

Railway & S. S. Lines

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

Steamship Lines

St. John via Digby

Boston via Yarmouth

"Laid of Evangeline" Route.

On and after November 9th, 1912 train service of this railway is as follows:

Express for Yarmouth 12.04 p.m.

Express for Halifax 2.00 p.m.

Accom. for Halifax 7.50 a.m.

Accom. for Yarmouth 5.50 p.m.

Midland Division

Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily.

St. JOHN and DIGBY

S. S. "YARMOUTH"

leaves St. John, daily except Sunday at 7.00 a.m.

Boston Service

Steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Co.

FURNESS, WITBY & CO., LTD

STEAMSHIP LINERS

LONDON, HALIFAX & ST. JOHN, N. B. SERVICE.

From London, From Halifax

Steamer, Rappahannock, Mch. 4

Feb. 25 - Kanawha, Mch. 18

Mch. 12 - Shenandoah, Apr. 1

From Liverpool, From Halifax

Steamer, Durango, Mch. 15

Mch. 8 - Tabasco, Mch. 25

Mch. 22 - Almeriana, Apr. 8

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accon. Time Table in effect Accon. Mch. & Fr. October 7th, 1912. (Mch. & Fr.)

Read down Stations Read up

11.30 Lv. Middleton A.R. 12.25

12.01 " " 12.54

12.29 " " 13.33

12.50 " " 14.07

13.07 " " 14.50

13.26 " " 15.14

13.45 " " 15.40

CANADA'S DESTINY.

M. Bertilland Forecasts Strange Division of Dominion.

Henri Bertilland, the great French controversialist, has just evolved a striking future for Canada.

"The statesman who wrought the fabric of your Dominion," said the "Sidney Brookes of France," "are worthy of high praise for their constructive policy."

"Furthermore, there can be no reconciling the conflicting interests of this great country. Your western farmers clamor for reciprocal trade with the United States, and he will not sacrifice permanently his material prosperity on account of a policy of selfish protection fostered by Canadian vested interests."

"This viewpoint is novel, I admit," continued M. Bertilland, "but I look merely at facts, tendencies and analogies. This great country will work out its destiny through a process of economic and political evolution."

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"Flag Stations. Trains stop on signal.

CONNECTION AT MIDLETON WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S. W. RY AND A. R. Y.

P. MOONEY General Freight and Passenger Agent.

The Maid of The Mist

By Miss Clara A. Black, North Dakota

A Yankton, South Dakota, paper says—The Phreno-Cosmain, college paper at Mitchell, offered prizes for best stories.

Little cakes of ice, catching the sunlight, glittered and sparkled in the swift flowing stream; the river rippled and swished and glided it slipped over the brink of the precipice, fell silently the three hundred fifty feet, and boomed and roared on the rocks below.

It settled too on the ice encased trees, some of the branches groaned and creaked under their burden of beauty; others, finding the burden too heavy, cracked sharply and came crashing down, making the / silent woods echo and re-echo with the sound. But always the river slipped and glided, falling, falling, and booming on the rocks below.

A cloud of spray rose and hovered a moment above the falls, and there suddenly, half veiled by the mists, floated a maiden. Her eyes were blue, blue like a bit of sky seen through the mists, her brow and arms and floating garments—white, like the spray around her, and the faint flush on her cheeks was like the early sunbeams touching the mists. She turned toward us and smiled, then a cloud of spray rose, and, folding itself like a blanket around her, sank with her again to the river.

"Oh, what is it?" we cried, turning eagerly to our guide.

"It is the Maid of the Mists," he answered.

"Why, what? Won't you tell us about her?" we begged.

"It happened long ago," he began, "when an Indian tribe lived here on the banks of the Niagara. The white men came and settled on the other side of the river. The Indians waited till their homes were built, and their early crops almost-ready to harvest, then one night they crossed the river, burned the village, massacred many of the settlers, and carried the rest back to their encampment for slower torture.

Among the captives was the governor's daughter, Virginia, whose people had all perished in the massacre. One night when Virginia lay sleepless on her bed of skins a voice close beside her said, "Little white squaw is thirsty. Here is water." Virginia turned and looked into the stolid face of a young Indian woman. Mechanically she took the birch bark cup held out to her and placed it to her parched lips. After one sip of the cool refreshing water she drank greedily. When she handed the cup back almost empty, she smiled as she said, "I thank you, friend." The young Indian woman grunted and withdrew. Virginia sank back on her couch and soon she was sleeping, though now and then she started suddenly, and threw her hands over her eyes, or moaned softly as she slept. In the morning her face seemed paler than before, but the dullness from the agony that she had seen and suffered had gone from her eyes. That sleep, the first she had since the massacre, had given her a little fresh strength.

The Indian girl, Nianca, visited her often in the days that followed, and a warm friendship sprang up and ripened between the two young women. Nianca taught Virginia the language of her people, and told her many of the customs and traditions. She told her how, every year, on the evening of the first new moon, after the harvest of corn, her people cast a lot among the young women of the tribe, and the one who was chosen, must give herself as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit so that he would feel kindly toward them and would care for them through the winter. The girl who was chosen, must when the first sunbeam was seen the next morning, step into a

canoe and be swept over the falls. She told her also, about her warrior, a young brave of a neighboring tribe, who was coming for her in the fall, to take her home to be his squaw and live in his wigwam. Nianca's black eyes sparkled as she talked about her warrior. But suddenly the sparkle vanished and in place was a light of sympathy—she had noticed that the white girl's face was very sorrowful. "Why is the little white sister sad?" she asked.

"It was only thinking," Virginia replied, with a poor little attempt at a smile.

Nianca was silent, and after a while Virginia said wistfully, "It is only that your happiness makes me think of what I might have had."

"Is little white sister's warrior dead?" asked Nianca.

"Yes. He saved my life by giving his. If only I had died then too."

It was only a few days afterwards that a warrior came to Virginia's wigwam and bade her follow him. She knew what that meant for her—torture and death. She had been longing for death to come, but now that it was so near, she felt that life was very sweet. She shrank from the thought of that awful death, and as she entered the circle of warriors she looked appealing around at the cruel faces; certainly there was no hope there. But when her life was about to be taken, Nianca suddenly stepped into the circle and begged her father, the chief, to spare the white girl's life. The chief at first stubbornly refused, but finally gave Nianca permission to take the white girl away. As a symbol of her gratitude, Virginia gave Nianca her own little oval locket, which the Indian girl had greatly admired.

The last of September came and went, and the month of October hastened to a close, bringing nearer the night when the lot was to be cast among the maidens of the tribe. Finally the day came; night fell, and found the warriors seated around the fire and behind them in silent groups, were the men. In perfect silence the lot was cast, in a tomb-like quiet the result was read; The lot had fallen on Nianca.

The Indian girl and Virginia returned silently to the wigwam, and Nianca set about making preparations for her death. Virginia's face was white, and she crouched on a mat on the ground with hands clasped close together; but Nianca's face was stolid, and even her unusually expressive eyes betrayed no feeling.

After everything was ready she went over and sat down beside Virginia. She so far broke her characteristic reserve as to take the white girl's hand in hers and held it closely.

"Little white sister must not grieve," she said gently, "I have arranged things for you and you will be taken care of. No harm will come to you after I have gone." Virginia seemed not to notice that Nianca had spoken, but the Indian girl went on, "I have sent a message to my warrior, he will come when he receives it, I shall have left a message for him in the locket. He will take care of you."

Virginia had listened wide-eyed, to the last of what Nianca said, and now she snatched her hand away and sprang up.

"It isn't that, Nianca," she cried. "It's you and your warrior. It's you giving up your beautiful young life, and your warrior, will he not suffer? Tell them your life is too precious for such a sacrifice."

"You do not say well, little sister," rebuked Nianca gravely, "No one's life is too good or too beautiful to be given as a sacrifice for her people." Virginia was silent, though the sound of her tense breathing could be heard distinctly in the quiet place.

Suddenly some one from outside called Nianca's name. She rose quickly and left the wigwam. Virginia could not help hearing the low voiced conversation that went on outside. Nianca's father had come to bid his daughter good-bye. The parting was reserved and dignified; no slight shading or trembling of the voices betrayed the smallest part of the grief that was gnawing the heart of the stern warrior, or the anguish that was wringing the soul of the heroic Nianca.

In a few minutes the Indian girl re-entered the wigwam.

"Nianca, you shall not die," cried Virginia passionately, "it isn't fair. Listen to me, Nianca, I will go in your place, give me your clothes and blanket, and then go away somewhere and when your warrior comes

I will tell him where you have gone and he will find you."

Nianca's head went up proudly as she answered, "Little white sister must think very poorly of Nianca to suggest that; I have been chosen, and I must go. Do not try to make it otherwise."

"But I will try to make it otherwise," cried Virginia. "Listen, you have said no harm will come to me after you have gone and I believe you, but I will be a captive, and my only friend will be gone. I would die a hundred deaths than to live a life like that. It would be dreadful. You can see that. You want to die, and leave me to the mercy of your people or the people of your warrior, and you know how they will hate me. You have love and happiness to live for; if I live it will be only to suffer. You have everything to live for, I have nothing. Your warrior will come to you tonight; let me go to mine tomorrow. It is the quickest, the easiest way, Nianca. My warrior is waiting in the other country and I want him so. Let me go to him, Nianca, let me go."

For answer Nianca drew out the locket, and after writing a few characters on a little piece of birch bark which she enclosed in the locket, she handed it to Virginia.

"It is hard to tell who is right, little sister," she said, "it may be I will be sorry I have done this, but now it seems best. When the morning comes wrap yourself in my blanket and wear my leggings and moccasins, if my warrior does not come before you go, leave the locket lying on the bank of the river, it will tell him where to find me."

"You are going to your warrior then, and will let me go?" cried Virginia. Nianca nodded as she began to lay out the blanket and the other things which Virginia should wear. Virginia dropped in to a heap on the ground and sobbed hysterically.

"Does not the little white sister wish to die?" asked Nianca per-plexed.

"O, yes, yes, I am so glad. Just a few hours and I will see my warrior again."

Virginia was dressed and closely wrapped in the blanket, when a young brave came the next morning, to let her know it was almost time for the sacrifice. The white girl found the Indians assembled on the bank of the river, and they parted slightly to let her pass.

The light was growing in the east, and Virginia watched anxiously for an Indian warrior who should come from the south. Suddenly the first sunbeam began to play over the tops of the trees, and the chief gave the signal for the girl to step into the canoe. The signal was silently withdrawn, however, and all eyes were turned toward the south, toward a young Indian who, with long easy strides, was running toward them. He passed the Indians without a word and stopped beside Virginia.

"Have you any message for me?" he asked in the Indian tongue. Virginia trembled violently. If she spoke they would recognize her voice; if she held out the locket, they would see that her hand was white. From under the blanket she dropped the locket, and pushed it toward him with the top of her moccasins. Then she turned quickly and stepped into the canoe, two Indian braves sent the light boat skimming out over the water. The current of the river caught it, the canoe shuddered, then righted itself and, with its occupant stiff standing upright, shot gracefully over the falls, and was lost in a cloud of silver spray.

The sound of the guide's voice ceased, and still the swishing and roaring of the mighty cataract was in our ears, and the clouds of spray rose and fell. We found ourselves watching involuntarily for another glimpse of Virginia.

"Will we ever see her again?" someone asked.

"It is not likely," the guide replied gravely. "Few people have seen her at all, and I have known fewer who have seen her twice. Yet every morning just at sunrise, she comes back in the mists to tell us her sacrifice has been accepted."

Cherished by the presence of God, I will do at each moment, without anxiety, according to the strength which he shall give me, the work that his Providence assigns me. I will leave the rest without concern; it is not my affair. I ought to consider the duty to which I am called each day, as the work that God has given me to do, and to apply myself to it in a manner worthy of his glory, that is to say, with exactness and in peace. I must neglect nothing; I must be silent about nothing.—Francois de la Motte Fenelon.

PRIVATE OFFICE

Some to Lunch Back in ten minutes

Cramming down ill-chosen food, and rushing back to work, leads straight to dyspepsia, with all it means in misery.

Proper habits of eating, with a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, restore good digestion, health and happiness.

A box of Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets costs but 50c. at your Druggist's. National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

Death in Drinking Cups of Common Schools

The fire horror pales into insignificance compared with the terrors of the common school drinking cup, as portrayed in "Good Housekeeping."

It seems truly to be a veritable poison cup, and it is not pleasant to read about it. The human mouth, with its warmth and moisture, is a favorite lurking place for bacteria and it appears to be impossible for human lips to touch anything without contaminating it.

Dr. Alvin Davison, of Lafayette College, requested ten boys, says the article in "Good Housekeeping" to apply the upper lips to flat, clean glass in the same way as they would touch a cup in drinking. Under the microscope these lips showed an average of about one hundred human cells or minute bits of skin and 75,000 bacteria to each lip—this from one application to the lip.

Prof. Davison also examined a drinking glass, which for nine days had been in common use in a school. By counting the cells present on fifty different areas on the glass he estimated that the cup contained over 20,000 cells or bits of dead skin. Few of these showed less than ten germs clinging to them, and many as high as one hundred and fifty, while between the cells were thousands of germs left by the smears of saliva deposited by the drinkers.

A cup which had been used in a high school for several months without being washed, was lined inside with a thin, brownish deposit. Under the microscope this proved to be composed of particles of mud, thousands of bits of dead skin and millions of bacteria, among which were "seeds of germs corresponding in all details to those of tuberculosis. Some of this sediment was injected under the skin of a healthy guinea pig and in forty hours the animal died. A post-mortem examination revealed that death was due to the presence of a sufficient number of pneumonic germs to cause blood poisoning.

A second guinea pig inoculated with the cup sediment, developed tuberculosis. And these are only a few of the dangers to which the state exposes children in its efforts to give them that education which Harold Gorst considers such a curse. There are dirty towels as well as dirty drinking cups. One school was found where seventy-five children used only a single towel daily. There is the common cake of soap also. There are dirty books and germ-laden desks kept ever in motion by the restless shuffling of little feet. How much of the illness of childhood may be traced to these sources?

GOVERNMENT GIVES \$200.

Last week Mrs. Bennett Eisenhour, of Seaside, Lunenburg Co., gave birth to three girls and two boys. Dr. Donovan, the physician in attendance and J. W. Margeson, M. P. P., informed the Provincial Government of the fact, and in consequence the Local Government ordered that \$200 be expended by Dr. Donovan to engage a nurse, etc., for the children. The five children have all since died.

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.

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are adequate at all times. Fourteen instructors, seventy-five machines, separate classrooms for each subject. No need to wait or write, but begin your course at your convenience at the

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From my books I learn that out of 1000 watches repaired in my establishment last year there were less than 5 per cent. of these returned for adjustment. This is a fact worth remembering when your watch needs attention. My jewelry and clock repairs give excellent satisfaction.

ROSS A. BISHOP Lockett Block.

Buy "Black Prince" Hose for your boys; best value and wear best.



Quick Results

May be depended upon from the use of our Want Ads. The Births, deaths, marriages and the other Classified Columns are usually included in even a very perfunctory perusal of the paper. They are as good for general business as they are for "Help Wanted," etc.

FOXES! FOXES!

I am now prepared to furnish Foxes, Coons, Minks and other fur-bearing animals at short notice, and have on hand for immediate delivery four pairs of red and one pair of fine grey foxes and four pairs of Coons, also one odd female fox. All these animals were born in captivity. Particulars and prices on application.

Geo. L. PEARSON. Paradise, N. S., Feb. 3rd.

NA-DRU-CO Witch Hazel Cream. The creamy ingredients soothe and soften the outer skin, while the Witch Hazel penetrates and heals the deeper tissues. Diphtheria after shaving or washing. 25c. a bottle, at your druggist's. NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 185

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.