on through the snow against the biting wind

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

One of the oversights of history is its neglect of what John Lind said when the muzzle of office was removed.

Pointers on Publicity.

Stopping an ad to save money is like stopping a clock to save time

If all thought alike: there would be no horse trading or advertising

The time to advertise is all the time The man who fishes longest has the largest basket of fish.

Advertising is an insurance policy against forgetfulness It compels people to think of you

What makes Sapolio a household word? Continuous advertising. You are not allowed to forget it

The unprofitableness of advertising is not in doing too much of it—it is in not doing it correctly

Like eating, advertising should be continuous When to-day's breakfast will answer for tomorrow's you can advertise on the same principle.

Advertising does three things: Informs the public who you are, where you are, and what you have to sell, thus strengthening your correspondence and backing your salesmen

Advertising is the silent drummer that tells the public what the business man wants to know about the goods he has for sale—an injection of advertising into the veins of trade grows the business heart

No one lies awake thinking of your business, out of print, out of mind

WOMAN AVOIDS OPERATION

Medicine Which Made Surgeon's Work Unnecessary.

Astoria, N. Y.—"For two years I was feeling ill and took all kinds of tonics. I was getting worse everyday. I had chills, my head would ache, I was always tired. I could not walk straight because of the pain in my back and I had pains in my stomach. I went to a doctor and he said I must go under an operation, but I could not go. I read in the paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told my husband about it. I said "I know nothing will help me but I will try this." I found myself improving from the very first bottle, and in two weeks time I was able to sit down and eat a hearty breakfast with my husband, which I had not done for two years. I am now in the best of health and did not have the operation."—MRS. JOHN A. KOENIG, 502 Flushing Avenue, Astoria, N. Y.

Every one dreads the surgeon's knife and the operating table. Sometimes nothing else will do; but many times doctors say they are necessary when they are not. Letter after letter comes to the Pinkham Laboratory, telling how operations were advised and were not performed; or, if performed, did no good, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used and good health followed.

If you want advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

R. J. Whitten & CO.
HALIFAX

Receivers and Sellers of all kinds of Farm Produce.

Consignments Solicited.

Prompt Returns.

Germany's Losses

Boston Post:—The drain of this war upon the manhood of Germany is only too terribly set forth in the official tabulation of the casualty lists for the period including the month of May. These, as quoted, give the total of dead, wounded, prisoners and missing as 2,924,586

It is to be considered that, since these figures were compiled, the great Russian drive against the Austrians has brought in 118,000 prisoners, with possibly double that number left killed or wounded. No account, moreover, is taken of the loss in naval engagements. It is entirely within range, then to say that the cost to Germany thus far in the war exceeds largely three millions of its able-bodied men.

In comparison with this loss of efficient industrial population, the cost in money and in material seems insignificant, stupendous as it is.

A lion has just eaten a missionary in the Sudan. So it does happen outside of the comic papers!

'Ru Ro' is the newest world language. But the only successful world wide linguist so far has been cash.

The trouble apout the thing we call conscience is that it persists in speaking when we want it to keep quiet.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

By way of celebrating her seventieth birthday Sarah Bernhardt may try out another farewell tour in this country.

Women are not employed by the government as secret service workers The government is a crabbed old thing.

McKenna Block
WOLFVILLE

Is the placeto get your
SHAMPOOING
MANICURING
CHIROPODY
MASSAGE

Scalp and Face Treatment a specialty
All promptly attended to.

MRS. B. MELANSON

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The public are hereby forbidden the use of my property as a thoroughfare for teams between Main and Front Streets Persons persisting in thus trespassing will be prosecuted without further notice.

EVANGELINE D. BOWLES.
Wolfville, Sept 10th., 1915.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

Carefully Screened and Promptly Delivered.

Springhill, Albion Nut and Old Sydney.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Burgess & Co.

SAME OLD SPELL

It Came Over the Girl at the Proper Time as It Always Has.

By J. V. SYMONS.

"Lucia, dear, I have some news for you," said little Miss Brett, taking her by both hands in her dressing room in the Imperial theater. "I am going to leave the stage."

"You, my dear! Why—why Prescott told me himself that he means to give you the star part in 'Under Two Flags' next month. You can't mean it, you who have won fame almost in a night."

"But that doesn't mean anything to me now," answered the girl, smiling. "You see," she added in a lower voice, "I am engaged to be married."

Lucia Clay kissed her warmly and chatted for quite five minutes, which was a big slice out of a busy woman's life. Then she watched her go down the draughty corridor and sank back into her chair and wept bitterly.

People would have been astonished if they could have seen Lucia crying. She was one of the big discoveries of the past two years. But she had worked hard for her success. Ten years of barren poverty and unproductive labor lay behind her. Cold as ice, they called her. Even in stageland, that prolific center of gossip, her name had never been associated with that of any man. And yet she had temperament, she was superb in emotional parts. She seemed to have lived through and lived down something, so that the fires now glowed where formerly they had blazed, and under an exterior that was faultlessly serene.

"There must have been big experiences in Miss Clay's life," said an old critic to his friend once.

There had been, the biggest of all experiences, because the most universal. She had been married and her honeymoon had lasted eleven days

They had been days of delirious happiness both for herself and for the young painter, Lawrence Murdoch. I

"The Curtain's Up, Miss Clay."

had been almost a runaway match, except that neither had anybody to run from. He was a scene painter, and had once been spoken of as a coming man in his profession. Lucia was then just a stage-struck girl. She had played the ingenue's part in one or two productions creditably, and they possessed two hundred dollars between them. On the strength of this they were married.

It was an old, eighteenth century cottage in which they had elected to spend their honeymooon. Lucia would remember every detail of it as long as she lived; the clematis over the door, the patch of everblooming roses, the perky sweet williams along the gravelly walk. And their happiness had been intense for eleven days.

Then Lawrence went away. He left no letter, offered no explanation. But that he took his possessions with him, Lucia would have feared he had met with foul play. She came home from an unsuccessful search for work to find the house empty. After a day and a night of agonized searching she discovered that he was staying at the house of a friend of his. She went there, fearless in her humility of love. The man refused her admittance. Lucia saw Lawrence at the window; their eyes met and he turned away. Then Lucia went home.

It was long afterward that she learned the cause of her husband's abandonment. He had followed her to the theater, with the intention of meeting her and taking her to lunch. He had seen her in another man's arms. The other man was old Colonel Brett, a lifelong friend, of whom she had not told Lawrence during their three weeks' engagement. Colonel Brett had been her father's comrade in the war and her guardian for a while; he had taken her father's place after his death. He had accompanied his daughter to the theater when the stage-struck girl insisted on seeking a part and, meeting Lucia there, too, the old fellow had broken down and cried.

Ten years had passed since then. She had heard little of Lawrence. She would never explain, and if he had learned—but he could not have learned, or pride would never have suffered the continuance of this hideous tragedy.

"The curtain's up, Miss Clay," announced the colored woman who assisted with the wardrobes. Miss Clay put the final touches to her make-up and joined the little group in the wings. It was a repertoire piece, one of those that are put on by the best companies at times, either during the dull season or for some special cause, such as to fill up an unexpected gap in the schedule. There had been only two rehearsals, for the company had played this often before, and the scenery had been completed only that morning, the properties being lost somewhere in a tie-up in the middle west.

Lucia walked on the stage. She heard the applause of the audience as an accustomed thing, she glanced indifferently into the packed masses and bowed; and then she saw Lawrence's face, and he might have been her sole auditor, for everybody else was but a blur in the darkened auditorium.

She had never seen him since they parted. Now he sat in the third row of the parquet, watching her. He was hardly changed, but somehow the look on his face told her that his soul was hers, and that across the intervening years their spirits would leap together if only pride permitted. She turned And then, for the first time in her experience, Lucia Clay forgot her lines.

For on the canvas background was the little cottage of her memories. There was the clematis over the door, there were the everblooming roses and the sweet williams. And then Lucia was back in fairyland with her lover again.

How she stumbled through her part she never knew. Once or twice, waking out of a sort of dream, she saw the other members of the company regarding her with wonder. But when the curtain fell the last thing she saw was Lawrence's eyes looking into her own, and the old spell was on her, and she hurried to her dressing room, avoiding the anxious questions of her friends. She knew that an influence stronger than either of them had taken possession of them and had humbled their pride and enunciated the ancient law that marriage should last as long as they two should live.

She found him at the stage door, and because there was nothing to be said she took him by the arm and led him back upon the darkened stage. And there, by the feeble glimmer of the gas jets in the wings, they stood together before the little cottage and their vows were plighted.

"Mr. Prescott, I have some news for you," said Miss Clay that evening. "I am going to leave the stage."

"You, Miss Clay! Why—why, you can't mean it, you who have won a national reputation. We have looked forward to still greater triumphs for you—"

"But that doesn't mean anything to me now," answered Miss Clay, smiling. "You see—I am engaged to be married."

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

WOODEN LEG WON A HUSBAND

Happy Man So Satisfied With Previous Ventures That He Made a Determination to Stick.

Augustus Hare used to relate how a certain lady was wooed and won for the sake of her cork leg.

One day, not long after her marriage, she was, during her husband's temporary absence, urged by curiosity to open a wardrobe that had always been kept religiously fastened, and found therein, to her terror, two wooden legs, each of which was labeled with the name of a lady, carefully put away on one of the shelves.

Filled with dismay, she sought some mutual acquaintance, to whom she confided her gruesome discovery, only to be assured that, although the false limbs were indeed those of her husband's two former wives, there was no cause for alarm, for her husband, who had originally wedded a one-legged lady, had been so happy in his marriage that, on her death, he had vowed never to mate again save with a wife similarly circumstanced.

A short while afterward he met a lady who fulfilled the required stipulation. Her he courted and won. His second venture, even more felicitious than the first, had caused him, on his beloved partner's decease, to renew his former vow, the outcome of which was his present happy union. This explation calmed the wife's alarm, for she now recognized that the wooden legs were not only mementoes of past but guarantees of future happiness.—London Tit-Bits.

Who Owns Boy's Trousers?

To whom do a boy's trousers belong—to the boy himself or to his father? This momentous question was debated at a London county court, when a new trial of an action was asked for. While playing football in the street the boy concerned ran against a tin box outside a tradesman's shop, and tore his trousers. His father put in a claim for the value of the trousers, and the registrar allowed $1.25. The tradesman's counsel argued that the boy had no right to sue at all, as the trousers really belonged to his father, he being an infant. "Of course, the father could not steal them," remarked the judge. "It is clear they belong to the father," replied the counsel. "Whether the father could take them off or not, I will not say," observed the judge. "A father has a prior right over his son's trousers," repeated counsel. The judge refused the application for a new trial.

In accord with the eternal fitness of things, a man with narrow shoulders ought to wear a broadcloth coat.

E. B. SHAW

Repairing of Boots and Shoes of all Kinds

Has resumed business at the old stand in his new building.

Orders Solicited and Carefully Executed

Yarmouth Line

Steamship Prince Arthur

Leaves Yarmouth Wednesday and Saturday at 5 P. M. Return, leaves Central Wharf, Boston Tuesday and Friday, at 5 P. M.

Connection made with trains of the Dominion Atlantic Ry. and Halifax and South Western Ry. to and from Yarmouth.

Tickets and Staterooms at Wharf Office.

A. E. Williams, Agent.
Yarmouth, N. S.

BOSTON & YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

Professional Cards.

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Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
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One year post graduate study in Europe.
Office hours: 8—1 a. m.; 1—7—p. m. Throat work a specialty.
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BARRISTERS, SOLICITOR NOTARIES, ETC.
KENTVILLE - - N. S.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.
Voiceing, Regulating, Repairing Organs Tuned and Repaired.
M. C. Collins.
P.O. Box 321, Wolfville, N S.

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Licensed Auctioner for towns of Kentville and Wolfville, N. S.

C. PURVES SMITH
M.B.—C.M., Edinburgh
OCULIST.
Consultation Hours: 10 a.m.—12 noon 2 p.m.—4 p.m.
Monday Excepted. Telephone 163.
Westward avenue, Wolfville, N S.

Join heartily in every effort to better our town and district. Avoid the complaining spirit. Be a "Booster" and not a "Knocker." Patronize the people who live here and contribute to all local improvements. Do not send your money away to mail order houses, until you make sure that our local merchants cannot do as well or better. Generally they can do better.

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Wolfville Time Table

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY
& STEAMSHIP LINES
TO ST. JOHN VIA DIGBY
AND TO BOSTON VIA
DOMINION ATLANTIC RY
YARMOUTH (Steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth Steamship Co. Ltd)
— YARMOUTH LINE —
LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE

Effective to April 17th, 1916.
Service daily, except Sunday.

LEAVING.

Express for Halifax and Truro	6.15 a m
Express for St. John and Yarmouth	9.54 a m
Express for Halifax and Truro	4.15 p m
Express for Kentville	5.54 p m
Accom. for Halifax	11.25 a m
Accom. for Middleton	12.55 p m

Express trains leaving at 9.54 a.m. daily, except Sunday, and 5.54 p.m. on Saturday only connect at Kentville with C. V. Branch train for Kingsport.

ARRIVING

Express from Kentville	6.15 a m
Express from Halifax & Truro	9.54 am
Express from Yarmouth	4.15 p m
Express from Halifax	5.54 p m
Accom. from Middleton	11.25 a m
Accom. from Halifax	12 55 p m

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY

Daily Service (Sunday Excepted)

Canadian Pacific Railway S. S. 'Empress leaves St. John 7.00 a. m. arriving in Digby about 1.15 a.m. Leaves Digby 1 50 p. m. arriving St John 5.00 p m., making connection at St. John with trains of Canadian Pacific Ry. for Montreal and the West.

Boston Service

Express train leaving at 9.54 a.m. for Yarmouth connects with steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Co., Ltd., sailing Wednesdays and Satudays for Boston.

Buffet parlor cars run each way, daily, except Sunday, on Mail Express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

R. U. PARKER
General Passenger Agent,
George E. Graham, General Manager
Kentville, N. S.

Electrical Supplies

Dealer in Electrical Supplies of every description. Electrical Wiring a specialty. All work guaranteed. Store next to Calkin's Drug Store. Open every evening. P. O. Box 1, Wolfville

L. W. PORTER

Building Repairs.

We manufacture and keep in stock building finish necessary for repair work or new buildings.

Ask for our prices on soft and hardwood flooring, sashes, doors, verandah stock, sheathing, gutters, mouldings, frame stock, shingles and laths.

Ask for our Furniture Catalogue.

J. H. HICKS & SONS
Furniture and Builders' Materials
Factory and Warerooms, - BRIDGETOWN, N. S.