WORLD'S GREATEST KIDNEY REMEDY

"Fruit-a-tives" Have Proved Their Value In Thousands of Cases

WONDERFUL RECORD OF A WONDERFUL CURE

Only Remedy That Acts On All Three Of The Organs Responsible For The Formation Of Uric Acid In The Blood.

Many people do not realize that the Skin is one of the three great eliminators of waste matter from the body. As a matter of fact, the Skin rids the system of more Urea (or waste matter) than the Kidneys. When there is Kidney Trouble, Pain In The Back and Acrid Urine, it may not be the fault of the kidneys at all, but be due to faulty Skin Action, or Constipation of the bowels.

"Fruit-a-tives" cures weak, sore, aching Kidneys, not only because it strengthens these organs but also because "Fruit-a-tives" opens the bowels, sweetens the stomach and stimulates the action of the skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

The Battle of Blenheim

(Southey's bitterly ironical poem on the battle of Blenheim is applicable to almost all the wars that have cursed the people of the earth and especially appropriate to present conditions in Europe when millions of men are being hurled at each other's throats, the great majority of them led like lambs to the slaughter, ignorant of the why and the wherefore.)

It was a Summer's evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother, Peterkin,
Roll something large and round,
Which he, beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found.
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh:
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory!
"I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often when I go to plow,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory!"

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory!"

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
Your little stream hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun.
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
'It was a famous victory!

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win,"
"But what good came of it at last?
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

The Carpenter

My, but the carpenter is slow,
With him, my patience fails;
He even stops his work to go
And manicure his nails.
—Cincinnati "Enquirer."

For getting things done in a rush
He does not care a straw;
He'll lay his work aside to brush
His teeth upon his saw.
—Boston "Transcript."

For laziness there cannot be
The equal of that lad's;
His work neglected now, while he
Sits there and reads his adz.
—Columbia "State."

As if that were not bad enough,
His time he idly whiles
With rules and saws and other stuff,
Just looking through his files.

Through Europe on the Eve of War

A Record of Personal Experience

(Continued from page 3.)

The boat from Flushing to Queenborough, at the mouth of the Thames, was so crowded with people and baggage that there was hardly room to sleep. Yet everybody was kindly, for everybody recognized that we were "all in the same boat" in more senses than one. Some of us made ourselves helpful in assisting mothers who had three or four children as well as three or four pieces of baggage. I made the acquaintance of babies of all nationalities if not of all tongues. (For French, English, and Russian babies cry in the same language, and a baby's yell is the original Esperanto.) Fortunately we had a smooth sea and did not have the added wrestle with sea sickness. That would have been the last straw. But the tensest moment of all the journey was before us. When we reached the mouth of the Thames we were stopped by a British cruiser and informed that mines had been laid in the channel in anticipation of a German attack and that a naval pilot would have to steer us through. We had implicit confidence in that pilot, nevertheless we all held our breath and a great sigh of relief came when we were safely through. One of our eminent divines—I will not say whether it was one of the bishops or not—remarked that he hoped to go to heaven when he died, but he did not want to be blown into it. I suppose it affected his sense of a dignified approach. If we could not have laughed once in a while our hearts would have broken over what we saw awaiting poor Europe. At Queenborough the English government made one great mistake, pardonable perhaps in view of the great strain upon it and the imminence of greater things. Here were hundreds of poor, tired refugees, most of them England's own people, fleeing to her arms, mothers and sick, crying babies. It was then night and everybody was anxious to get to London. And yet that exhausted, fleeing crowd was made to carry all its hand luggage to the customs office and have it submitted to examination. Many did not get away for an hour or more because of this, for they had to wait for new trains to be made up. One indignant Englishman exclaimed to the chief customs officer, "Is this the welcome England gives to those who are rushing home to fight for her?" It made no impression. It was much more important that one box of cigars should not get into England free of sixpence duty that night than that a thousand people should be spared the discomfort of that hard hour. One who passes through custom houses often soon realizes that nations are childish in more ways than one. By midnight all our eighty delegates were asleep somewhere in London. Although the hotels were crowded, they somehow managed to accommodate all Americans. In closing the record of this eventful journey let me bear witness to the kindness of the London hotel proprietors to Americans. They lodged and fed many who had no money, and in many cases even lent money to those who could not get their checks and letters of credit cashed immediately.

In the next chapter I shall tell the story of the adjourned meeting of the Conference in London, during one of the greatest moments in England's history.

FREDERICK LYNCH.

First Dose Ends Indigestion, Heartburn, or Gas on Stomach

The question as to how long you age going to continue a sufferer from indigestion, dyspepsia or out-of order stomach is merely a matter of how soon you begin taking Tonoline Tablets.

People with weak stomachs should take Tonoline Tablets occasionally, and there will be no more indigestion, no feeling like a lump of lead in the stomach, no heartburn, sour risings, gas on stomach, or belching of undigested food, headaches, dizziness or sick stomach; and besides, what you eat will not ferment and poison your breath with nauseous odors. All these symptoms resulting from a sour, out-of-order stomach and dyspepsia are generally relieved five minutes after taking Tonoline Tablets.

Go to your druggist and get a $1. box of Tonoline Tablets and you will always go to the table with a hearty appetite, and what you eat will taste good, because your stomach and intestines will be clean and fresh, and you will know there are not going to be any more bad nights and miserable days for you. Tonoline Tablets freshen you and make you feel like life is worth living.

Tonoline Tablets cost $1.00 for a fifty days' treatment. At druggists or mailed by American Proprietary Co., Boston, Mass.

October Number Rod and Gun

Although the opening article in the October number of Rod and Gun in Canada magazine, published by W. J. Taylor, Ltd., Woodstock, Ont., is descriptive of a notable Canadian Canoe Race in which canoe men racing on the Lievre and Ottawa Rivers covered over two hundred miles in sixty hours, the table of contents shows a predominance of big game hunting stories. "How 1913 Turned Out Lucky for One Bull Moose" is the story of a moose hunt in Quebec Wilds; "An Unusual Hunting Trip" describes an American sportsman's outing after moose in New Brunswick forests; while "Moose Hunting in the Riding Mountains of Manitoba" tells of a Winter hunt in that Province. "Trapped" is an amusing story of how a Western sportsman outwitted the R. N. W. M. P. representative. Other stories and the regular departments make up an interesting big game issue for Canadian sportsmen.

THE MINISTER'S ANSWER.

It Was More Than He Really Expected.

By SYLVIA MEREDITH.

The little minister—little in stature, little in power, little in salary—sat before a table in his study diligently and laboriously searching amid the leaves of various volumes of reference and occasionally scribbling a few sentences on paper which later on should serve as notes for his sermon on the following Sunday.

The Rev. James Philander Dubois smiled fondly and proudly and gratefully while he thought. He was an unmarried churchman who felt it incumbent upon himself to become one of the two principal performers in a ceremony in which already he had become quite proficient as an agent of fate where others were concerned.

So he leaned back and gazed at the ceiling and thought of a beautiful, brave young creature. He lingered mentally on her radiant face, her graceful form, and heard in his brain the sweet thrill of her voice.

He had never thought thus of any woman before. Until he first saw Marguerite Van Diemen a year ago he looked on all women with an academic eye as parishioners and studied them only to decide what branch of church work, if any, they were best fitted for.

But the year that followed his first sight of the violet eyes of Miss Marguerite and the brown hair that shone like sunny light drowned in amber pools in a forest brook had been a year of awakening for him.

It was not a quite complete awakening, however. He was very thoroughly awake—wide, staring, stark awake—to the knowledge that he was so deeply in love with her that to lose her would mean a dreary, sorrowful life for him, but he was not awake enough to suppose that he had any qualities or attributes to please so wonderful and clever and bright a creature. He expected her answer to be "No," but he was pining just the same to ask the question.

So, like the courageous and determined little minister that he was, he had written to her asking for the favor of an interview on a matter very important to him. And she had replied, appointing that very evening and adding, "You should know that I have declined an invitation to the County club dance in order to give you this evening, though the dance is the last one of the season, and I was really anxious to go."

The clock struck the hour, and the minister became aware with a sharp start that it was high time to keep his appointment. He arose and put on his overcoat.

At that moment the doorbell rang. Passing through an adjoining room, he opened the door and saw before him a young woman, poorly dressed in a faded gown of blue, her head topped off with a hat of uncertain texture, under which her hair hung forth in all directions. Her face was terribly wasted and sallow.

The reverend gentleman shrank back. He wished that he could escape what he foresaw would be a long delay, but sense of duty conquered the human instinct at once.

The young woman spoke as soon as he opened the door. "Won't you give me something to eat?" she begged. "I haven't had anything since morning."

"Poor soul!" muttered the little minister. "The housekeeper is out for the afternoon, but I shall do the best I can for you. Will you come to the kitchen while I investigate the pantry?"

As the unkempt young woman followed him into the kitchen the minister felt such deep, angry annoyance as only a man can feel when the woman he loves is waiting for him while circumstances keep him away. But the moment he realized that he, a minister, pledged to help the afflicted and the sinning, had what was almost an emotion of hatred toward this poor creature he crushed down what were wicked and shameful thoughts to him. He hastened to bring out all the food he could find and set it before her.

"Have you been a victim of circumstances or what is termed hard luck?" was one of the first things the minister asked after he had dished up cold victuals and a quantity of vegetables.

"Oh, it's a long story," insinuatingly replied the woman, while she devoured the stuff set before her.

"Whatever may have been the past," said the little minister, "don't forget that forgiveness is yours for the asking."

He spoke in his most persuasive accents to the poor creature. Finally she broke down and told all her story—an old, old story, not at all romantic, not even interesting to any except the poor creature herself. The minister listened patiently to her long, labored, tedious recital, and if sometimes he felt as if he would go wild with impatience when he thought of Marguerite he promptly forced himself in punishment to concentrate his mind and soul even more than before on the object before him that demanded so much of his pity and help.

Here was a soul for him to succor and save, and what was his own heart's ease to that?

It was late that evening before the little minister returned home after having found a home for his distressed protegee. He should have felt a thrill of gratitude for duty done and a sense of humble satisfaction for his success in bringing back the straying one to the right road.

He blamed himself for not feeling it. But the more he tried to feel content because he had done his duty the more his soul sank in him and the heavier did his heart seem.

The Rev. Mr. Dubois, though a most devoted minister, was none the less an intensely human man, and all the satisfaction in doing a duty could not lift him from the despondency that he was in, for he felt sure that he had lost any chance, if he possessed one, with Marguerite Van Diemen.

His belief was strengthened to conviction next day when he called at her house, wondering what he could say to gain her pardon. It was characteristic of him that it never entered his head to explain to her what had kept him away. That would have seemed like cant and self praise to the little minister.

The only excuse he could offer was "parochial business." And he realized sharply that would seem a paltry excuse, though he didn't consider anything in the line of his duty as paltry.

So he sent up his card in low spirits, and he was not surprised, though he was grieved, when the maid returned and said that her mistress begged to be excused and added a request that he write to her, saying what she could do for him.

Another man might have felt offended and haughty. The little minister was too just for that. He went home quietly and wrote a very simple little letter telling Miss Marguerite Van Diemen all that was in his heart. He begged her forgiveness for not keeping the appointment and explained it by saying: "A little matter of church business came up to keep me. I could not evade it, though I assure you that it was a great sorrow to me to be kept away."

Twenty minutes after he had dispatched the note his doorbell rang again. This time the little minister did feel that there were dramas in little things. He laid down his pen and thought.

He heard the maid open the door. He heard a soft voice ask for him. Before he could rise a gown rustled, and Marguerite Van Diemen came toward the open library door.

"I have brought you the answer to your note myself," she said. She held up her hand. "Before I tell you what it is," she continued very hurriedly, with her breath coming short and fast and her eyes shining, "let me tell you something else. Do you know what I have always abhorred the most? The preaching that does not practice! And next to that I object to the practicing that preaches too much of what it does!"

The little minister looked at her with questioning bewilderment in his dark eyes.

Marguerite Van Diemen made a few steps forward and toward him.

"I saw you last evening on the street with a young woman," she went on. "I was a little angry that you should have thought of anything except our appointment. This morning I went to carry some medicine to old Mrs. Anston and found that you had taken the young woman there to nurse her. She told me what you had said to her and what you had done for her."

"Will you forgive me for seeming to neglect you?" faltered the little minister.

"Wait," said Miss Van Diemen. "I still wanted to test you. I wanted to see what you would do. So I waited till you wrote. If you had tried to explain more than you did, why, then perhaps I would not have brought you my answer."

And as she came toward the minister with her hands held out even the modest Rev. Mr. Philander did not need anything more to tell him what the answer was.

Considerable of a Name.

When Dean Walter Williams was in China he made a speech at a dinner given him by a Chinese journalist association. Then the president made a speech. At its close all the journalists bowed and clapped their hands. Dean Williams was trying to figure out what all this meant when an interpreter explained that the president had announced that he had named his newly born son School of Journalism Missouri University Walter Williams Wing Lung Foo, which, say we, is considerable of a name.—Kansas City Times.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Regularity of Meals.

An error of judgment is the tendency in many persons to become irregular at their meals. Many eat one hearty meal on top of another or abstain from food for long periods without there being any legitimate excuse for adopting this course. Now, while a fast is useful when the stomach is in need of a rest, to fast one day and feast indiscriminately on the next is a course of action that can only result in one thing—an upset digestion. If you make up your mind to eat only one meal, two meals or three meals per day, as the case may be, depend upon it the stomach will expect to receive the meal regularly at the same hour. See that it is not disappointed. Then the digestive juices will be stimulated by desire, and digestion will be more complete.

A Solution.

Hemmandhaw—Is there any way to make the women dress decently?

Mrs. Hemmandhaw—Certainly there is!

"Well, what is it?"

"Kill off the men."—Youngstown Telegram.

Worries of a Traveler.

Bill—I see while the heart of the elephant is beating thirty times that of a human is pulsating seventy.

Jill—Well, I suppose it is because the elephant always knows where to look for his trunk.—Yonkers Statesman.

Sudden Change.

"Wasn't that insistent visitor you had a first cousin or something?" "Yes, until pa kicked him out, and then he was a cousin once removed."—Baltimore American.

Relieved.

Mrs. Subbubs—The Nexdores had a lawn mower come today. Subbubs—Thank heaven! I was afraid we'd have to buy one of our own.—Boston Transcript.

NO ALUM MAGIC BAKING POWDER READ THE LABEL

THE FANATICAL DICTIONARY.

Being a Few Excerpts From the Modern Noah Webster.

Amateur—An athlete who prefers Yale to kale.

Contract—A piece of paper bearing figures too small to be seen by a holdout. "Kid Killpill says he simply cannot see the contract tendered him by Manager McJaw."—Weekly Whiffograph.

Electric Score Board—An unfailing recipe for traffic jam.

Hope—A sentiment which pads the attendance figures to 18,000 when the home team has a percentage of .168. "Hope springs eternal in the fanatic breast."—Meditations of Alexander Pope With the London Larrupers Fourteen Runs Behind.

Hot Springs—A national caldron for the boiling out of errors, fumbles and whiffs.

Lot—A level, green field entirely surrounded by cries of "Kill it, kid!" and "Oh, you robber!"

Ninth Inning Rally—The principal cause of heart failure in this country.

Owner—One whose connection with the green diamond has enabled him to sport the white variety.—Judge.

More African Unrest.

From a letter in the East African Standard:

"We have indeed reached the stage known as the last straw on the camel's back, and I, for one, am quite prepared as one of the least component parts of the camel to add my iota to the endeavor to kick over the traces. Let us unite and, marching shoulder to shoulder and eye to eye, set sail for that glorious and equally well known goal, 'Who pays the piper calls the tune.'"

No man of spirit could resist so stirring an appeal.—Punch.

Question of Height.

Lady Southwark in her recently published reminiscences tells a story of an Irishman who was cutting turf near a bog when a friend came up to him, crying:

"Patrick is stuck in a bog up to his ankles."

"Don't worry, then," was the reply. "If he's only up to his ankles he can soon get out again."

"Yes, but he went in head first," retorted the brother.—Pearson's Weekly.

Mean Thing.

Mrs. Bacon—I see almost half of many thousand loaves of bread recently tested in London were short weight.

Mr. Bacon—They'd like your bread, dear. No one ever knew it to be light in weight.—Yonkers Statesman.

Small Town Scandal.

Uncle Ezra—None of the Wabble family are attending any of the social functions this year. There must have been a death in the family.

Uncle Eben—Yep; that's it. They buried old Grandpa Wabble in the family dress suit.—Puck.

Earning Money.

"Hubby, I want to earn some money of my own."

"Well, my dear, that's all right, I guess."

"So I have sold your tuxedo and your winter clothing."—Kansas City Journal.

Striving to Be Cheerful.

"I understand you were crippled in Wall street?"

"Quite the contrary," replied the man who jokes about serious matters. "When I went into Wall street I had a bunch. I got rid of it."—Washington Star.

A Comeback.

Lawyer—You say you saw the man stabbed in the hay field with a fork. What kind of a fork?

Witness—Well, did you ever see a tuning fork or an oyster fork in a hay field?—Chicago News.

Alma Mater.

His mother wrote from London town:
"Dear Jack, be wisely guided.
Fear not; the pater will not frown.
On which have you decided?
Shall it be college, dearest son,
Or banking with the pater?
Wire us your choice, my precious one."
He wired her, "Alma mater."

THREE YEARS LATER.

His mother wrote from London town:
"Dear Jack, oh, is it Stella
Or Dorothy or Alma Brown?
Oh, Jack, don't say it's Bella!
Choose wisely, boy. A mother's heart
Can be no patient waiter.
Wire us at once. We'll take your part."
He wired her, "Alma, mater."

THREE YEARS LATER.

His mother wrote from London town:
"Dear Jack—and Alma, daughter—
Soon will the little stranger crown
Your home beyond the water.
Till she's a mother hope and fear
Burn like a burning crater.
Wire us the moment, Jack, my dear."
He wired her, "Alma—Mater."
—New York Sun.

Literary Note.

Some men never think of reading a book till they run across it under a lot of rubbish when the wife is packing up to move.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Mouth Sanitation.

The mouth is the seat of many of the communicable diseases. Because this is true mouth sanitation is important. A clean mouth and sound teeth are pretty big factors in protecting our physical health, and this is especially true of children. Teach the child to keep its mouth and teeth clean and it will be far less likely to attacks of the usual epidemic diseases peculiar to childhood, and while teaching the child do not forget to set a good example by rigidly practicing what you preach.

AN ARTIFICIAL STORM.

Ingenious Electric Sign on One of New York's Theaters.

In front of the new Strand theater, New York, is an electric sign designed to attract attention to the name of the theater by representing a lightning stroke from some artificial clouds to earth and producing a blue flash and a crash as the lightning strikes. The clouds are very ingeniously constructed so as not to display their source of illumination and to represent sheet lightning prior to the direct stroke.

The clouds consist of horizontal metal strips arranged like a louver so that the light from within is diffused over the visible portion of the vanes, which are painted to represent clouds. By causing the light to flicker a semblance of sheet lightning is produced, after which a zigzag stroke darts downward along the sign, terminating with a flash and a crash from the discharge of high potential energy across a gap. The high potential discharge is caused by an oscillator similar to that used in wireless telegraph work. The coil is installed within the building, and the terminals are led out through insulated bushings to the discharge points.

While the lightning stroke is spectacular, the noise accompanying the discharge at the gap is decidedly more so and is very effective in attracting the attention of those who pass by.—Electrical World.

CURIOUS FATALITY.

The Very Long Arm of Coincidence In a Transvaal City.

A strange fatality seems to be connected with the office of the mayor of Uitenhage, in the Transvaal, South Africa. Fourteen gentlemen have occupied that position, including the present incumbent, and thirteen are dead. No ex-mayor save one has lived for more than a year or so after vacating the civic chair, and the extraordinary thing is that twelve of the thirteen died on a Saturday and were buried on a Sunday. The late Mr. Ward passed away at Sea Point recently on a Friday and was therefore the only exception in this respect. But he, too, the thirteenth, was interred in Uitenhage on a Sunday.

This curious fatality rather got on the nerves of the late T. W. Mills, M. L. A., while mayor of Uitenhage, and it was his custom to close his game at bridge at midnight on Saturday with the pious remark, "Well, thank God there's another Saturday safely over!" He eventually retired from the council, entered parliament, contracted heart disease, died on a Saturday and was buried on a Sunday.—Oudtshoorn (South Africa) Courant.

Ocean Newspapers.

The first transatlantic liner to publish a newspaper made up of wireless items was the American liner St. Paul. It was fourteen years ago while Mr. Marconi was crossing the Atlantic on that vessel that he personally directed the issuing of the first number of the Transatlantic Times, the first wireless newspaper published at sea. Such publications now include the Daily Bulletin of the Cunard line, Das Atlantische Tageblatt of the Hamburg-American and the Ocean Times of the White Star line. On the Pacific on steamers running to Alaska the Wireless Herald is published. The stations at Poldhu and Cape Cod furnish most of the wireless news received on board the transatlantic liners in regard to what is going on on shore.—Railroad Reporter and Travelers' News.

The Sixth Sense.

The belief of some people that they can always detect the presence of a spider in the same room with them and of other people that they can tell when a cat is near is rousing a lively controversy abroad, and a scientific study of the supposed ability has been undertaken by psychologists. One scientist has advertised for persons who believe they have the strange power and are willing to be tested. The existence of any such sense is denied by many scientists, who ascribe it to the habit of noticing every time a guess is correct and taking no conscious notice of the failures. Others have suggested that it may be true and due to the detection of a faint odor.—Exchange.

Passing of the Foreign Country.

Gradually the foreign country is passing from the world's map. In the international consciousness of the progressive peoples of the earth it has already disappeared. Geographically, we are drawing closer together, so that "a foreign people" is a misnomer. New trade routes, short cuts, railroads, canals and steamships make the world one. Distance is a matter of time, not miles. Wireless stations are being established by which we are to talk around the globe.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

owe their singular effectiveness in curing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica to their power of stimulating and strengthening the kidneys. They enable these organs to thoroughly filter from the blood the uric acid (the product of waste matter) which gets into the joints and muscles and causes these painful diseases. Over half a century of constant use has proved conclusively that Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills strengthen weak kidneys and

Cure Rheumatism

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY.

"LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE"

On and after Sept. 26, 1914, train services on this railway is as follows:

Express for Yarmouth...11.57 a. m.
Express for Halifax..... 2.00 p.m.
Express for Annapolis.....
Saturday only ..... 7.53 p.m.
Express for Halifax .....
Monday only .....4.13 a.m.
Accom. for Halifax .....7.40 a. m.
Accom. for Annapolis .....6.05 p.m.

Midland Division

Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily (except Sunday) for Truro at 7.05 a. m. 5.10 p. m and 7.50 a.m., and from Truro at 6.40 a.m., 2.30 p.m., and 12.50 noon, con for Truro at 7.05 a.m. 6.16 p.m. and 7.30 a.m. and from Truro at 6.45 a.m., 2.30 p.m., and 12.25 noon, connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway, and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.

Cafe and Parlor Car service on Mail Express between Halifax and Yarmouth.

St. John - Digby

DAILY SERVICE
(Sunday Excepted)

Canadian Pacific Steamship "YARMOUTH" leaves St. John 7.00 a.m. leaves Digby 1.45 p.m., arrives in St. John about 5.00 connecting at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for Montreal and the West.

Boston Service

Steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Company sail from Yarmouth for Boston after arrival of Express train from Halifax and Truro, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

P. GIFKINS,
General Manager,
Kentville.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom. Mon. & Fri. Read down.	Time Table in effect June 22, 1914 Stations	Accom. Mon. & Fri Read up.
11.10	Lv. Middleton AR.	15.45
11.38	* Clarence	15.17
11.55	Bridgetown	15.01
12.23	Granville Centre	14.36
12.39	Granville Ferry	14.21
12.55	* Karsdale	14.05
13.15	AR. Port Wade Lv.	13.45

*Flag Stations. Trains stop on signal

CONNECTION AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S.W. RY AND D. A RY.

P. MOONEY
General Freight and Passenger Agent

Sailings to London and Liverpool

We call attention to the sailing of the S. S. 'Sachem' from Halifax to Liverpool direct October 24

Cabin passage is but $50 and we have booked a number of passages.

The S. S. 'Digby' sails from Halifax to London direct about November 1st.

First Class . . $75
Second Class . $50

Reservations should be made immediately.

Furness Withy & Co., Limited
Halifax, N. S.

Prepare for Peace

In time of war. Canada will become a great industrial country when the cruel war is ended. Many young men will be required for clerical positions. Now is the time to prepare. From our classes a large number of recruits will be drawn.

Send for our course of Study.

Maritime Business College
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