# THE ONLY MEDICINE THAT HELPED HER

## "Fruit-a-tives Again Proves Its Extraordinary Powers

ROCHON, QUE., March 2nd, 1915.

"I have received the most wonderful benefit from taking "Fruit-a-tives". I suffered for years from *Rheumatism* and change of life, and I took every remedy obtainable without results. I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and it was the only medicine that *really did me good*. Now I am entirely well—the Rheumatism has disappeared, and the terrible pains in my body are all gone. I hope that others, who suffer from such distressing diseases, will try "Fruit-a-tives". MADAME ISAIE ROCHON.

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.

OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION.

President—Mrs. L. W. Sleep.
1st Vice President—Mrs. J. Cutten.
2nd Vice President—Mrs. R. Reid.
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SUPERINTENDENTS.

Labrador Work—Mrs. Fielding.
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Temperance in Sabbath-schools—Mrs. (Dr.) Brown.
Evangelistic—Mrs. Purves Smith.
Peace and Arbitration—Mrs. J. Read.
Press—Miss Margaret Barss.
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Walter Mitchell.
Loyal Temperance Legion—Miss Essom.

## Since Saloons Have Gone.

Village streets are a little cleaner
Since the saloons have gone;
And not a soul has grown leaner
Since the saloons have gone;
The town has been a little drier,
Of drunkards' brawls no more we tire,
The moral plane has risen higher
Since the saloons have gone.

Friendship's ties are a little stronger
Since the saloons have gone;
And money lasts a little longer
Since the saloons have gone;
The future sky a little bluer,
And husbands' hearts a little truer,
The home is bright and also newer,
Since the saloons have gone.

—Joseph J. Tholl, in the 'New Republic.'

## Are You a Bore?

Do you monopolize the conversation wherever you go with a breathless account of your own affairs?

Do you live over some trip you have taken with a friend until those around you never want to visit the regions you dicuss?

Do you interrupt another's conversation with 'That reminds me,' or 'By the way?'

Do you insist on pointing out every place of interest, which is interesting to you, but not to a stranger?

Do you talk about mutual acquaintances and then ask your hearer's opinion upon them?

Do you chatter on for the sake of filling up a silence?

Do you take delight in explaining the why, wherefore, and when of something in which your companion may take slight interest?

Do you jump at every opportunity to trace a person's family connections and ancestry to the fourth generation?

Do you laugh at your own jokes before any one else has a chance to do so?

Do you tell the point of another's story before he has a chance to emphasize it?

Do you say 'Oh, yes, I've heard that before,' and take away the pleasure of another's story?—Irish World.

## Women In England.

'Woman—God bless her! The inspirer of man. The electric battery in the torch of life, with man but the bulb! The moment I landed in England woman's part in the great struggle was clearly demonstrated.

I entered a bus—a woman rang up my fare.

I sat down to a meal, a woman tucked a serviette in my waistcoat.

I went to a picture show, a woman usher took my hand and led me through the gloom. I registered at the hotel—a woman gave me my key.

I ente ed a lift—a woman tugged the rope and presto! up we went.

I leave a call for a bath at 6 a. m, and I hear a feminine voice at the appointed hour, 'bath ready, sir.'

Being ambitious I went to interview Lloyd George, and I have to make an appointment with his secretary—a woman!


## AN AGED COUPLE

### Tell How They Regained Strength and Vigor

Steubenville, Ohio.—"My husband is 79 years old and I am 78 years of age and we owe our good health to Vinol, the greatest strength creator and medicine there is. When either one of us get into a weakened, run-down condition, Vinol has never failed to build us up and restore strength. We have often said we would not be living now were it not for Vinol." —MARY A. LEE.

We guarantee Vinol to create strength for feeble old people.

A. V. Rand, Druggist, Wolfville, ale at the best druggists in all Nova Scotia.


Where are all my conservative ideas about woman's place in life? All gone! Gone like the flowers that bloom in the summer sun!

Woman 'man' every Y. M. C. A. canteen in England, 'man' the lathes, the benches, the mechanics in our munition plants

Can we wonder that the Prime Minister is converted from his Anti-Suffrage attitude and promises that women shall have the vote after the war?

Will the women be big enough to extend to their hard won and well filled positions to our men when they return?

Will they return to their homes and become the mothers of the men?

'Mother!' when I see that word in book or newspaper it seems to rise and sparkle; and leap and thrill and whisper and chant and pray and weep.

It gleams like a diamond! It bubbles like a fountain! It trills like a song! It blazes like a flame!'

A CANADIAN OVER-SEAS.


## Get Rid of Bronchitis.

Mr. W. H. Walker, Calmar, Alta., writes:—"I am pleased to say that Dr Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has done much good to myself, wife and children. My eldest girl 7 years, had bronchitis and the doctor who attended her did not seem to do much good We got Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for her and she soon got well. We always keep this medicine in the house now ready for use and find that it soon cures coughs and colds."


## Free Speech.

An old negro woman had lived with a certain family in the South for many years. One day her mistress had occasion to reprimand her quite sharply for something that had gone wrong. The negress said nothing at the time but a little later her voice could be heard in the kitchen in shrill vituperation of everything and everybody, with a rattling accompaniment of pans and kettles. So loud became the clamor and so vindictive the exclamations that Mrs. C. went hurriedly down to the kitchen.

'Why, Liza,' she began, in amazement, 'who on earth are you talking to?'

'I ain't talkin' to nobody,' the old negress replied, 'but I don't keer whe's dis house hyars me!'—Harper's Magazine.


DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c. is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops dropplings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 25c. a box; blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.


## If I Were a Grocer.

'I would provide my assistants with a feast from the foods they were selling,' says an English writer in Sunshine. Each month I would invite all of them to have a dinner with me. The meal would consist of various articles taken from the shelves of my shop

At these dinners I would have different brands of the same article spread, so the assistants could see exactly why there was a difference in price I would make it a point to start discussions as to the differences and merits of the various articles.

Then, when a woman wanted to know why we charged eightpence for one tin of tomatoes, and sixpence for another, the salesmen would have plenty of reasons on the tips of their tongues.'


Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA


## Injustice.

Very much of the distress and poverty that appeal for aid is caused by various kinds of injustice.

Whoever truly desires to lessen it cannot act more efficiently than in throwing his whole energies into the work of securing to every one his just rights

There is no help afforded so valuable as that which promotes self-respect and independence in the one who is assisted, while the habit of being cheated and receiving bounty alternately paves the way to pauperism with all its evils.


Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA


## Prohibition in United States

Washington.—A bill to authorize the President during the war to proclaim a prohibition against the sale, manufacture, gift, transportation, importation or exportation of all alcoholic spirits, malt or vinous liquors, or any other intoxicating drink, was introduced to-day by Representative Howard, of Georgia.

Norman Blanchard was one of the High School pupils in good standing in grade eleven, released from school duties to join the army of food producers. He left Wednesday morning for Upper Dyke where he will assist farming with relatives on the estate of the late James Blanchard. Norman will do his bit for National Service wherever he is. He wanted to enlist for overseas service with his brother Cecil who went across with the 112th Batt., but although appearances were with him the years of his life were too few to enable him to get by.—Windsor Tribune.

The Kaiser says: 'May the Lord bless our Arms,' and in the same breath orders arsenic poured into wells—the foulest of all tricks.

# AN OLD SEA CHEST

## It Contained Treasure Which Brought Happiness to Both Old and Young.

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR.

"It's the law or poverty—take your choice," was the stern dictum of obstinate, self-opinionated James Ross, uncle of Philip Carle, who stood before him.

"I am sorry, uncle, but it's not the law for me," came the clear, definite response. "I'm not cut out for it, the business is distasteful to me, and I would rather have a crust of bread and my artistic ambitions, than the solemn judicial sense and a fortune."

"So much the poorer you, so much the richer I," quoted the old money grabber. "You need bank on no dependence on me hereafter. Wait." And the speaker snapped open a drawer in his desk and took from it a small package. "That belonged to your father. It is legally mine, but I give it to you, as a memento or to waste, as you like. I wash my hands of you."

Philip Carle made his exit feeling that he had made a pretty bad mess of his affairs. There was no help for it, however. The artistic impulse in him was strong, and uncertain as seemed the field he was bound to stick to it.

He had not gone to his self-centered relative to ask money for himself. While he had very little of that commodity personally, the needs of another had urged him to apply for assistance. He undid the wrappings of the little parcel. It contained a diamond ring, probably a remnant of the wealth he knew his dead father had once porsessed.

"I will never sell it," he said, walking on thoughtfully, "but"— and he stopped at the first pawnbroker's shop he came to.

"I will loan you three hundred dollars," its proprietor said, and Philip nodded with a lump in his throat.

"What About This?"

trying to believe that what he was doing was right.

He at length turned into a small tailoring shop. Its show windows were neat as a pin. A rather unique sign swung over its doorway. It read:

"Only the lilies of the field can clothe themselves cheaper than you can in this shop."

"Well, how is business, Mr. Garland?" inquired Philip of an old man with the worried yet expectant face of a person waiting and hoping for work.

"Getting worse, if possible, all the time," was the reply. "I am afraid my venture is a poor one. Locality bad, or else I do not know how to win trade. There's the mortgage, too. They have given me a bare twenty-four hours to settle or give up possession. Why does not my brother come on?"

"There is the money to relieve your present necessities," said Philip, handing over the proceeds of the loan.

The old man stared; quick tears arose to his eyes. He waved back the gegerous hand extended, but Philip persuaded him with success. He induced his friend to make one more trial of his business experiment, and left him with encouraging words.

"I had to do it," Philip told himself. "I can't see Mr. Garland lose his all, if it is only for her sake—dear Isabel! How he has struggled to give her a musical education. So near to acquiring it, too. I won't regret a good act."

It was Philip's first picture, the portrait of this Isabel, that smiled down from an easel as the young artist entered his studio. Quite incidentally he had become acquainted with Mr. Garland and then with his ward. Isabel was the daughter of the closest friend of the old man who had started him in life, lost his own wealth, and a more loyal guardian never lived.

Isabel was perfecting a musical education and Garland never let her know how hard he was pressed. For over a month he had been in an optimistic mood. He had received a letter from a brother, a sea captain who had been off on a two years' cruise. It came from a distant city and on its heels a large seaman's chest. The letter announced that very soon its writer would follow, and that he had come to share a royal fortune with his brother.

But since then not a word had been received from the sea captain. Business had fallen away, and now the generous-hearted artist had sacrificed his all to assist his friends.

No love word had been spoken between Philip and Isabel. Evenings when he visited the neat parlor behind the little shop, however, and the happy twain conversed of art, music and of all things beautiful, both felt that their souls were in complete harmony.

One week later Philip visited the Garland place to find the old man immersed in the deepest gloom. He had received a telegram announcing the death of his brother in a hospital. The last words he spoke were transmitted: "Tell my brother that the chest and its treasure is all his own."

Its "treasure," according to Garland, consisted of some sailor clothes, a few nautical instruments and a keg containing some oily compound of the deep.

"It's the end," said the old man dejectedly. "My main worry is that your generous loan is lost. They threaten to sell me out tomorrow."

Philip could do nothing further in a money way. He was resolute not to abandon his friends, however. That afternoon he made a contract with a picture house to do some copying. The recompense was not large, but it would fit into a plan he had for taking care of Garland until the latter could find new employment.

He was greeted with a sad spectacle when he reached the Garland place that evening. The old man was pacing the floor distractedly. Isabel, pale and distressed, was seated on all that had been left in the place by the ruthless creditors—the old sea chest.

"It will be easy to arrange for your care until you get on your feet again, Mr. Garland," said Philip cheerfully. "What are we going to do with the chest, though? Let us open it and select what is worth while."

They set aside a compass and some other few things out of the heterogeneous contents of the chest.

"What about this?" inquired Philip, lifting out the keg. "Why, Mr. Garland!"

Reversing the keg, the young artist uttered a very startled exclamation. Across one end there was traced in ink the word: "Ambergris."

One hour later the happy old man knew that the old sea chest had contained treasure, indeed. Worth more than its weight in gold, the ambergris, rare and readily salable, represented over twelve thousand dollars.

'Now Isabel can finish her music!' cried the old man joyfully, "and you, oh, my dear friend! command the fortune you have discovered to assist you in any way in your artist's career."

Isabel clung close to the arm of the young man who had so loyally shared their troubles, as he escorted them to a near hotel. The pressure of that dear hand thrilled Philip Carle. The old man walked prudently ahead of the happy pair.

And when they parted for the night, the decision had been reached that the musical and the art careers should be pursued—together.

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

## CAME OUT OF HIS TRANCE

### But It Took Some Language by the Motor Bus Conductor to Arouse Him.

"Fares, please."

But the passenger on top of the Fifth avenue motor bus gave no heed.

"Fares, please." This time a little louder.

Still the passenger oblivious.

"By the ejaculatory term 'fare,'" said the conductor, "I imply no reference to the state of the weather, the complexion of the admirable blonde you observe in the contiguous seat, nor even to the quality of service vouchsafed by this philathropic corporation. I merely allude, in a manner perhaps lacking in delicacy but not in consciseness, to the monetary obligation set up by your presence in this conveyance, and suggest that, without contempering your celebrity with enunciation, you immediately proceed to liquidate or—"

And at this point the passenger emerged from this trance.—New York Mail.

### Bibles in Bristol.

A hint of ancient Bibles in the neighborhood of Bristol has brought many other confessions of concealed treasures. There is a "Breeches" Bible of 1610, a "Bishop's" Bible of 1565 in a country cottage, a Bible in good condition dated 1599, and another dated 1594, which the owner, being a poor man, would like to sell. That also is in good condition. They bound their Bibles well when printing was young, and that is possibly the secret of their preservation.

Those long-preserved west country Bibles remind one of the peculiar sanctity which the Bible attained among those who never opened it. "We always keep a Bible in the house in case of illness," said a pious villager, "but, thank heaven, we've had no use for it since poor old grandfather was took!"—London Chronicle.

### The Mimosa.

The mimosa, or wattle, which patriotic Australians wore recently in celebration of the anniversary of the landing of the first colony of English draws its name from its supposed mimetic powers. Its leaves were thought to assume the shape of animals. Shelley knew it as the sensitive plant, and other poets have represented the mimosa as curling up when the sound of a horse's hoofs came within a mile or two. Southey imagined the mimosa as a giant tree, and saw men reclining "beneath its shade." But the mimosa Australians know is of moderate dimensions.


## WOMEN'S NERVES

Women, more than men, have excitable nerves, because tiring work and physical strain tax their more delicate nervous systems and bring premature age and chronic weakness—unless treated intelligently.

Drug-laden pills and alcoholic concoctions cannot build up a woman's strength, but the concentrated medicinal food properties in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

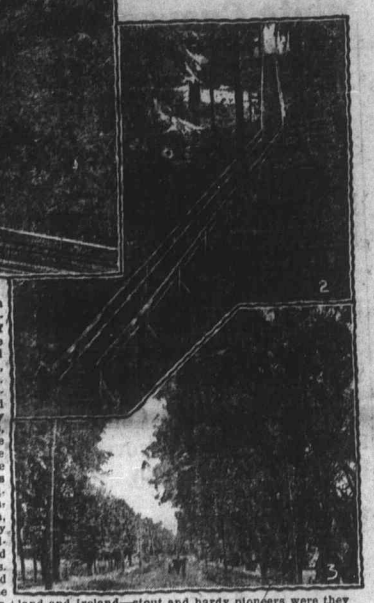
build strength from its very source and are helping thousands of women to gain control of their nerve power—overcome tiredness, nervousness, impatience and irritability.

*SCOTT'S is a liquid-food—free from drugs.*

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 10-7


Marion was saying her prayers. 'And please, God,' she petitioned, 'make Portland the capital of Maine.' 'Why Marion!' said her shocked mother, 'what made you say that?' Marion settled herself comfortably in the bed. 'Cause I made it that way in my examinat on paper,' she said, 'and I want it to be right.'

# A Beauty Spot in Nova Scotia



MOST centrally located town in Nova Scotia with a population of between eight and nine thousand, meeting place of railroads and home of large manufacturing industries, Truro is also a place of beauty and a joy to the visitor in its tree-shaded streets, its parks of winding pathways and waterfalls, its surroundings of rich and beautiful farm lands. Here is the junction of the Canadian Pacific and Dominion Atlantic Railways, the home of a huge and ever-growing wool industry with a name nationally known, a condensed milk plant, hat and cap factories, machine shops and wood factories—all on a large scale and all prosperous. But here too are fine churches, normal and agricultural colleges, handsome public buildings, in beautiful settings of green lawns and shrubbery, on streets shaded by rows of spreading maples. Truro is a unique and most happy combination of material prosperity and aesthetic charm.

Settled first by the Acadian French, and later by sturdy colonists from New England, and hardy soldiers who had fought and won under Cornwallis and Wolfe, Truro is rich in its historical associations. Quick to realize the richness of the soil here—washed as it was by the tides of Cobequid, terminus of the fickle Fundy—the French Acadians built their dykes, erected a chapel, and settled. With the passing of the years, the tiny settlement grew and grew, becoming not only a community of rich farms, but also a resting place in the long trek from Port Royal to Louisburg or Quebec.

And then came the expulsion of the Acadians, their homes were burned, their flocks driven off and their lands made waste. Even to this day, pieces of farming or kitchen utensils are turned up by the plow, treasures hastily buried there by the French Acadians in the hope that some day they might return, reclaim them, and live again those happy and peaceful days so dear to the habitant farmer.

Years passed by and there came such men as Alexander Miller, Matthew Taylor, Capt. William Blair, Eliakim Tupper, Charles McKay, Adam Dickey, James Gourlay, Samson Moore, James Downey, Joshua Lamb, James Whidden, and Charles Dickson from New England, Capt. John Morrison and Col. Jonathan Blanchard from New Hampshire; Dr. John Harris from Philadelphia; and soldiers from England, Scotland and Ireland—stout and hardy pioneers were they all. So strongly were they in sympathy with the American Revolution that when two justices of the peace tendered them the oath of allegiance in 1777, but five were willing to take it. Yet their descendants by the hundreds are now giving their blood and their lives in the great battle being waged for civilization.

No less delightful than the lawns and groves of the town itself, than the natural park with its paths winding in and out among trees of fir, spruce and pipe, its miniature cliffs, its bridges over bustling and tumbling rapids, its sparkling waterfalls, and its rustic benches overlooking them all—no less delightful than all these are the driveways through a country picturesque in rambling farm houses, huge barns, spreading fields of hay and oats; with afar off the waters of Cobequid, muddy from racing over the long flats, and dotted with ships, lumber laden and bound far south to the United States or east to Great Britain.

Charmed with its beauties and soothed with its cool breezes, the seeker after rest and peace will find in Truro a place to come to again and again.

# DOGS OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

DOGS are a versatile breed. The bloodhound will never live down his record as a policeman; the Pekinese always suggests his career as a Sunday supplement favorite; the mere mention of a gun serves to evoke memories of the dogs of sport; the trained mongrel wags his tail on every vaudeville stage; the Red Cross dogs of the French front bring a lump into the throat the world round. But after all, save and except the role of "friend" which is what all dogs are born for, there's no trade in dogdom so useful as that of the Northland canine who thinks he's a horse.

We can't go to the open ice of Greenland or the Labrador to see the dan-shaped teams whirling their sleighs along under the aurora. Most of us can't go anywhere north of steam heat in the bitter weather.

But all of us plan some time or other to run up to Alaska in the summer, and when we think of midnight suns and totem poles, Yukon nuggets and Jack London yarns, let's not forget that Skagway is the entryport to the land of Alaska Sweepstakes, the greatest event of its kind in the world, and the one sure road to immortality for "the dog who works."

Nome to Candle and return is the distance—412 miles. The prize is $5,000. The time is April. The weather disdains to rise to zero. Teams are entered by owners living from California clear to the pole. And every dog who runs in a collar is eligible to compete—husky, malamute, Siberian wolfhound or plain wonderful all-enduring mongrel.

In Alaska and the Yukon, hotels are sleeping places and meals are taken in side-street cafes with Chinese cooks. Last summer the writer travelled the thousand miles from

Vancouver to Skagway in the Canadian Pacific Steamer "Princess Charlotte," took train a hundred and ten miles over the old "trail of '98 to Whitehorse and was preparing myself by an excellent dinner to catch the Yukon river boat for Dawson City. I was sitting with my back to the screen door of the little restaurant when I had that odd sensation of "being watched" which comes to everyone with eyes in the nape of his neck.

Turning I saw the biggest silver-greyest, softest furred dog you ever set eyes on. I dropped my knife in amazement.

The restaurant waitress came smiling out with a plate of fish refuse.

"Never seen a malamute before?" she asked. "Some dogs, ain't they and they do say they can live on air. I don't see how the ones in this town always look so fat in summer unless they fish in the rapids."

"Why, yes, you could buy him if you liked. Guess you could just run away with him, and nobody'd bother you. But, of course, you know he'd eat up your own dog when you got him down home. Then he'd jump the tallest fence you could find, and go clean up the neighborhood."

Grey Brother had finished his fish course. His eyes were as yellow as topazes and the fur on top of his head stood up in a silver fluff an inch thick. He was laughing all over with good nature and the idea of such murderous exploits as the waitress suggested seemed impossible.

Down the street came a tingle of bells and a tangle of dogs. In the middle was a team—Jersey, Sport, Blackie and Shep—and surrounding them like sportive comets was an assortment of unattached canine energy sufficient to run a mill. The boy who drove the dogs from his little cart was about thirteen.

"Mush on Mush on! he cried to his team, unmindful of the cameras of the tourists as of the gyrations of his satellites.


McCallums, L'td

The largest dealers in Improved Farm Properties in Canada.

Halifax, N. S., Canada.

Are now offering the property of the Wolfville Fruit Land Improvement Co Ninety acres of Orchards fully improved in whole or part. Price exceptionally low. 25

C. A. Porter, Local Agent.

OFFICES: WOLFVILLE AND KENTVILLE.


According to their own accounts the children were first in something at school, one was first in reading, another in arithmetic, another in sports Bertie alone remained silent.

'Well, Bertie, how about you?' his uncle asked. 'Aren't you first in anything?'

'Yes,' said honest Bertie I am first out of the building when the bell rings.'


CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher



Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.



JOB PRINTING

Neatly and Promptly Executed at

We print Wedding Invitations, Calling Cards, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Statements, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Shipping Tas, Business Cards, Receipt Forms in all the latest styles of type.


## Wolville Time Table

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY
& STEAMSHIP LINES
TO ST. JOHN VIA DIGBY
AND TO BOSTON VIA
DOMINION ATLANTIC RY & YARMOUTH Twice Steamers of the BOSTON & YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP COMPANY
— YARMOUTH LINE —
LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE

Effective March 1st, 1917.

Service daily, except Sunday.

ARRIVING

| | |
|---|---|
| Express from Kentville | 6.15 a m |
| Express from Halifax & Truro | 9.58 a m |
| Accom. from Middleton | 11.55 a m |
| Accom. from Windsor | 1.30 p m |
| Express from Yarmouth | 4 20 p m |
| Express from Halifax | 5.59 p m |

LEAVING.

| | |
|---|---|
| Express for Halifax and Truro | 6.15 a m |
| Express for St. John and Yarmouth | 9 18 a m |
| Accom for Windsor | 11.55 a m |
| Accom. for Middleton | 1.30 p m |
| Express for Halifax and Truro | 4.20 p m |
| Express for Kentville | 5.59 p m |

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY

Daily Service (Sunday Excepted)

Canadian Pacific Railway S. S. 'Empress' leaves St. John 7.00 a. m. arriving in Digby at 10.00 a.m. Leaves Digby 2 00 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 9.58 a. m. for Yarmouth connects with steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Co., Ltd., sailing on Wednesday and Saturday for Boston.

Buffet parlor cars run each way, daily, except Sunday, on express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

R. U. PARKER
General Passenger Agent,
George E. Graham, General Manager
Kentville, N. S.

## Professional Cards


DENTISTRY.

Dr. A. J. McKenna
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College
Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville
Telephone No. 43.
GAS ADMINISTERED

M. R. ELLIOTT
A.B., M.D. (Harvard)
Office at residence of late Dr. Bowles, Telephone 23.
Office Hours—8-1 a.m., 1-3, 7-9 p. m.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.
Voicing, Regulating, Repairing Organs Tuned and Repaired.
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Licensed Auctioner for towns of Kentville and Wolfville, N. S.

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HALIFAX
Receivers and Sellers of all kinds of Farm Produce.
Consignments Solicited.
Prompt Returns.

E. B. SHAW
Repairing of Boots and Shoes of all Kinds
Has resumed business at the old stand in his new building.
Orders Solicited and Carefully Executed

COAL! COAL! COAL!
Carefully Screened and Promptly Delivered.
Springhill, Albion Nut and Old Sydney.
GIVE US A TRIAL.
Burgess & Co.


## FOR SALE!

Modern 8 room house and 60x150 lot, Prospect street, Wolfville. Bath, large basement with laundry, hot air furnace, fruit-trees. Magnificent view. Possession September, 1917. For particulars apply to MRS. L. C. Hutchinson, 2402 East Colfax avenue, Denver, Colorado, U. S. A.

## 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.

## 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 centre

He who pursues two rabbits will succeed in catching neither.