

SHARP ATTACK REPULSED

Dangerous Condition Relieved Just In Time By "Fruit-a-tives"



MR. F. J. CAVEEN

632 Gerrard St. East, Toronto. For two years, I was a victim of Acute Indigestion and Gas In The Stomach. It afterwards attacked my Heart, and I had pains all over the body, so I could hardly move around. I tried all kinds of medicines but none of them did me any good. At last, acting on the advice of a friend, I decided to try "Fruit-a-tives". I bought the first box last June, and now I am well, after using only three boxes. I recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to anyone suffering from indigestion, no matter how acute." FRED J. CAVEEN.

Simple Indigestion often leads to Heart Attacks, Calarrh of the Stomach and constant distress of mind and body. If you are bothered with any Stomach Trouble, and especially if Constipation troubles you, take "Fruit-a-tives". 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

A QUEER BUSINESS

To the Editor:

A Toronto Hotel keeper who is displeased at the 8 o'clock closing order complained that no other business is treated in that way. Will some of the saloon fraternity tell us what other business is a burden on the tax payer? Every other business is self-supporting but the saloon has to be bolstered up with a tax on the people that in the United States amounts to almost seven dollars on every man, woman and child, including of course those who never touch the stuff. That is no haphazard guess but accurate statistics gathered from publicity accounts by the American Issue Newspaper showing that taxes in license states are nearly seven dollars per capita higher than in prohibition states.

Supposing that it is only half of that in Canada it amounts to \$17.50 to the average family of five. Why should I be compelled to pay an increase tax to support a business that I abhor? If the traffic had to support the paupers, orphans and criminals which it causes they would not get so rich and I would not have to pay so much taxes. One hundred million dollars wasted in drink, twenty-eight million increase taxation and thousands of paupers, orphans, criminals, etc., that is the work of the saloon. Why should it be allowed to exist?

Several so called hotel keepers say they will have to go out of business which is an acknowledgment that they are not hotel keepers at all but saloon keepers. It is surely time that the hotel business be separated from the business of making drunkards. The real hotel business requires a superior class of man with more than ordinary business abilities and there are many such but the majority of those who parade the name hotel are a shame and disgrace to the hotel business. It is too bad that there is a stigma attached to the very name hotel keeper which should not be. Let a hotel be a hotel and a saloon be known for what it is—the greatest curse on earth.

Commercial travellers say that they do not get as good accommodation in hotels where liquor is sold as they do in local option towns. One traveller puts it this way. In the ordinary hotel we pay one dollar and a half and get fifty cents worth. In the local option hotel we pay two dollars and get the worth of our money.

It is time for a change from making drunkards to making munitions, from making paupers to making prosperity and from making criminals to making men honest and industrious. H. ARNOLD, M.B., M.C.P.S.

Englishman (to Pat)—Say Pat, have you any cure for corns? Pat—I might; but where are they? Englishman—On the soles of my feet. Pat—That's one consolation, anyway. Englishman—(surprised) Why? Pat—(with a twinkle in his eye) Because nobody can stand on them but yourself!

Minard's Eminent Cures Diphtheria

THE AFTERMATH A Christmas Story

(By Annie S. Swain)

There was an odd little hush and strain in the workroom when Mrs. Eldridge entered, because her face was sufficient indication that she had something quite serious to say. The head of a certain art and fine needlework guild with premises in an exclusive Belgravia street, her business had suffered so much through war that the moment had come for her to close her doors. Her workers, now reduced to five, responded to her good-morning courteously, yet with a sort of furtive anxiety. For it was eleven o'clock in the morning and Mrs. Eldridge was in walking dress, her beautiful high-bred face looking a little worn and thin, partly with over-anxiety for her sons at the front and partly with the acuter, because more imminent, anxiety concerning the enterprise by which she had supported herself in respect and refinement for the last nine years.

"I'm very sorry," she said clearly and simply, "but we can't go on. I held on till this month hoping that sufficient Christmas orders would come in to keep us occupied, at least on half time, till the end of the year, but they simply haven't come. I've done everything I can, and I'm sorry to say that after this week I can't pay any more salaries, and will have to close the doors."

The staff, five women of varying ages, looked more or less dismayed. To three it did not so much matter, because they had homes of comparative comfort wherein they could shelter until times improved. The other two looked blank, and the youngest of all began to cry.

Mrs. Eldridge stepped forward and patted her shoulder.

"Cheer up Ruby. I've thought about you, and I'm going down to Shere to a cottage a cousin is lending me. I'll take you, and you can do some work at home and we can lay it by till happier days dawn."

"Oh, thank you, dear Mrs. Eldridge," said Ruby Gage-Fox, and dried the tears which, all too ready, had started to fall. Mrs. Eldridge then spoke to Hester Davenant, in some respects the most valuable of her staff, who had been with her for nearly four years, and whose rare and exceptional artistic sense had set its seal on the whole establishment.

"I'm most awfully sorry, Hester; but you've expected it, haven't you?" She put the question a trifle hesitatingly, because even after four years she was not sure that she knew Hester well. She had never probed the depths of that still, silent nature, nor been able to break down the aloofness which sometimes attracted and sometimes repelled. Well-born herself, it had needed no questions to assure Anne Eldridge what class Hester Davenant belonged to, on the day when she called at the gallery to offer some samples of her work and to ask for employment. But she had learned very little of her in these years, nothing beyond the fact that she was the daughter of a Somerset rector, left orphaned and penniless in a difficult world.

And Hester had never volunteered any personal items of information, and had evidently preferred to be treated merely as an employee. The only thing she had disliked and shrank from was coming in personal contact with the fashionable customers who made Eldridge's a haunt of their idle hours, seeking for odd bits of fine embroideries and skillful imitations of coveted needlework, and all the other expensive and sometimes bizarre bric-a-brac with which the fashionable and idle woman loves to crowd her boudoir. But in a moment of time all these foolish fancies had been swept into oblivion, and the idle women were either masquerading as nurses, or knitting violently at working parties, meeting alternately at each other's houses. And poor Anne Eldridge was left to sink or swim as she best could, nobody troubling to inquire how she and her workers were going to breast the winter, which threatened to try the mettle of every creature.

"Yes, I've expected it of course," said Hester, striving to speak cheerfully. "Don't look so woebegone, dear Mrs. Eldridge. After all, we are able-bodied women and can always work with our hands. There is no need for anybody to starve, even in war time, if she is willing to work."

They were brave words, spoken bravely, with a little uplift of a very pretty head and a sudden quickening of colour in a face which, though it had lost its first bloom, was still a very sweet, attractive one.

Mrs. Eldridge smiled as if relieved, but a sigh followed quickly upon her smile.

"I wish I knew what was going to become of you. You'll promise to come down to Shere, won't you, if you are in any difficulty? We could

go on working there, as Ruby and I intend to do. Remember, there will be room for you."

Hester thanked her, but in her heart she knew that she would never go to Shere, or claim the charity of an employer who had been both kind and considerate in prosperous times, but who was now in straits herself.

With Ruby it was different. She was so young, so helpless, and an orphan too. She needed looking after. Hester felt thankful that Mrs. Eldridge had definitely decided what was to be done with her.

The working day ended about three o'clock that afternoon, because there was no work in hand, and it was needless to add to expenses by burning electric light.

It was the nineteenth of November, little over a month till Christmas, but there was very little Christmas cheer anywhere visible in London as Hester made her way through the muddy and swiftly darkening streets to her boarding house in Brunswick square. She had tried all kinds of domestic arrangements since she left the Somerset rectory, and had finally decided that the boarding house with all its drawbacks, offered certain advantages to the unattached woman which ordinary lodgings did not offer. She had come to an arrangement whereby she had two very small attic rooms, where she had put the few things she had saved from the wreck of her home, and where she could be absolutely alone. For these two rooms, to be near the sky to be financially valuable to her landlady, she paid twenty-five shillings per week, which included her breakfast and her dinner. Her other meals she had taken out, or at her place of business occasionally. But she had reduced the art of living to the finest proportions, and could make one shilling do the reasonable work of two.

She did not carry her head less high or lose a bit of her personal dignity as she tramped all the way back on foot to her boarding house that afternoon, and when she let herself in she remembered thankfully that she had a penny-in-the-slot gas arrangement in her sitting room, and could get herself a cup of tea without disturbing anybody. That had been one of her no-lunch days.

When she had locked herself in there the proud tension of her face relaxed and she let her mackintosh drop on the door, then picked it up and hung it over a chair, and lit the cheerful flare of gas and sat down to draw off her boots. Then her face aged a bit, and her sweet, sensitive mouth visibly trembled. A cup of tea, quickly got, revived her, and, having cleared away her cup and saucer after washing it in the water left hot in the little kettle she set down to go into a commode of soap and means. For this purpose it was necessary to draw up a chair to the old bureau which had once stood in the study at Rivedon, and open sundry mysterious drawers and study a variety of little books. Finally she had marshalled all her financial resources and laid them out on the old faded green flap of the bureau.

Hester had never had a bankbook, though one year she very nearly achieved it. She had rather a distressing habit of finding out needy people especially among working women, with whom she was always ready to share what she had. She had obtained a great deal of pleasure out of such ministry, indeed it had been the one bright spot in her very lonely life, but even now when she had to face the day of misfortune, she would not have recalled one single gift. A slender sheaf of the odd little pound notes, which she had recently added to the English currency, four or five gold pieces, and a handful of silver made quite an imposing show, but once counted, it amounted to astonishingly little. Thirteen pounds eighteen and sixpence, that was all she had between her and Hester. It kept her in her present quarters, for all day, a couple of months, but that would leave no margin for anything except bare living.

She decided, wrinkling her brows while, that she could really only calculate on her present shelter till Christmas, unless she was fortunate enough to obtain another post in the interval. That would have to be her business on the morrow, to seek work in London in war time, when so many of the normal channels were closed. She thought distressfully, even a little resentfully, of the folly of rearing a creature so helpless as she, without a definite occupation by which she could have earned her bread. The gifts she had by her own surprising skill and ingenuity turned to such excellent account were native-born, and had never been fostered or perfected by systematic training.

"Now if I had only been taught to teach or nurse," she said, and her voice faltered on the last word, which in war time is a lure to every woman on earth. But Hester had no illusions about the profession. She had heard endless discussions and comments on the craze at Mrs. Eldridge's during the last weeks, and knew exactly the state of affairs in the nursing world.

That night at the boarding house dinner table she said nothing at all about her changed circumstances, though all her fellow inmates were more than friendly, and would doubtless have sympathized to the full. She listened in rather a detached way to the usual lively discussion of the various campaigns at the front and the fresdie criticism of those who knew least about it all. Next morning she sallied forth at the usual time, not to go to the familiar workroom, but merely to pay numerous and perfectly fruitless visits to employment officers, as well as to answer in person one or two advertisements which she thought might suit her.

By three o'clock in the afternoon the net total was nil, added to a real and chilling weight of disappointment. Disheartened certainly, but not surprised, was poor Hester, for what had she to offer, after all, for serious consideration in any market in the world? Her few accomplishments could hardly be put into words, let alone offered to a nation in a serious crisis fighting for its existence.

Her experience that day was repeated during many days—that that remained of November, indeed; and by the time Christmas loomed so near, that in spite of war clouds it was beginning to dominate the atmosphere, she was approaching the end of her resources.

The day came at last when she was obliged to tell Mrs. Proctor, her Scotch landlady, that she was afraid she would have to vacate her rooms and sell her furniture. The hard-faced Scotch woman after years of boarding-house life, looked with compassion into Hester Davenant's now rather pinched and weary face.

"I'm very sorry, my dear, but anyway you'll not make any move until after Christmas. Nobody wants the rooms, and I'll be pleased for the things to bide in them. Don't sell them. I know by experience what you get for old sticks, though," she added grimly, "if you happen to want a second-hand bed in a hurry, you have to pay more for it than if you went to a decent shop and bought a brand new one."

Hester's eyes became suddenly suffused. She never had grown intimate with Mrs. Proctor, but there was a kind of steady, solid wall of mutual esteem between them, the kind of esteem born of good sound qualities and unostentatious duty quietly, even heroically, done. Each in her own place was typical of the vast army of unattached womanhood, fighting against odds for recognition and a place in a somewhat hostile world.



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"If only you had learned nursing! Couldn't you get it somewhere at the Red Cross and you, speaking German and French so splendidly! Surely they might find you a corner over in France as an interpreter, if nothing else." Hester's face brightened, and she smiled gratefully into Mrs. Proctor's face. "I've a great mind to try, Mrs. Proctor. Not that I think it's of the smallest use, but I won't go to any voluntary thing, but right to the War Office. I'll go to-day."

"Do, my dear, and good luck to you; and anyway, not a step do you budge from this house till after the New Year. Half of them will be away home for Christmas, and I'll be more than pleased for you to stop, and not a penny will I take till then. It's nothing, nothing at all, what's your bite and sup, and I know what you've done for lots of them that did not deserve it half as much as you. Off you go!"

Her manner was brusque, for she greatly feared any demonstration of gratitude from Hester Davenant. It would have been painful for both. All day, while Hester was out, the good soul pondered sundry feasible schemes for obtaining suitable occupation for Miss Davenant, and even went to the length of writing several letters to likely friends of her own in her behalf.

But that day was the most dismal and altogether hopeless. It seemed to add the last touch of misery to an intolerable situation, and as she pushed past a tall man in uniform coming through the door at the moment that she wished to go out, she lifted her eyes rather rebelliously to his face. It was a very thin, worn face, with a look of strain in the tired eyes which was infinitely pathetic. He was very thin, and lean and brown, though he carried himself with all the soldier's uprightness and conscious air of command.

"Hester!" he said in an abrupt, guttural whisper. "Good God, Hester you here!"

"And you, Hugh! I thought you

were in India." "I was up till the middle of August. I've been up at the front since the third week in September. I'm home now on a three or four days' leave. What are you doing here?"

"I! Oh, I was seeking a job." The policeman here indicated politely but firmly that they were obstructing the entrance, and they withdrew rather hurriedly outside.

"Look here! I won't be long upstairs. I've to deliver a message from one of the chaps out there. Will you wait here for me now, and we'll go to lunch somewhere?"

"Oh, yes." Hester would wait. She had nothing to do except wait. Life had resolved itself into a waiting game.

He was gone about a quarter of an hour, and had a ready apology on his grave lips when he rejoined her. "It's a matter of no consequence," she assured him brightly. "I'm a woman without occupation for whom time has ceased to have a meaning."

"You must tell me about yourself presently," he said with an air of great solicitude which Hester's forlorn heart found dangerously sweet.

He caught the quiver of her brave mouth as she turned her head away, and quickly changed the subject by asking where she would like to go for lunch. She answered "Anywhere," very nearly added that she had long been compelled through stress of circumstances to join the no-lunch brigade.

"I'm stopping at the Metropole," he said quickly. "I'll do as well as anywhere else. It's near too, and as we're early we can get a quiet corner."

It was easy for Hester to forget all that had passed of misery and anxiety in the vivid recital of the soldier's experiences at the battle front.

It was less what he told than what he suggested which held her enthralled.

"I'll tell you what, Hester, it's hell out there—hell redeemed by unexpected glimpses of heaven in the heroism, the beauty, the self-sacrifice! You are beside human nature in its supremest moments, and the light is blinding, don't you know? That's why some of us have been let off for a breathing space. For me it happens to be a sorry business, for I had nobody to come to, nobody who cared particularly what became of me. I offered to stand by for other chaps, but the Colonel packed me off. He's coming himself when I get back. I'm second in command now. Promotion is quick in war time, but who cares? Now tell me about yourself!"

She told him not very much, but all he wished to know. He had a way of getting at the bottom of things, and it was his business to get at the bottom of Hester Davenant's affairs. They had been old friends and playmates in the village of their youth, and might have been more had not circumstances intervened. When he had heard all he wished to know he simply changed the subject without comment or even an expression of sympathy, and went on interesting her in other topics.

They lingered in their private corner till after two o'clock, then Waleran rose.

"We'll have to be moving on, Hester. I've a lot to put in between now and the end of the day. But I want to see you again. Will you come out and dine with me, or have you anywhere where we could meet and have a quiet talk?"

"I have a little errand near the sky, and some of the old Rivedon things are in it. Come after dinner, and let us talk there."

"Right-o! Good-bye, dear woman. I know now why I had to come back. There was something for me to do here, as important as my bit at the front."

She did not ask what he meant, nor did she greatly care. Sufficient to the moment was the deep happiness thereof, and a bit of Christmas cheer having come to her, she would hold on to it with both hands and not even speculate on the outer darkness which must follow. On the way home she expended twopence on a bunch of cheap chrysanthemums, and went down to dinner that night in her only evening frock, a very simple black affair her own hands had fashioned. At half-past eight Major Waleran came. He was still in khaki, and rather toilworn khaki at that, but he made no apology for it, though his eyes rested admiringly on Hester's sweet face.

"You are very snug here," he said, as she pulled forward the best chair so that it was close to the little table with its modest box of cigarettes. But he did not take it. Quite suddenly he stood in front of her, put his two strong brown hands on her shoulders, and looked deep into her eyes.

"I've been busy all the afternoon, Hester—what about, do you think?" She shook her head.

"It's very short leave, after all, I find, when a chap wants to get married. But it can be done. I've seen the Dean, and we can be married tomorrow by special licence. You're not going to say no, Hester, because of course, that is why I came home.

That I didn't know makes no earthly difference. It has been written and it's coming to pass."

She swayed under his touch, but his arm round her shoulders steadied her.

"It's no use protesting dear woman, because, as I say, it's written. You'll be better left in London as a Major's wife than as you are now, and if the worst happens—well, you'll be provided for. But nothing is going to happen. Please God, I'll come back again after the war, and torment you for the rest of your natural life."

"Hugh, Hugh, is it pity?" she faltered, hiding her face on his sleeve. His answer was to lift her head and look once more deep into her eyes.

"What do you think, eh?" he asked. "Do I look like a man goaded by pity alone? I don't feel like one, do I now?"

So one more was added to the list of war marriages. Hester remains in her little eyrie in the boarding house, but all the world and life has changed. She is no longer a superfluous woman, but one with a tremendous stake in the country, with the right to hope and fear and rejoice, and, if need be, weep. It is a right she would not barter for the crown of any queen.

Joker's Corner

"Had a puncture, my friend?" asked the passer-by, with an air of interest. The chauffeur looked up and swallowed his feelings with a huge gulp.

"No, sir," he replied. "I'm just changing the air in the tires. The other lot's worn out, you know."

The following interesting notice appeared in the columns of an enterprising Minnesota newspaper:

"I have been instructed by the Village Council to enforce the ordinance against chickens running at large and riding bicycles on the sidewalk—Harry Shells, Village Marshal."

A fussy old party managed to buttonhole Lord Kitchener the other day in one of the British war lord's less busy moments. "And what would you do, sir," he inquired, "if the Germans should manage to land 25,000 men on an—comparatively—ah, unprotected part of our coast?"

"Bury 'em," replied Kitchener.

A farmer's wife bought a box of matches in a shop in Limerick on her weekly visit to the city. On the next day she returned the matches as they were damp.

"They're all right, ma'am," said the shopkeeper. "Look at this, and he lit one of the matches by rubbing it on the leg of his trousers.

"Arrah, get out wid ye," cried the country woman "When I want to light the fire must I come in six miles from Ballyneety to strike a match on your ould britches?"

The teacher, wishing to impress on her pupils' minds the vast population of China, said: "Just think of it, children, two Chinamen die every time you draw your breath!"

A minute later her attention was attracted to little Jimmie James, who stood at the foot of the class puffing vigorously, with his face reddened and his cheeks distended.

"What is the matter, Jimmy?" asked the teacher. "What on earth are you doing?"

"Nothin', Miss Mary," was the indifferent response of Jimmy. "Just killing Chinamen."

Among the passengers on a train on a one-track road in the middle west was a talkative jewelry drummer. Presently the train stopped to take on water, and the conductor neglected to send back a flagman. An express came along and before it could be stopped bumped the rear end of the first train. The drummer was lifted from his seat and pitched head first into the seat ahead. His silk hat was jammed clear over his ears. He picked himself up and settled back in his seat. No bones had been broken. He drew a long breath, straightened up, and said: "Well, they didn't get by us, anyway."

Sir Frederick Bridge the organist of Westminster Abbey, tells some excellent stories.

"Two ladies," he once said, "were in Westminster Abbey, when one of them suddenly raised her hand. 'Hush, listen!' she said. 'There's suddenly he stood in front of her, put his two strong brown hands on her shoulders, and looked deep into her eyes."

"I've been busy all the afternoon, Hester—what about, do you think?" She shook her head.

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DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. (N.S. & P.E.I. EVANGELINE ROUTE)

On and after Oct. 9th, 1915, train service on the railway is as follows:

Service Daily Except Sunday. Express for Yarmouth12 noon Express for Halifax and Truro2.01 p. m. Accom. for Halifax7.40 a. m. Accom. for Annapolis6.35 p. m.

St. John - Digby

DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted.) Canadian Pacific Steamship "Yarmouth" leaves St. John 7.00 a. m., arrives Digby 10.15 a. m., leaves Digby 1.50 p. m., arrives at St. John about 5.00, connecting at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for Montreal and the West.

Boston Service

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

R. U. PARKER, Gen. Passenger Agent. GEORGE E. GRAHAM, General Manager.

FURNESS SAILINGS

From London From Halifax Nov. 30 Shendoah Dec. 1st Dec. 14 Kanawha Dec. 18 Dec. 28 Rappahannock Dec. 31 Shendoah Jan. 14

From Liverpool via Nfid From Halifax via Nfid Nov. 23 Durango Nov. 27 Tabasco Dec. 12

Above sailings are not guaranteed and are subject to change without notice.

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

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Table with columns: Mon. & Fri., Time Table in effect January 4, 1915, Accom. Mon. & Fri. Rows: read down, Stations, Read up.

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