INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION

Quickly Relieved By "Fruit-a-tives"

ROCHON, P.Q.

"I suffered for many years with *terrible Indigestion and Constipation.* A neighbor advised me to try *"Fruit-a-tives"*. I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve and he advised me to go on with *"Fruit-a-tives"*.

I consider that I owe my life to "Fruit-a-tives" and I want to say to those who suffer from Indigestion, Constipation or Headaches — try "Fruit-a-tives" and you will get well".

CORINE GAUDREAU.

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. B. O. Davidson.
1st Vice President—Mrs. G. W. Miller
2nd Vice President—Mrs. McKenna
Recording Sec'y—Mrs. Ernest Redden
Cor. Secretary—Mrs. W. O. Taylor
Treasurer—Mrs. H. Pineo.

SUPERINTENDENTS.

Evangelistic—Mrs. George Bishop
Parlor Meetings—Mrs. Young
Labrador Work—Mrs. Fielding.
Red Cross and Lumbermen—Mrs. J. W. Vaughn.
Press and Willard Hall—Mrs. M. P. Freeman.
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Hutchinson.
Temperance in Sabbath schools—Mrs. C. A. Patriquin.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.—RM. 14: 31.

Business meeting of the W. C. T. U the last Friday of every month.

Whiskey and Influenza.

The liquor traffic with its usual eye to business has been trying to cool cold cash out of a great public calamity. Statements, misleading and false, as to the value of whiskey in treating influenza and pneumonia were industriously circulated by the liquor interests. Military and health officials soon warned the public against placing any confidence in such ridiculous rumors.

Dr. McCullough, medical officer for the province of Ontario, says this: 'Whiskey is no good for influenza and it is not necessary for pneumonia.'

The officers at Camp Devens, Mass., informed representatives of the wholesale liquor interests, as to their attitude relative to liquor. A despatch to the Boston Post from the camp says: 'Whiskey does not hold any position in the opinion of the medical corps as a preventative against influenza and pneumonia, and none is being used as preventative.'

Concerning Camp Taylor, which the writer has had the privilege of visiting, the statement was made that 'truck loads of whiskey were being rushed to Camp Taylor daily.' To this, Colonel Pyles, head physician at Camp Taylor, replied saying that very little alcohol is used and none at all except in cases of extreme prostration, then always in connection with milk and sugar.

Dr. Oscar Craven, acting health officer of Cincinnati, gave out this statemet, 'Whiskey is the worst thing a man can take into his system in these times, when every one should take care to keep his system fit. Whiskey is a poison that lowers a man's vitality and makes him an easy prey to influenza or other disease.'

A recent Associated Press despatch from New York city says: A warning to Spanish influenza sufferers against the use of alcoholic beverages was issued by Dr. Ryal S. Copeland, health commissioner, who declared alcohol tended to increase the danger from disease.

Dr. William C. Woodward, health commissioner, of Boston, said that in his judgement the use of alcoholic liquors for the prevention of the influenza was contrary to the best medical opinion of to-day.

In Cornell Medical School, Professor Meara warns his students against advising whiskey in pneumonia. In a letter to the Superintendent of the Department of Temperance for the World's W. C. T. U., he says: 'Alcohol has been much used in pneumonia, I believe, without justification. I believe that it is never a true stimulant, but a depressant. I believe there are few cases in which the patient would not be better off without alcohol. Argument for its uses as a food should be met by argument for more rational dietaries in pneumonia.'

The wisest course is to let it severely alone.

J. W. HAZELWOOD,
The Maritime Baptist.

A Constipation Cure

A druggist says: "For nearly thirty years I have recommended the Extract of Roots, known as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, for the radical cure of constipation and indigestion. It is an old reliable remedy that never fails to do the work." 50 drops thrice daily. Get the Genuine, at druggists.

Gasoline Dangers.

That gasoline is dangerous stuff, is so obvious that the average motorist acknowledges it, and lets it go at that. But why is it dangerous and where the greater dangers lie, are questions with which he concerns himself but little.

Probably the most serious danger from a gasoline lies in the fact that the vapor is very heavy and colorless. There is seldom any visible indication of its presence. It may accumulate at the bottom of a closed room or on the floor of a garage, and the dropping of a match is all that is needed to start something.

When allowed to accumulate in this manner its explosive power is tremendous and walls of brick buildings have been blown out just from such a cause.

Care must be taken to avoid such accumulation. Keep the premises ventilated so that the vapor will be dissipated as fast as it is formed. In filling tanks be careful not to spill the liquid. A most dangerous device is a gasoline sprayer, used to clean motors. It should never be used in a garage, and not even in the open air under certain conditions.

If gasoline is to be kept in the house or the garage the temperature of the place should be as nearly even as possible. This will do away with any dangerous vapor pressure, which will force gasoline out of the tank or might even cause a leak. The best storage place for gasoline is an underground tank, where its surroundings are at a low temperature all the year round.

In pouring gasoline into a tank or other receptable, the operator should be careful not to breathe the fumes, since these have been proved by scientists to be highly injurious to the human system.—Canadian Motorist.

Woman's Right to Good Health.

MOST TROUBLES AFFLICTING WOMEN ARE DUE TO WEAK, WATERY BLOOD

To every woman belongs the right to enjoy a healthy, active, happy life, yet nine out of every ten suffer years of agony, usually from some form of bloodlessness. That is why one sees on every side pale, thin cheeks, dull eyes and drooping figures—sure signs of headaches, weak backs, aching limbs and uncertain health. All weak, suffering women should win the right to be well by refreshing their weary bodies with the new, rich red blood that promptly transforms them into healthy attractive women. This new, rich, red blood is supplied in abundance by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which reach every organ and every nerve in the body. Through the use of these pills thousands of women have found a prompt cure when suffering from anaemia, indigestion, heart palpitation, rheumatism, general weakness, and those ailments from which women alone suffer. There is no part of this broad Dominion in which you will not find some former sufferer who has regained health and strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Among the thousands of women who bear testimony to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mrs. W. Ferguson, Plattsville, Ont., who says: 'After the birth of my second baby I was left very weak, and was steadily growing thinner and more bloodless. As time went on I became so run down that my friends thought I was in a decline. I tried different medicines, but none helped me until I was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began taking them and was not long in finding that they were helping me, and by the time I had taken a half a dozen boxes I felt like a new person. I had increased in weight, my color returned and I was again enjoying my old-time health. You may be sure when opportunity offers I will gladly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.'

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ontario.

'Do you know,' says George H. Stowe, 'that one gallon of gasoline properly mixed with air and compressed is equal to about 83 pounds of dynamite in explosive force? What makes gasoline particularly dangerous is the fact that it is more rapidly ignited and exploded than dynamite. One can never be too careful in handling gasoline under the circumstances.'

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. No matter how long you have suffered or how severe your case may be, Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly cures you. 60c. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

Wife—John, dear, I wish you'd taste this milk and see if it's quite perfectly sweet.

Hubby—What for?

Wife—Well, if it's the least bit sour, I don't want to give it to little Fido.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

'I hear you had quite a spell, Aunt Jemima.'

'Yes, honey, dey done tuk me to de horspitsl and guy me an epiromic interjection.'

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Teacher—Jimmy, you look pale this morning. Are you ill?

Jimmy—No'm. Maweebed my face this morning herself.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

From the Beginning

By LINCOLN ROTHBLUM

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Miss Zebiah Seagrave, unmarried, unbeautiful and of uncertain age, pulled the cane-bottom rocker closer to the window, and, folding her thin hands in her lap, heaved a great sigh.

"Zebiah," called a weak, complaining voice from the other room. And Zebiah lifted her angular form and listlessly walked to the bed where lay a frail, old woman.

"What is it, mother?" she asked gently, though her voice had a weary note in it, "aren't you comfortable?"

"It jest seems as if I can't get comfortable," was the querulous response. "If I face the window, the sun bothers me; and if I face the door, I don't see the sun; and if I set up, my bones ache." And the voice dwindled off in a whining wail.

Zebiah did not answer. She lowered the shade to cut off the bright glare of the sun, straightened the pillows, and, drawing up a chair to the bed, picked up a book preparatory to reading.

"I don't want to be read to and you ought to know it," the old lady muttered, her brow furrowing in a million wrinkles, "you don't pay no attention to me at all, though I don't know as I ought to be expectin' much more from a stepchild."

Zebiah seemed restrained from arguing by the invalid's weakness. "Now, mother," she softly replied, laying the offending book on the table, "don't work yourself up. You know Doctor Merrifield said you should not get excited—your heart won't stand it."

Mrs. Seagrave waved her shrunken hands dramatically. "There you go mentioning that doctor again to me. Ain't I told you how I hate him with his vile tastin' medicines and pills that stick in my throat?" Her voice rose to a shrill accept. "Anyhow, 'pears to me he likes to come to see me—every other day would be enough to take keer of an old woman, to say nothing of twice a day like he's been hangin' aroun'. I suppose it's my money what he's after as soon as I'm cold—running up a big bill like that." And the outburst of temper was followed by a protracted racking cough, rendering the body so weak and helpless it scarcely seemed alive.

Zebiah petted the scant, ashy-white hair. "I am sure Doctor Merrifield does not want your money, mother," she soothed, "he hasn't taken a penny yet for all the medicines he has given you. We all want to see you get well."

Her ministrations were interrupted by the entrance of a quiet, earnest looking man, whose bald head and bowlegs seemed strangely at variance. He smiled encouragingly at Zebiah. "How did she sleep last night, Miss Seagrave?" he questioned in a low tone.

"I was up all night, doctor, as the cough gave her no rest. She is not much better this morning."

As the doctor turned with professional interest toward the patient who lay so white and still, Zebiah stole quietly from the room. It was the mirror in the gilt frame, sole adornment of the bare walls of this "sitting room" that claimed her attention. The close inspection did not please her and quick tears of self-pity came to her eyes. As she stood off so that the small mirror might reflect her figure, the flat-chested, hipless, colorless reflection brought forth audible suffering.

"Yes, I've given her my best years, even if she isn't my mother. I've stood her abuse and I've given up friends."

The thoughts seemed too great for utterance and Zebiah sank into the cane-bottom rocker which creaked sympathetically, as she buried her head in her arms, her shoulders shaking with her sobbing. Doctor Merrifield entered the room.

"Come, Miss Seagrave," he comforted, patting her head, "you mustn't take such things so to heart. Your mother has been ill a very long time and you know she has been getting steadily worse."

Zebiah rose and wiped her eyes in a handkerchief already sadly wet. "Oh, it's not that."

"I know you have been very patient and good," the doctor continued, and he added in a hesitating manner "I hope you will be rewarded."

The pent-up gates of suppressed emotion gave way. "What has my goodness and patience brought me? I have become a recluse—even the children can point out 'old maid Zebiah,' our minister questions me what disposition I will make of her money, and but yesterday I heard Widow Biles refer to someone 'as homely as Zebiah.' What reward can atone for all that?"

"You must not let such unkindness weigh upon your mind, Miss Seagrave. We all have our crosses to bear. Even my life has not been a bed of roses—"

Zebiah looked up at the kindly face in surprise.

"For a great many years," he continued, not noticing the interruption, "I turned over every cent I earned as a machinist to support my crippled father and invalid mother and to put my brother through school. I longed to study medicine, but—"

The manner seemed too poignant a pain to recall. Zebiah's faded countenance pounced a look of sympathetic understanding. "And for how long did it last?"

"When I was thirty-five," he spoke very softly, "father died, and mother lived but a month longer. My brother married and then I started to learn all I did not know. It is not easy to learn at thirty-five—not medicine, at any rate—and it was ten years later before I got the right to hang out that sign you see in front of my office. And at forty-five, a new doctor does not easily build up a practice in a small town—indeed there were some nights when I sent myself to bed supperless like a naughty boy being punished for having spoilt—his life," he added bitterly.

Zebiah forgot herself as she saw the need for quick sympathy. "But look how splendidly you have done, doctor, in the five years you have been here. Surely that is encouraging."

"It is if it were not counteracted by hearing people speak of 'that old batch,' 'old baldy,' and 'bowlegs,' and wondering 'who'll he leave his money to when he dies.'"

A faint call from the sick room interrupted their exchange of confidences and both stood over the figure breathing so laboriously. The doctor felt the pulse and looked very compassionately at the lined features.

"Guess I'm done for, Zebiah," came in a far-away voice, "and—and—don't let the Doc get my money. I'd rather—I'd rather—" A weak cough stopped her. In a moment she went on. "I'd rather see you have it. I ain't been so kind to you, Zebiah, these many years. You'll forgive me, child?"

With tears coursing down her faded cheeks, Zebiah leaned over and kissed the shrunken lips. "There is nothing to forgive, mother."

"I wish I'd been your real mother, girl, I might've done better by you. Don't give the Doc any of my money."

Silence ensued.

The doctor noiselessly arose and covered the body with the sheet. "She is dead," he said simply.

Zebiah retreated into the other room and the doctor followed. She was dry-eyed and felt horribly old. Irritating and complaining as her stepmother had been, she now had no one and the void seemed too immense to fill. Her head sank upon her chest.

"Zebiah," the doctor called.

Zebiah was aroused from her apathy by his use of her Christian name.

"Zebiah," he repeated, "will you marry me?"

Zebiah stared in incredulous amazement.

"We are both alone in the world" he continued gently taking her hands. "Your goodness to your stepmother has aroused love I long thought gone. Don't you think you could learn to care for me?"

"But, doctor, doctor," Zebiah's voice seemed another part of her, "I'm only 'old-maid Zebiah, 'homely old Zebiah,'"

"And I'm only 'that old batch,' 'old baldy,' 'bowlegs.' Come, it's not too late, Zebiah, let's start from the beginning."

Zebiah seemed to have lost her angles, her hair seemed to curl about her forehead and long-absent color mounted her cheeks.

"Yes, let's start again," she whispered.

PECULIAR SOURCE OF RIVER

Pool Flowing From Cave Gives Rise to the Oklawaha Stream in Heart of Florida.

Down through the heart of Florida winds one of the most beautiful of American rivers, aptly named by the Indians Oklawaha. "Crooked waters." The steamboat that carries you up the stream scrapes its sides against the river banks as it twists through the palmettos and live oaks which line the river bed. Every few minutes it seems that the boat will run into the banks, which refuse to stay at the sides, but are always shifting so as to get directly in the way. Just as you decide what to do when the apparently inevitable collision shall occur, a long pole, dexterously guided, shoots out, the boat swings around, and you are safe until next time.

Presently the charm of the tropics seizes you, and you forget to worry about the boat. You hear a sudden "kerchunk," and a sleepy alligator flings himself from his sunny log into the water. The swamps beside the river are rank with lilies, water hyacinths, and yellow jasmine. Gray Spanish moss twines over the trees. The foliage is so dense that you readily imagine yourself in the African jungle instead of only a few miles from civilization.

The water of the Oklawaha is black as you look down, but if you dip up a cupful it is clear and sparkling. Town to join the dark river flows the Silver Spring run, a stream as clear as the Oklawaha is turbid. Here the boat leaves the main stream of the Oklawaha and travels up the tributary to its source, the mysterious Silver spring, a pool 75 feet deep, flowing from a great cave. How the water gets into the cave, and why it rushes forth with such force are problems yet waiting for scientific explanation. The great pool is 600 feet from lip to lip, a diamond in an emerald setting.—Chicago Daily News.

She Was No Piker.

The lovely lady consulted the popular attorney in regard to getting a divorce. She was particularly interested in knowing how much it would cost. After looking over the case the lawyer said: "This is comparatively easy; I can get you a divorce without any publicity whatever for five hundred dollars." She looked at him haughtily. "I have plenty of money," she said. "How much will it cost with plenty of publicity and everything?" He saw that she was a person who wanted things done right, so he hastily revised his figures.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

While ten men watch for chances, one man takes a chance. While ten men wait for something to turn up, one man turns something up; so while ten fail one succeeds and is called a man of luck—the favorite of fortune. Luck and fortune is the result of honest endeavor, work and toil. If you would succeed, go to work.

It may be all right to give credit, where credit is due, but spot cash is always preferable.

Most people would rather blame a man for what he does not than give him credit for what he does.

Sometimes the business cares of a man kill to worry him until he goes home to dinner.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A man may be disappointed in the friendship of his friends, but he can generally depend upon the enmity of his enemies.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

A New Jersey man tried to catch his boy to eat sawdust, but too much education killed the cow.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds

The ladder's top isn't easily attained, but the view is worth the effort.

Buy your children Thrift Stamps.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed
Voicing, Regulating, Repairing. Organs Tuned and Repaired.
M. C. Collins.
P. O. Box 891, Wolfville, N. S.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Transforming The Prairies

SELDOM does a settler in a new country find things exactly as he would like to find them. Take trees, as an illustration. It is true there are large stretches of country in different parts of the world where trees seem to be ideally interspersed. Large areas in the central parts of the Prairie Provinces of Canada are like this. Open spaces of forty to a hundred acres or more are almost surrounded by trees, affording excellent shelter for stock, and making a varied landscape. But such conditions are exceptional, though they serve to emphasize the rule. Mostly the new settler finds too many trees or practically none at all. In the former case considerable labor is required in clearing before the settler can hope for any crop. In the latter case, the settler has the advantage of being able to break his land immediately and, if he proceeds in the right manner, soon has it in a condition for producing a remunerative crop. But if he has come from a home which was surrounded by trees, he certainly misses them for a time.

A large part of the Canadian prairies comes under the second category. Nearly all of the southern to the central parts of these provinces are open prairie, ready for the plow. Except near the rivers and creeks one could motor miles and miles without seeing a tree. But a wonderful transformation is slowly taking place. If nature has left these fertile prairies practically treeless, she has not left them devoid of the elements necessary to tree growth. Trees will grow there if properly planted and cared for, just as wheat and other grains, just as alfalfa and other fodders, just as potatoes and all manner of roots and vegetables, grow—wonderfully well. And they are being grown more and more extensively every year, beautifying many a farm home, and transforming the prairie landscape.

In this beautifying process, farmers are greatly encouraged by the Canadian Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway. Both are taking a keen interest in the planting of trees on the prairie farms, and encourage farmers to improve their home surroundings by distributing trees free of cost to farmers. Each maintains large nurseries where trees are grown for this purpose under prairie conditions, the government at Indian Head, Saskatchewan, and the Canadian Pacific Railway at Wolseley, Saskatchewan. Up to a few years ago both nurseries were typically open prairie. Now trees are being raised from seed on the Government's farm at Indian Head, Saskatchewan, which comprises 480 acres of the farms from time to time to fulfill a distribution of between seven and eight million young plants to farmers in this territory. In this company's nurseries trees are also supplied for trees that were conspicuous near his planting along the right-of-way of the railroad and in station gardens.

To obtain trees, whether from the government or the railway company, can start to farm. He can begin to cultivate his land before he has fulfilled. Farmers must make their applications a year in advance, and ready to plant trees, he can plant according to directions. Inspectors are required to be farm from the moment of his occupation. Success in growing trees is being realized by farmers throughout the Canadian Prairie Provinces; and this success is very encouraging to the newcomer who at first misses the shade of old home. But he has many advantages over the pioneer who has to set out groves of timber before he can begin to farm. He can begin to farm at once, and during the last six years has distributed about three hundred thousand trees to farmers in assurance that, if given a little care and attention during the first year or two, they will grow and be as strong as trees of the forest.

(1) Headquarters C. P. R. Irrigation Works, Strathmore, Alberta. All trees planted since erection of buildings.

(2) The kind of home many of the older settlers in Western Canada are building. Note young trees in background.

Use Two Gallon Sap Pails.

In the gathering of maple sap, not make the mistake of using pails that are too small. If you are getting new pails, get two gallon ones. Then your sap is not so apt to run over on the ground before you get there with the tank. Metal pails and tanks are better than buckets and barrels or tubs. They are easier to keep clean. Wood soaks up a certain amount of sap which turns sour with age, and tends to spoil the flavor of the new crop. But get out the old sap buckets if you haven't new ones ready. Make the most of the maple sugar season while prices are good.

Information Wanted.

February 27th, 1919.

THE ACADIAN, Wolville, N. S.

Gentlemen,—About fifteen to twenty years ago one EDWARD REARDON is supposed to have resided in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He was born in County Cork, Ireland, about 75 years ago. Up to about 25 years ago he corresponded with his relatives from time to time.

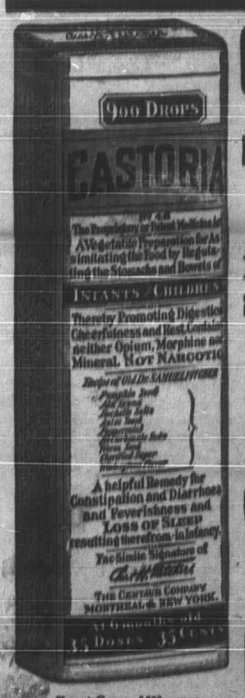
During the past three years we have spent considerable time and money searching for him without result. It is believed that he is living yet in some part of Nova Scotia.

This man is entitled to about $2,000. If you will publish this letter, it may come to the notice of someone who can give us information concerning him.

Yours truly,
JOHN J. DAVER
61 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Unfortunately, the man who depends upon a train of thought doesn't always get there on time.

Just because a man is all right today it isn't a sale bet that he will be all wrong tomorrow.



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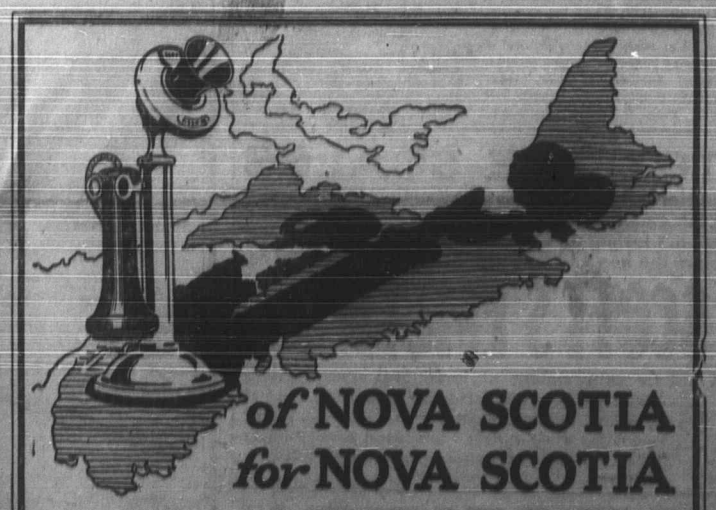
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria
Always Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



of NOVA SCOTIA for NOVA SCOTIA

IT would be difficult to imagine Nova Scotia without its efficient telephone system, so intimate and necessary a part of the Province's commercial, social and official life has the telephone become.

Why should not the people of Nova Scotia supply the necessary capital required from time to time to extend and improve their own telephone system?

Why should not every telephone subscriber be a telephone shareholder?

Why should the people of other Provinces, or the United States, or England supply the money for our service and control this great Public Utility, when we can easily finance it ourselves? We Nova Scotians already supply the earnings—why not also supply the Capital?

Full information to interested parties regarding this company's new issue of 7% stock, with earnings stabilized by legislation, will be gladly furnished on application.

MARITIME TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE CO., Ltd.
Halifax, N. S.

Simple Herbs Cure Serious Troubles

MANY of the diseases of womanhood may be prevented with care. Unusual excitement—mental or physical—disturbs the delicate balance of woman's sensitive nerves, and upsets her whole system. At the first indication of nervousness or any irregularity, take

Dr. Wilson's HERBINE BITTERS

It's safe and certain—purely vegetable—regulates kidneys and bowels—overcomes headaches, indigestion, stomach trouble—purifies the blood—tones up and invigorates mind and body.

At most stores. 50c. a bottle; Family size, five times as large, $1.

The Brayley Drug Company, Limited
St. John, N.B.

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Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College. Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No. 43.

M. R. ELLIOTT
A. B., M. D. (Harvard)
Office at residence of late Dr. Bowles
Telephone 23.
Hours—8-10 a. m., 1-3, 7-9 p. m.

Charles Hogan, C. E.
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Carefully Screened and Promptly Delivered.
Springhill, Albion Nut and Old Sydney.
GIVE US A TRIAL.
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Halifax & South Western RAILWAY

Trains Leave Bridgewater:

6:00 Accom. daily except Sunday for Halifax and intermediate stations.

15:20 Accom. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturday for Liverpool and intermediate stations.

7:35 Accom. daily except Sunday for Middleton and intermediate stations.

10:15 Accom. daily except Sunday for Mahone Jct. and Lunenburg.

12:15 Accom. daily except Sunday for Yarmouth and intermediate stations.

15:40 Accom. daily except Sunday for Halifax and intermediate stations.

17:00 Accom. daily except Sunday for New Germany, Caledonia and intermediate stations.

17:20 Accom. daily except Sunday and Wednesday for Mahone Jct. and Lunenburg.

21:30 Accom. Wednesday only for Mahone Jct. and Lunenburg.

Connection at Middleton on Wednesday for Port Wade.

CUNNINGHAM,
Dir. P. & P. Agent, Halifax.

A. V. Rand, Chemist and Druggist.

PORT WILLIAMS FRUIT CO. LIMITED

(Canada Food Board Licence No. 8-4632)

Have in stock for sale in Flour: "Cream of the West," "Ogilvies," "Victory" and a few bags of Graham.

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Bran, Shorts, Molasses Dairy Feed, Molasses Hog Feed, Barley Meal, Corn Meal, Sampson, Oat Meal Feed, Ground Oats, Ground Barley, Corn and Oats, Linseed Meal and Ground Special Feed.

FERTILIZERS

Slag, Ground Lime Stone at the warehouse, and taking orders for Nitrate of Soda, etc. We have also on hand, Sugar, Soap, Tea and Rolled Oats. Warehouse open six days a week.

Port Williams, N. S.

TO LET!

Small property on Pleasant Street, Wolfville, consisting of house, outbuilding and about one acre of land.
Apply to
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Phone, 31. Wolfville