

**Notes and Comments**

St. Francis Xavier College closed on Dec. 10, on account of small-pox epidemic.

The Sons of Temperance are starting a Campaign for \$5000 and 2000 new members.

On the 9th on the New York exchange the German mark with a normal value of nearly 25 cents was quoted at 1 3-4 cents.

British Columbia saw mills are busy night and day and cannot begin to supply the demands for lumber from almost all over the world.

On the Crown lands of New Brunswick the forecast is that in the present logging season there will be a cut of 300,000,000 feet of lumber.

The 8th quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement will be held at Des Moines, Iowa, Dec. 31st, 1919, to Jan. 4th, 1920.

Advertising as everyone knows is the heavy artillery of a sales campaign. It lays down a barrage to prepare the way for the advance of business.

There are 15 murderers under death sentence in Canada. Never have there been so many in the history of the country in jail awaiting execution.

And now Venizelos tells the world that peace is impossible unless the Turks are put out of Europe. There seem to be as many things making peace impossible as there were things that won the war.

The United States are preparing for the strongest navy afloat and will vote \$27,000,000 for naval aircraft. They evidently do not think much of the Peace Treaty nor the League of Nations; and will carry out the old theory, in time of Peace prepare for War.

The Provincial Government's estimate of Nova Scotia's apple crop this year is a million and a quarter barrels. The marketing of this record yield will bring considerable wealth to the province, for there is no need to remind consumers that prices are good this season. For the bulk of the crop growers are getting \$4.00 per barrel.

The United States Supreme Court in upholding the constitutionality of the War Time Prohibition Act has dissipated the last hope of "a wet" holiday season across the line. Unless all the signs fail, America is going to be a "dry" country hereafter. Its example will enormously strengthen the prohibition movement everywhere.

On leaving the "Renown" at Portsmouth, the Prince of Wales addressed the officers and crew who were assembled on the quarter-deck. He said that the voyage had been a pleasant one, and he thanked them all and complimented them all on their conduct throughout the journey. Captain Taylor, in reply said that the ship had steamed 12,360 miles in the course of her voyage, and had done forty-nine days' steaming and seventy days in port.

While women are making a bold bid for Parliamentary and other honors, it is significant that the Universities of the Old Country are already recognizing the merits of their work, both in war and peace. Of six distinguished people who received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws (LL.D.) at Glasgow recently, no fewer than 40 per cent. were women. The new lady LL.D.'s were the Duchess of Atholl, the Right Hon. the Dowager Countess of Eglington and Winton, and Commandant Dame Gwynne-Vaughan, C.B.E., D.Sc., F.L.S.

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**Only a Child**

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS-TIME

Then you will admit her, doctor?

"Well, I don't know. She is only a child."

"But, doctor, you know there's no children's hospital in the city, and we can't do anything for her at the orphanage. If there's any hope of a cure, she should have a chance."

"But she will make a great deal of trouble. You know, Mrs. Bliss, it's a risky thing to admit a child of that age without a mother to take care of her."

"I know, but I don't think Lucile will make much trouble. She's such a bright, sunny-natured child! She never has made trouble, and she's used to being among strangers."

"Well, since you are so persistent, I suppose we may try her, for a few days at least. You may bring her this evening."

"Thank you, doctor." This scrap of conversation reached me as I lay in my narrow white bed at the end of the long ward. A few minutes earlier Doctor Mill, the hospital superintendent, had passed through the ward, accompanied by a lady, who, I afterward learned, was Mrs. Bliss, the matron from an orphanage a few blocks away.

For some reason I had many fancies about the child with the attractive, foreign sounding name. I wondered who she could be, and why they were bringing her here. Perhaps my homesick longing for the troop of merry brothers and sisters at home gave me such an interest in the idea of a child coming to the hospital.

All day I lay and listened as doctors or nurses approached, hoping to hear something about the new patient. I wished it might be our ward to which they would bring her, and waited with impatience for evening to come.

The bed next my own was vacant. After the tea-trays had been removed, a nurse came into the ward with some clean sheets on her arm, and stopped by the vacant bed. I turned toward her eagerly.

"Are they going to bring in a new patient?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, pleasantly. Miss Scott gave orders to have this bed prepared. The patient will be in this evening, so you will have a new neighbor."

"Do you know who it is?" I asked, excitedly. Miss Maynor was very kind, and though I was very timid, I was not a bit afraid of her.

"I do not," she answered, smiling at my eager face. "You seem very much interested at the thought of a new neighbor. Are you getting more lonesome?"

"Oh no," I answered, smiling in return, "but I heard Doctor Mills talking this morning of bringing a little girl into the hospital. I was just wondering if they will bring her here. I wish they would."

"There's Miss Scott now, I'll ask her if you like," Miss Maynor said, kindly, and turned to the head nurse, who was running in and out among the beds, folding coverlets and arranging pillows for the night.

"Do you know the name of the new patient who is coming?" asked Miss Maynor. "Gracie would like to know who she is to have for a neighbor."

"Indeed I do not!" snapped Miss Scott, giving a scornful toss to the coverlet she was folding. "It's one of those little beggars

from the orphanage! One would think Doctor Mills had taken leave of his senses! The idea of bringing a four-year-old child here to be waited on! It will take nearly the whole time of one nurse to look after her."

Evidently Miss Scott was not in a good humor. She seldom was. However, she had given me the information I wanted. I lay back on my pillow satisfied.

About an hour later Miss Maynor came again, with a little girl in her arms, whom she brought directly round to my bed.

"Here's your little neighbor, Gracie," she said, unclasping the child's arms from her neck and placed her by my side.

The little stranger did not seem a bit bashful, but smiled at me, showing the prettiest little row of white teeth, as I reached out my hand toward her.

She was certainly a little beauty, even if she was a little beggar, as Miss Scott had said. She had just come from the bathroom, and her short, dark hair lay in little damp curls round her shapely head. The fair little face was flushed with a rosy glow, and the black eyes sparkled with childish happiness. She did not look at all like an invalid. She told me with the sweetest little lip that her name was "Lutheel." Before Miss Maynor came to put her in bed we had become fast friends, and she left me with her sweet little good-night kiss upon my lips.

After Lucile was asleep that night, Miss Maynor came and sat by my side while she told me the little girl's story. Mrs. Bliss had been with her while she gave Lucile her bath, and told her all she herself knew.

Lucile's parents had lived in the West, where she was born a few months before her father died. When only a year old she had shown a tendency to curvature of the spine. The mother sought medical advice, but the child's health steadily failed, until the physician told the anxious mother that her child could not live through another Western winter, and advised taking her East to the sea air.

The change had acted like a tonic on the little girl, and several months of sea air had improved her so greatly that she grew quite plump and rosy, and even grew able to move about a little.

Then the mother died suddenly, leaving her child unprotected for. Whether either parent had living relatives was unknown, a search of the mother's effects having failed to give any information; and so the little stranger, in a strange land, was handed over to the orphanage. The lady with whom the mother had boarded furnished these facts in her history.

Lucile was not long in winning her way into Mrs. Bliss's motherly heart. She believed that the little girl's deformity might be at least partially removed by skilful treatment, and after consulting the best medical skill the city afforded, she had determined if possible to have her placed in the hospital for treatment.

During the weeks that followed her admission to the hospital Lucile won the hearts of all. Even Miss Scott warmed toward her. The innocent baby ways were winning, and the sweet childish prattle was so pleasant to homesick ears, that the patients came to regard it as a treat to have Lucile come to sit beside them awhile and talk in her pretty baby fashion.

When she first came she could move about the ward and passages. She never walked without holding by something. When she wanted to go from bed to bed, or cross the ward, she went with a little staggering run, much like that of a child just learning to walk.

During the beautiful autumn days she loved to sit on the sunny veranda, or, climbing down on the gravelled walk below, to amuse herself by picking out the roughest and smoothest pebbles and piling them in little heaps, or throwing them playfully. All about the hospital learned to watch for her, and doctors, nurses and "helps" stopped as they passed to have a moment's chat, or to stroke the curly head, or at least to give a friendly nod and smile to the little maiden.

When the weather would not permit of going out, Lucile amused herself in the ward among the patients. Doctors, nurses and visitors brought her toys, candies and picture-books, so that she was kept busy showing them to her friends.

She was a generous little thing,

and baby though she was, had not forgotten her little friends in the orphanage. Mrs. Bliss never came to the hospital without taking the choicest of Lucile's playthings home to her little wards.

The child was not much given to favoritism, but bestowed her smiles and graces freely on all; and yet there were a few whom she looked upon as special friends. From the night of her entrance into the hospital she seemed to regard me as her particular care; and when she found that I could not be out of bed at all, she would come and sit by the hour on my bed, showing her books and toys, or reading some pretty baby story out of her own sweet little brain; for she had not yet learned her letters.

Among the hospital staff, the physician of our ward, Doctor

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