THE WONDERFUL FRUIT MEDICINE

Thousands Owe Health And Strength To "Fruit-a-tives"

"FRUIT-A-TIVES", the marvellous medicine made from fruit juices — has relieved more cases of *Stomach, Liver, Blood, Kidney and Skin Troubles than any other medicine.* In severe cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in the Back, Impure Blood, Neuralgia, Chronic Headaches, Chronic Constipation and Indigestion, "Fruit-a-tives" has given unusually effective results. By its cleansing, healing powers on the eliminating organs, "Fruit-a-tives" tones up and invigorates the whole system.

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.

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White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Walter Mitchell.
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In Our Father's Care.

The ships glide into the harbor's mouth
And the ships sail out to sea,
And the wind that sweeps from the sunny south
Is as sweet as sweet can be.

There's a world of toil and a world of pains,
There's a world of trouble and care;
But, oh, in a world where our Father reigns
There is gladness everywhere.

The earth is fair in the breezy morn,
And the toilers sow and reap,
And the fullness comes to the tassaled corn
Whether we wake or sleep;

And far on the hills by feet untrod
There are blossoms that scent the air;
For, oh, in this world of our Father God,
There is beauty everywhere.

The babe lies soft on the mother's breast,
And the tide of joy flows in
He giveth, he taketh, and knoweth best—
The Lord, to whom we win.

And oh, when the soul is with trials tossed,
For never a soul that loves is lost,
And our Father is everywhere.

The ships sail over the harbor bar,
Away and away to sea;
The ships sail in with the evening star
To the port where no tempests be
The harvest waves on the summer hills,
And the bands go forth to reap;
And all is right, as our Father wills,
Whether we wake or sleep

—Anomymous

Swedish Parliament.

It is not generally known that it has been determined to discontinue the sale of intoxicants in the Rigsdad or Swedish Houses of Parliament In future no liquors will be sold which coutain more than two per cent of alcohol. In Britain no liquors are excisable if they contain less than two per cent of alcohol. This resolution has given lively satisfaction to the Temperance Reformers of Sweden. The chief illustrated paper, 'Puck,' has had as its frontispiece a picture of the main entrance to the Rigsdad with the letters I O. G. T. above the doorway, thus emphasizing in striking fashion the practical exclusion of intoxicants from the popular legislative chamber of Sweden.—Australian 'Christian Globe.'

In Dread of Croup.

Every motber dreads croup unless she knows about Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Given in frequent small doses, at the first indication of trouble, this treatment loosens the cough and affords relief and comfort. Its use should be kept up until the child is entirely recovered.

'What is his ambition?'

'A year or two ago he wanted to make a great fortune; now he's decided that he'll die happy if ever he makes a golf course in par.'

A WORD FOR MOTHERS

It is a grave mistake for mothers to neglect their aches and pains and suffer in silence—this only leads to chronic sickness and often shortens life.

If your work is tiring; if your nerves are excitable; if you feel languid, weary or depressed, you should know that Scott's Emulsion overcomes just such conditions.

It possesses in concentrated form the very elements to invigorate the blood, strengthen the tissues, nourish the nerves and build strength.

Scott's is strengthening thousands of mothers—and will help you. Try it.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

Poultry.

To anyone who has not carefully followed the direction of poultry development in Canada, an understanding of the status which the poultry industry has now reached must constitute a distinct surprise. Whether viewed from the standpoint of the farmer or of the produce trade, it is now one of the best organized and most progressive of any of our live stock industries. Co operation among st farmers in marketing is improving the product and realizing for them a higher price then they have hitherto been able to obtain. The reorganization of methods by the trade is providing against loss in handling, is assuring to the consumer a better article and establishing our export business upon a firm basis.

It is estimated that Canada and Cuba, during the last twenty years received from the United States about three-fourths of all the eggs exported by that country during that period This situation, however, has now changed. As against an importation in 1913 of 13,240,111 dozen, we imported in 1915 not more then 3 783 952 dozen. On the other hand, while in 1913 we exported only 147,149 dozen, in 1915 we exported 7 898 322 dozen. This constitutes a net increase in production, in two years, of at least 17,100,000 dozen. Practically all of these exports went to the United Kingdom

Notwithstanding the surplus in Canada which these figures indicate prices during March, April and May have remained at an extraordinarily high level. For the first quarter of the year 1916, the price to producers, selling co-operatively, has been at least 4c. in advance of the price received, for the same period, in 1915. For the month of March, it was at least 5c in advance and for the month of April at least 3c in advance of last year's price for these respective months. The demand for eggs for local consumption, for storage purposes and for immediate export, has rarely been so keen as at the present moment. The situation is clearly reflected in the prices just quoted Heavy domestic consumption in the face of the high price for meats, partly explains this condition. Confidence in the export connection on the part of the producer, which confirms it from a further direction. Not withstanding increased production the egg and poultry business in Canada is in a very strong position at the present time

Under these circumstances, we believe that it will be a very wise practice to raise as many chickens as it is possible or practicable to handle. Early hatched chicks make good winter layers. Rough grains will probably be produced in abundance in Canada this year and the feeding of poultry at a profit should be materially assisted from this source Eggs at winter prices are a paying proposition, in any event. Poultry, alive or dressed, under present and prospective market conditions, can unquestionably be reared and finished at a decided profit. A good flock of poultry if carefully handled, will serve to prevent waste on the farm and promote economy in living expenses, such as is particularly necessary when all farm products are beginning so marketable and so dear

PILES

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

His Last Moments.

The dangers of travel by sea at this time have played havoc with the nerves of timid passengers.

Early one morning recently there was considerable commotion on the decks of a coastwise vessel plying between Savannah and Baltimore, when a scantily clad man hurried from his stateroom and dashed toward the upper deck. On the way he ran into the captain of the vessel.

'What's the matter, captain?' he managed to gasp 'Have we been torpedoed?'

'Calm yourself, my dear sir, and be prepared for the worst,' answered the official.

'Oh, don't tell me we're going down!' moaned the other. 'Quick, where are the life preservers?'

'They wouldn't be of any service at this stage,' explained the captain.

'Too late?' quavered the despairing passenger.

'Yes,' said, the captain, very solemnly. 'We've done all we can for you. You'll have to look out for yourself from now on You see, we've just tied up to the dock.'

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Hamburg Roast.

Procure one and one-half lbs. of Hamburg steak freshly chopped. Add two slices of fat salt pork finely chopped, one-half cup of soft stale bread crumbs, one egg slightly beaten three-fourths of a teaspoon of salt and a few grains of pepper. Shape in the form of a loat, place on rack in dripping pan, dredge with flour and arrange thin strips of fat salt pork over the top. Roast for 45 minutes in a hot oven, basting every seven minutes, at first with hot water and then with the fat in the pan. Serve with gravy made with the fat remaining in the pan, hot water and browned flour.

Headache is not a disease in itself, but comes as a warning to tell you that there is something wrong with the system. Consequently when you stop a headache by the use of powerful narcotic drugs, you merely stifle the "danger signal" by which Nature tells you that there is trouble ahead.

A starved condition of the nervous system is by far the most frequent cause of headache. You may be going too fast a pace and burning the candle at both ends. The nervous system has no opportunity to renew its vigor, and the result is nervous headache, sleeplessness, indigestion and irritability.

Why not select a treatment that aims to remove the cause of trouble by enriching the blood and building up the starved and exhausted nerves. Such is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and the effectiveness of this food cure is so well known that we scarcely need tell you about it.

In almost every newspaper you will find some cure reported as a result of using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The mention of it among your friends will reveal the fact that nearly everybody knows it as the standard medicine for diseases of the nerves and other ailments arising from a watery condition of the blood.

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.

Queen Elizabeth's Coal.

Queen Elizabeth was the first English monarch to realize the value of the coal mines as a State owned monopoly. She obtained a lease of all the Dunham fields for 99 a year, and then proceeded to manipulate a corner in coals with much success. She annexed the private pits of the Percys when they were profitably developing themselves, and only consented after a time to allow them a small percentage on their own stuff. She chartered a company in Newcastle as virtual monopolists in the sale of Northumbrian coal to shippers, and so engineered matters that the Lord Mayor of London complained that the Scots had more rights than Englishmen, easy to a monopoly and begged for some limitation to the price which had now been forced up to a pound a chaldron Coal is dearer at its kennedst in London at 45s. a chaldron.

It was the good lady's first visit to the cinematograph. For a long time she stood in silent awe at the wonders of the screen, where all sorts of impossible things took place

She could hardly believe the evidence of her own eyes. These things were real, they were actually happening. She stood with goggling eyes as minute succeeded minute

To a motor car expected on the screen, comes into sight in the distance and comes along a country road at about a mile a minute straight out of the picture at the audience.

Catastrophe seemed inevitable, and she sank back on her seat. Then, just at the critical moment, it swerved aside and dashed out of sight

The old lady rose firmly to her feet, ignoring the protests of those behind her.

'Come along Annie,' she said to her youthful niece: 'I ain't safe here. That thing only missed me by a few inches'

Sandy had just met his girl at the end of the street, where she was waiting for him. She was looking into a confectioner's window when Sandy made his presence known by remarking:

'Weel, Jeanie, what are ye gaun to have the nicht?

She, not inclined to ask too much, replied:

'Oh, I'll jus take what you'll take, Sandy.'

'Oh, then we'll baith take a walk!' said Sandy, as he led her away.

A man visiting a prison on noticing how politely and well the prisoners behaved, remarked on this to the warden.

'Yes,' he said, 'they are all polite. For example, there was one the other day, who got away in the night and left behind the following letter for me: 'I hope you will excuse the liberty I am taking'.—Brummer.'

Young Lady Visitor (at private hospital) Can I see Lieut Barker, please?'

Matron, 'We do not allow ordinary visiting. May I ask if you're a relative?'

Visitor (boldly): 'Oh, yes! I'm his sister.'

Matron: 'Dear me! I'm very glad to meet you. I'm his mother.

British Endurance.

A great English writer, Mr G K. Chesterton, has lately been offering the suggestion that among many vices the Britisher has one fine virtue—the virtue of facing danger with a don't care mien, of going into battle singing a comic song. A hundred Zeppelin raids do not disturb him, a thousand scare headlines of the pessimist do not stampede him into a panic—he grouses and grumbles furiously, but, for all that, in the fevered city, the hysterical mart, the darkened streets and the sodden shell-shotten trenches he keeps his happy-go-lucky temper. In a current review Punch A quatrain is made to ask by wireless 'Where is this war that we call the civilization?' The modern poet answers in utter ignorance. It is, I feel, a tired sort through everyone. It is the sort of thing A cynic might easily say. It is British to the core; it is the sort of thing Tommy Atkins says every day in the trenches 'What's the war that you are all talking about?' asks a medical man gives first aid to the shattered arm 'That's what we British are. That's how the Almighty made us; and we can see how it helps. It is one of the reasons why as an army, navy and as a nation we don't know when we are beaten and as a consequence we very rarely are beaten. This very spirit it is going to stand us in good stead in these dark days of calamity and some man will be found ready to stand in the gap created by the untimely and tragic death of Earl Kitchener

'I tell you, my friends' roared the American patriot on the stump 'our navy may not be the biggest and finest thing of its kind afloat, but we have two of the finest oceans lapping our shores to sail on that the history of the world has ever known.'

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale.

All the people use it.

HARLIN FULTON.

Pleasant Bay, C. B.

Sir George Alexander is drawing all London by his remarkable acting in a delightful comedy at the St. James Theatre.

As many people are aware, Sir George's original name was Samson before he went on the stage, and apropos of this fact a good story is told

A well-known theatrical manager was once discussing Sir George with a friend.

'By the way, Alexander isn't his right name, is it?' inquired the friend

'No,' said the manager. It used to be Samson. It was a pity to change the name of Samson to Alexander.'

'O, but Alexander conquered the world, you know!' laughed the other.

'Yes,' answered the manager, 'but Samson is a more appropriate theatrical name. Have you forgotten that Samson was the first man who brought down the house?'—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right,
But only to discover and to do
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.—J an Ingelow

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT

Mrs. Sheldon Spent $1900 for Treatment Without Benefit. Finally Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Englewood, Ill. — "While going through the Change of Life I suffered with headaches, nervousness, flashes of heat, and I suffered so much I did not know what I was doing at times. I spent $1900 on doctors and not one did me any good. One day a lady called at my house and said she had been as sick as I was at one time, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made her well, so I took it and now I am just as well as I ever was. I cannot understand why women don't see how much pain and suffering they would escape by taking your medicine. I cannot praise it enough for it saved my life and kept me from the Insane Hospital."—Mrs. E. SHELDON, 5657 S. Halsted St., Englewood, Ill.

Physicians undoubtedly did their best, battled with this case steadily and could do no more, but often the most scientific treatment is surpassed by the medicinal properties of the good old fashioned roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If any complication exists it pays to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special free advice.

FOR SALE!

Those interested in building lots at the west end, would do well to confer with E. C. Johnson, as he is now offering for sale the only available lots at this center.

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.

WHEN A MAN MARRIES

This One Fancied Himself in Love With His Fiancee's Avowed Rival.

By GEORGE MUNSON.

"I'll walk home with you, Dick," said Frank Fayles to his friend Richard Talbot, and started away with him from Miss Landis' door. At the corner of the block he stopped and wrung his friend's hand violently.

"I congratulate you, old man," he said warmly. "I think your fiancee is one of the finest girls I've ever met—and just suited to you, too."

"It's odd, Dick," he continued, "but I never gave you credit for being able to pick a winner like that. I don't believe any of your friends did, either. I suppose your being an artist makes us think you must be erratic and miserably married and all that. But you've done splendidly, my boy, and I bet your married life will be one long dream of paradise."

Talbot did not reply, and his friend, mortified by his coldness, accompanied him in silence. Talbot was thinking bitterly of his folly—his absolute folly. It was too late to withdraw with honor now. The wedding was only one month away. And during the past two weeks he had come to realize that he had made the mistake of his life.

He had thought Elsie Landis all that could be desired in any woman until—until he had met Edith Spinner. A friend had introduced them, and then Talbot knew that, deeply as he had been in love during his thirty-odd years of life, he had never surrendered so completely to the divine passion before. Honor forbade him to speak; but the pressure of their hands when they met must have betrayed them to each other. They had met three times only—and he was head over heels in love with Edith.

He thought over his future that night. He could not withdraw. He

"Do You Know You Have Been Acting in a Very Odd Manner Lately?"

could not tell Elsie the cause of his coldness. But he could, and must, in honor tell her of his miserable doubts for their future happiness. How could he ever have thought himself in love with Elsie, when Edith Spinner was the very complementary portion of his soul?

He rose up after a sleepless night, resolved to give Elsie the chance to reconsider. One thought buoyed him up; loving as she was, he had felt that of late—ever since he had known Edith, in fact—her affection had been less demonstrative. What if she also had come to believe that happiness would not bless their union? The day dragged with feet of lead. It was not until eight o'clock that evening that he found himself in Elsie's presence.

Their greeting was commonplace enough: The handshake, the kiss, and even that seemed perfunctory. Talbot sat down.

"Richard," said his fiancee, looking at him curiously, "do you know you have been acting in a very odd manner lately?"

"I? How is that?" he stammered.

"You haven't seemed to love me as much as you used to," she stammered. "I have been thinking—O, Richard, don't you care for me?"

A moment later and she was on her knees at his side, her arms around him, weeping.

"Elsie!" exclaimed Richard, miserably, "I—I love you—"

"You won't love me when I have told you something," she sobbed.

"Tell me and see," said he. He could think of nothing better to say.

"I have been untrue to you," she sobbed. "I don't mean that I've—kissed anybody else. No, but—O, Richard, you are so simple and noble, you would never understand. Well, I—I had been wondering whether our marriage was going to be happy. It had begun to seem so ordinary, our love. And then I met a man—just two weeks ago. He fascinated me and—and I loved him more than you, dearest."

Richard sat up very straight. This was a turning of the tables with a vengeance.

"We never told each other," she went on, weeping bitterly. "But he knew and I knew, and it seemed so hopeless that that only added to the feeling between us. And I was frantic. I felt that we ought not to be married until you knew—and I didn't dare to tell you until today."

"Why today?" inquired Richard kindly.

"Because he is married now," sobbed Elsie. "He got married yesterday. And he had been engaged to her for a whole year—just think of that! He had just been flirting with me and I—fooling me. And then a sudden revulsion came over me and I knew that it was you I had loved all the time. Richard, can you ever forgive me or shall I give you back your ring?"

She rose to her feet and stood before him, a picture of tragic misery and despair.

"Who was the man?" inquired Richard, conscious of an odd sense of helpless jealousy.

"Nobody you know, Richard," she answered. "So it wouldn't do you any good to tell you his name. But I'll tell you whom he married. I believe you met her once. It was a Miss Spinner."

"Edith Spinner!" he shouted, and out of the tumult of emotions in his heart he was conscious of a mad rage that dominated all others.

"Yes, Richard. She is said to be a dreadful flirt and to have had affairs with half a dozen men at the same time. I don't believe there will be much happiness for them. Why, what is the matter?"

"Come here, Elsie," said Richard, and led her to the lounge. "Elsie, dearest, I have been as big a fool as—I mean, we have both behaved like ninnies. Do you know I have been fancying myself in love with Edith?"

"You, Richard? Since we were engaged! Why, how dared you?"

"How dared you?" he retorted.

"I didn't!" she cried. "It was purely imagination. I just feared that we might'n't be quite suited to each other and—"

"That's what I did."

"You never kissed her, Dick?"

"Never!" he said, looking her in the eyes, and then suddenly he drew her upon his knee and kissed her

"You see, dearest," he said, "it amounts to this: I guess when two people are going to get married they expect all sorts of things of each other, and then, when they don't quite measure up to the mark, each thinks the marriage is going to be unhappy. Well, I guess that isn't the proper basis for marriage. There must be a sort of mutual trust and confidence and—what I'll call faith. Elsie, darling, shall we start over again in that spirit?"

"Yes, Richard," she answered, raising her lips to his. "But—you're quite sure that you never kissed her, Dick?"

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

QUAINT OLD GERMAN CITIES

Empire of Peoples That Are as Diverse as Are Territories They Occupy.

Germany is a big country. Moreover, it is the most interesting country in Europe save Italy. Towns can be found there that are, as Henry James would call them, "mediaeval silhouettes;" and there also are the most ultra modern cities in the world, cities that are more representative of the best of the twentieth century's thought on municipal life and municipal problems than is any American municipality, says the Travel Magazine. It is an empire of peoples as diverse as are the territories they occupy; the brusque and domineering Prussians, living in the vast plain of northern Germany; the ancient Saxons, still clinging to former superstitoins and still living in the beautiful environment of their exquisite old-time towns and in the atmosphere of legend and romance that lingers yet around the regions of the Harz; the gay Wurtemburgers, with their brilliant capital of Stuttgart; and best of all, beautiful, enchanted Bavaria, land of medieval cities, of mountains, of castles, of lakes, of the kindly, fine-faced men and women who live there, Let me outline a charming trip from Cologne to Hegensburg.

From Cologne to Mayence, which constitutes the tourist's Rhine, is 117 miles, and the trip can be made in a day on steamers that are comfortable. The narrow stream, seldom more than a quarter of a mile in width and more frequently much less, is crowded with boats of every description; on the banks are large cities of modern look, and villages that still preserve in wall and tower the appearance of a distant past; terraced vineyards lead from the water's edge up steep hillsides to ruined castles on the summits; and over all is an atmosphere of legend and of wild and thrilling historic fact that makes of the rhine country one of the great objective points in every European tour. Guerver's "Legends of the Rhine" should be read by the traveler who would get the spirit of what he sees; and some knowledge of the history of the varied peoples now united in imperial Germany, and of their varying stages of civilization, is also essential to a full enjoymdent of the land.

His Side Line.

"That poet who wrote an ode to a punch of daffodils and won the $10,000 prize offered by that eastern magazine—is that all he does for a living?"

"By no means. He is also an authority on onion culture and is a staff contributor for three agricultural journals."

Step Lively.

Yeast: "Nothing will make a person walk so quickly as good cold weather."

Crimsonbeak: "Oh, I don't know. There's the dinner-bell."

COAL! COAL! COAL!

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Springhill, Albion Nut and Old Sydney.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

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AND TO BOSTON VIA
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— — 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. 'Yarmouth' 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.

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SHAMPOOING
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Scalp and Face Treatment a specialty
All promptly attended to.

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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.

F. J. PORTER

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

Yarmouth Line

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Leaves Yarmouth Wednesday and Saturday at 5 P. M. Return, leaves Central Wharf, Boston Tuesday and Friday, at 3 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.

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