

Lloyd George Enjoys Canadian Travel



1. At a wayside stopping place.
2. Lloyd George converses with J. J. Scully, General Manager, Canadian Pacific Railway, eastern lines, on the observation platform of his private car.

In appreciation of the arrangements made for his comfort while travelling over the lines of the Canadian Pacific, the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George wrote E. W. Beatty, President of the Company as follows:

"My dear Mr. Beatty,—
"I have had such a heavy list of engagements to fill since I arrived on this side of the Atlantic that this is literally the first opportunity I have had in which to write to thank you very heartily for the magnificent arrangements which you made for my journey west of Toronto. Every facility and every comfort were afforded to my wife

and daughter, and also to the entire party, and I owe you a deep debt of gratitude.
"With all best wishes, believe me, ever sincerely,
(Signed) "D. Lloyd George."
The ex-Premier of Great Britain was much interested in things he saw en route, and lost no opportunity of adding to his store of knowledge of the Dominion. He is

here seen at a wayside stopping place, and with him in the front row are Dame Lloyd George, Miss Megan, D. C. Coleman, Vice-President Canadian Pacific Western lines and Mrs. Coleman. In the smaller picture he is seen with Dame Lloyd George, Miss Megan and J. J. Scully, general manager Canadian Pacific eastern lines, viewing the passing scenery of North Ontario.

LOVE'S UNDERSTANDING

Louise was the "odd" one in a large family. Dainty and refined, she was a source of much amusement to her commonplace brothers and sisters. They laughed at her "fine notions", at her "swell" ideas, and Louise, resenting her family, resenting the place where she worked, with no way of meeting or marrying the man of whom she dreamed, no way of entering the society she read about in the daily papers, early drifted into matrimony with Henry, a round-faced, snub-nosed, pleasant clerk in an office.

Louise suffered; she rebelled at the fate that had placed her in such a lowly niche. She felt that she had been defrauded, and she spent too much of her time in dreaming of the things she did not have. When she and Henry sat down to the boiled dinner which he insisted on having so often, the cheap mission table, with its coarse cloth, a napkin covering the gray spot of three days before, would fade away and in its place she would see gleaming mahogany laden with shining glass and silver and then—"Some more of the corned beef, my dear; it is delicious, and Henry's round face would beam on her above the expanse of napkin covering his breast.

Always she longed for fine clothes, jewels, society, and she had—Henry and the ugly little flat; Henry who drugged away at his job and adored her;—Henry, with nothing but an honest heart to recommend him.

As he dashed into the apartment one evening, bubbling over like a school boy, he found Louise frowning over a letter.

"What is it, Sweetie? Why these?" He rubbed a caressing forefinger over her wrinkled brow. She pulled her head away and looked discontentedly out of the window.

"Oh, nothing, Belle has just written me, asking me to visit her for a month." Belle was an old school friend whose

husband had been successful. Henry pondered. "Well, why don't you go? You haven't been away for a long time, and the change will do you good. I can get along all right—I'll just run over to Sarah's for my meals 'Course I'll miss you awfully"—taking her by the shoulders—"but just think how glad I'll be when you get back."

Louise looked at him coldly. "No, I can't go. Why not?"

"Don't you know that I have nothing to wear?" Her lips tightened.

"Nothing to wear!" Henry looked bewildered. "Where's that pretty dress you wore to the theatre last week? You looked peachy in that. I—" he paused helplessly, scratching his head.

"I haven't a thing fit to visit Belle in. Don't you realize that she is rich, and I should have to meet all her rich friends?"

"There, now," he soothed, an arm about her, "let's see what we can do. How much would it cost to fit you out?"

Louise thought a moment. "Well," she eyed him calculatingly—"I think I could get along with two hundred dollars."

Henry gasped and swallowed hard. He saw a gunning trip which he had long planned for, fading away into the realm of untasted joys.

"All right, tell her you'll come. Perhaps I can get away for a few days and bring you home."

So Louise visit her friend. Her new clothes, Belle's lovely home, the constant round of gayety, gave her confidence in herself. She sparkled into more than prettiness. She forgot the little flat, the boiled dinners, the scanty income, and gave herself up to this wonderful fairyland. And into this fairyland came a prince.

"Hands off, Max!" quietly warned Belle, as his attentions to the pretty Louise began to be commented upon.

"You know there is a husband in Boston, and Louise is my friend."

"Don't be provincial, Belle. Where's the harm. You want her to have a good

time while she's here, don't you? What's this husband person like, anyhow?" He spoke lightly, but there was an eager look in his eyes.

"Like? Why—" Mrs. Deland reflected a bit. "Why, he's an ordinary, everyday sort of a man. I have met him only once."

Max's eyes sparkled wickedly. "All the more reason for giving her a good time."

Halifax to Boston Mass.	
SS "DIGBY" about November 26th	
Halifax to Liverpool, via St. John's Nfld.	
SS "DIGBY" about December 1st	
Passengers and Freight.	
Halifax to Liverpool direct.	
SS "LONDON CORPORATION" Nov. 28	
SS "THISTLEMORE" Dec. 12th	
SS "VALEMORE" Dec. 20th	
SS "REXMORE" Dec. 31st	
Halifax to London direct.	
SS "COMINO" Nov. 24th	
SS "LONDON MARINER" Dec. 1st	
SS "RHODE ISLAND" Dec. 20th	
Halifax to Manchester direct.	
SS "MANCHESTER PRODUCER" Nov. 24th	
SS "MANCHESTER REGIMENT" Dec. 3rd	
SS "MANCHESTER SHIPPER" Dec. 16th	
Halifax to Glasgow.	
SS "ALLEGHANY" Dec. 4th	
SS "NORFOLK RANGE" Dec. 18th	
Halifax to Hull.	
SS "ARIANO" about Nov. 24th	
SS "CORNISH POINT" Dec. 28th	
Passages arranged by all the principal Lines.	
Make your Christmas bookings early.	
Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd.	
Halifax, N. S.	

"But not at the expense of her peace of mind, Max, and, besides, while he isn't the most brilliant man in the world, he loves Louise, and that's something nowadays."

Max did not cease his attentions to Louise. He was not so open about them, that was all, and Louise, flattered and stirred, wished they might go on forever.

Came the Manchester's dance with Henry, who had arrived in New York that morning, accompanying her. It was late in the evening before Max had a chance to speak to her alone in the deserted library.

"Louise—Louise, you aren't going back to that clod of a husband of yours, are you?" His voice was thick and his eyes frightened her, as he caught her in his arms. "I love you! I love you!" His kisses hurt her—she felt herself sinking—drowning, in the emotional sea which enveloped her, then—

"Oh, here you are! Where's Henry? Louise! Time to go home. And Belle breezed in. "Hunt him up, Max, while we are getting our things on." Her eyes blazed at him.

Later, chatting in the hall waiting for Henry to be found, Louise, so nervously excited that she scarcely heard a word, thrilled pleasantly. A little feeling of triumph possessed her. She was attractive enough to sweep the most desirable man present off his feet. She turned to Max, who was standing near, with a coquettish creasing of her head, but the gay little quip on her lips died at Henry's coming. Following the look of terror in her eyes, saw Henry coming from the library, a Henry in whose face all the easy good nature had been replaced by a stern, white dignity.

"Steady!" he warned.

Through Louise's mind flashed every possibility of what might happen if Henry had overheard. "Divorce! Disgrace! Every thing seemed swept from beneath her feet. Henry suddenly became something to cling to in this toppling world; her little flat a haven of rest and security. Oh, what had she done?"

And then Henry's voice. "Sorry to keep you waiting, folks."

Louise dragged herself into her bedroom and sank into a chair, her pretty dress falling in graceful folds about her, her hands limp in her lap. There she sat, unconscious of the cold, incapable of thought. She roused herself when Henry came in a little later, and braced herself for what he might have to say. But he only yawned prodigiously as he removed his coat and vest.

With a shoe half pulled off, he looked up. "Aren't you going to bed?" She looked at him, miserably imploring. "Why? I'm tired," with another yawn. "Found a nice corner in the library and slept a couple of hours—just waked up when you saw me coming

out." Another yawn and stretch. He tackled the other shoe, a knot requiring his complete attention.

The tumult in Louise's mind drowned the strain in the man's voice. Slowly her color came back as she realized what his words meant. The next instant she was on her knees beside him, her face hidden on his breast.

"Let's go home tomorrow, Henry. I'm tired of it here. I just want to be with you in our little home."

WHO IS SHE?

The identity of "The Wonderful Heroine", whose amazing life story appeared in the Family Herald and Weekly Star, is causing widespread speculation. Her remarkable achievements under appalling conditions, handicapped more often than aided by her great beauty, most certainly have justified the claim that she was "One woman in ten million."

It is now announced that a beautiful portrait of "The Wonderful Heroine", reproduced in all the colors of the original masterpiece, will be given free to

subscribers of the Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal, that is, to those who subscribe in time.

The following is a resolution of a small community: "That a new jail should be built, that this be done out of the material of the old one and the old jail to be used until the new one be completed."

Learn More Earn More

In your own home in your spare time in easy stages you can master the career of your choice. 50 courses to pick from. Only 3. to 20. Write

N. S. TECHNICAL COLLEGE
Correspondence Dept. 50 Halifax

Boston and Yarmouth Steamship Co., Limited

FREIGHT AND PASSENGER SERVICE

STEAMSHIP PRINCE GEORGE

TWO TRIPS WEEKLY FARE \$9.00

Leave Yarmouth Tuesdays and Fridays at 6.30 P. M. (Atlantic Time)

Return—Leave Boston Mondays and Thursdays at 1 P. M.

For staterooms and other information apply to

J. E. KINNEY, Superintendent, Yarmouth, N. S.



Absolutely Boiling Fresh Water

Like Perfumed Tea?

It is possible to serve tea in novel ways. A drop or so of lemon, vanilla, or some other flavor in the canister will come out next day in the cup.

Tea absorbs odors so quickly it must be kept sealed. That's why all Rakwana Teas are lead sealed so that you'll get the full garden goodness.

And you get more cups as well! A level teaspoon of the new Rakwana Golden Orange Pekoe steeped three minutes, then stirred and steeped again, makes three bracing cups—450 to the pound! The best costs less:



Steep-Stir-Steep

Rakwana Golden Orange Pekoe

The Best of the First Flush



One Cup free in Three

Toothache

Bathe the face. If there is a cavity in the tooth place in it a piece of cotton saturated in Minard's.



Halifax to Boston Mass.	
SS "DIGBY" about November 26th	
Halifax to Liverpool, via St. John's Nfld.	
SS "DIGBY" about December 1st	
Passengers and Freight.	
Halifax to Liverpool direct.	
SS "LONDON CORPORATION" Nov. 28	
SS "THISTLEMORE" Dec. 12th	
SS "VALEMORE" Dec. 20th	
SS "REXMORE" Dec. 31st	
Halifax to London direct.	
SS "COMINO" Nov. 24th	
SS "LONDON MARINER" Dec. 1st	
SS "RHODE ISLAND" Dec. 20th	
Halifax to Manchester direct.	
SS "MANCHESTER PRODUCER" Nov. 24th	
SS "MANCHESTER REGIMENT" Dec. 3rd	
SS "MANCHESTER SHIPPER" Dec. 16th	
Halifax to Glasgow.	
SS "ALLEGHANY" Dec. 4th	
SS "NORFOLK RANGE" Dec. 18th	
Halifax to Hull.	
SS "ARIANO" about Nov. 24th	
SS "CORNISH POINT" Dec. 28th	
Passages arranged by all the principal Lines.	
Make your Christmas bookings early.	
Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd.	
Halifax, N. S.	



"MOTHER, why be the family drudge?"

"Other women get some fun out of life. They are keeping their charm, their family's admiration and their friends.

"Why dull your mind by hard labor over the wash tub? It's so unnecessary nowadays to be a drudge. Take Dad down to the electric shop today and look at one of those Gainaday Electric Washers."

See the big copper tub, heavy sheet steel cabinet, 8-position wringer and strong, simple mechanism of the Gainaday. You will instantly understand why we chose the Gainaday as the best. You will see why the Gainaday is so much easier to understand and to use.

Come in and see it today.



The Gurney Electric Range—made by the old and famous stove makers, in co-operation with the Northern Electric organization.



OSCILLATOR



Boiling, steaming hot water—any time! Just turn the switch of the Thermo-Electric Heater

Northern Electric Appliances

J. C. MITCHELL, WOLFFVILLE

Christmas Greetings

- Personal Greeting Cards are impressive missives of Good Cheer and intimate friendly wishes for the Christmas Season.
- They are not only an easy and pleasant solution to the gift problem but receive true sincere appreciation from friends and relations everywhere.
- Scatter sunshine with Personal Greeting Cards this Christmas—They mean so much and cost so little.
- Our samples are charming creations of Christmas Art, produced from steel dies and copper plate.
- The Greetings are editorial gems of Christmas and New Year wishes, expressing in a delightful style thoughts for the holiday Season.
- A few dollars will send Christmas Cheer to your friend and relative—Order now and obtain the cards you want before stocks are depleted.

The Acadian Store

Phone 217 and our representative will call with the samples.