

HER DREAMS CAME TRUE



MELLE C. GAUDREAU

Rochon P.Q., Jan. 14th, 1915.
"I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and constipation. I became thin and miserable. I had frequent dizzy spells and became so run down that I never thought I would get well again."

A neighbor advised me to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve and had a fair chance and you will get well the same as I did."

CORINE GAUDREAU.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

PUNCH'S APPEAL FOR THE RED CROSS

Ye that have gentle hearts and fair
To succor men in need,
There is no voice could ask in vain,
With such a cause to plead—
The cause of those that in your care,
Who know the debt to honour due,
Condone the wounds they proudly wear,
The wounds they took for you.

Out of the shock of shattering spears,
Of screaming shell and shard,
Snatched from the smoke that blinds
And gears,
They came with bodies scarred,
And count the hours that idly toll,
Restless until their hurts be healed
And they may fare, made strong and whole.

To face another field,
And yonder, where the battle's waves
Broke yesterday o'erhead,
Where now the swift and shallow
Graves
Cover our English dead:
Think how your sisters play their part,
Who serve as in a holy shrine,
Tender of hand and brave of heart,
Under the Red Cross sign.

Ah! by that symbol worshipped still,
Of life-blood sacrificed,
That lonely Cross on Calvary's hill
Red with the wounds of Christ;
By that free gift to none denied,
Let pity pierce you like a sword,
And Love go out to open wide
The gate of life restored.

CALLER UP

(By Dudley Clark)

Come, tumble up, Lord Nelson, the
British Fleet's a looming!
Come, show a leg, Lord Nelson, the
guns they are a-booming!
'Tis a longish line of battle—such as
we did never see;
'An 'tis not the same old round shot
as was fired by you and me!
What see'st thou, Sir Francis?
—strange things I see appearing!
What hearest thou, Sir Francis?
—Strange sounds I do be hearing!
They are fighting in the heavens; they
are at war beneath the sea!
Ay, their ways are mighty different
from the ways of you an' me!
See'st thou nought else, Sir Francis?
—I see great lights a-seeking!
Hearest thou nought else, Sir Francis?
—I hear thin wires a-speaking!
Three leagues that shot hath carried!
—That such should ever be!
There's no mortal doubt, Lord Nelson
—they ha' done w' you an' me!
Look thou again, Sir Francis!—I see
the flags a-flappin'!
Hearken once more, Sir Francis!—I
hear the sticks a-tapping!
'Tis a sight that calls me thither!—
'Tis a sound that bids me
"Come!"

'Tis the old Trafalgar signal!—'Tis
the beating of my drum!
Art thou ready, good Sir Francis?
See, they war upon the quay!
Praise be to God, Lord Nelson, they
ha' thought of you an' me!

On the surface, submarines derive
their motive power from oil or petrol,
submerged they are driven by elec-
tricity

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

MERE MARGOT

A True Story of a Brave French
woman and a Boy Hero

(By E. A. Taylor)

August 27th.—Being condemned to
lie on my back with one leg in splints
and plaster, I have started a diary to
amuse me at nights, when the teasing
pain of the knitting bones in my
fractured leg keeps me awake. All
day I can watch Mere Margot, who is
really Madame Despres, widow of a
farmer in Crepy-en-Valois, where her
cottage is. She has a son who was
in Paris, but is now with the army,
while his children—the twelve-year-
old Boy Scout, Emil, and fair little
Alzire—are here, because they were
visiting their grandmother when the
madness of war fell on Europe, and
could not get away. Also Mere Mar-
got has adopted three mites of child-
ren—waifs of war—and lastly myself,
a buyer for a Toronto firm, who,
while trying to escape with my
friend, Penn, the American newspaper
correspondent, broke my leg in a
fall outside Mere Margot's house, and
was promptly adopted by her.

August 28th.—No news from the
outside world. I study the big living
room where my bed is, with curtains
to screen it off if necessary. The
floor is tiled and speckled, the walls
are pale green and decorated with
highly colored pictures of saints, Na-
poleon, Joan of Arc, etc. There is
an open grate with an oven on each
side, with some vases and a cuckoo
clock on the shelf. Also a polished
sideboard and table and chairs. Up-
stairs there are two small bedrooms,
and through the window I can see the
garden, with its lilac bush and rows
of potatoes, beans and cabbage, with
the important "salad" bed and the big
rabbit hutch.

Mere Margot is about sixty, always
clean-gowned, and with a kind,
shrewd face framed by a frilled cap.
She rises at four, makes coffee for
herself and me, then cleans the house
before calling the children for the
eight o'clock breakfast of boiled ve-
getables with a little butter, then milk
for the children and coffee for us. I
thought this very plain living was
caused by the pinch of war until Em-
il told me it was all he was ever
used to—and his father was fairly
well-to-do.

When the children are off to school
Mere Margot gathers the vegetables for
what appears to be of supreme im-
portance in French life—the mid-
day soup. To-day it is all vegetable,
potatoes, leeks and sorrel. Every
leaf that has a flavor, dandelion and
nettles even. Mere Margot adds at
different times, to give piquancy to
her salads and soups. I know that
no meal ever gave me more inward
satisfaction than a bowl of this soup
at noon, with a slice of hard dry
bread. Then, well on in the after-
noon, I watch Mere Margot preparing
the third meal of the day—potatoes
are fried with bread and onions, and
set on the table with more bread,
butter, cream cheese, uncooked
plums, coffee and a wonderful salad.
"It is all in the cooking and combin-
ing that makes a good dish," Mere
Margot remarks as she mixes her
salad.

"Here in France you count cooking
one of the fine arts," I said.
"It is a truly important one, m'sieu,
for are not the children the first
thing to be thought of everywhere?
And it is good feeding as well as
good teaching that makes the child.
I give my little angels soup at noon,
which feeds them, yet it is not heavy
enough to make them dull and cross
in the afternoon. Then by varying
the flavor each day, we cannot tire
of it. Yes, m'sieu, feed a child right
and he will feel that you have a right
to control him; whereas, if he is not
properly nourished, though perhaps
you give him too much to eat, he feels
you are wronging him, and does bad
little things, and then, if you punish
him, he hates you. Feed first, then
teach, always, m'sieu."

I listened, amused, but I believe,
France will remain a great nation
because of all her Mere Margots, with
their philosophy and soups.

August 29th.—It is four days since
the last mail came in. What is hap-
pening in the world we are forgotten
by? Fear grips me as I lie here help-
less; then I watch Mere Margot,
faithfully and calmly doing her du-
ties—making that perpetual soup, and
I know that if the Allies do win out
it will not be as much because of the
"men behind the guns" as of the wo-
men behind the men, who, by careful
frugality and calm doing of their
daily duties, saved the fraction of the
country that each one was responsi-
ble for, and so made the salvation of
the whole possible.

August 30th.—It is Sunday, and we
have had a rabbit for dinner, Mere
Margot cutting the meat off the bones
for us; we must not pick them, for
they are sacred to Monday's soup.
After dinner I read aloud from the
"Beautiful Book," as it is the pretty
custom here to call the Bible, when
we heard a train whistle, and Emil
flew off after big Jean Tison, who
rents Mere Margot's farm, and whom
short sight has kept out of the army.

Trains were coming at last from our
side—Paris way. They brought a
little mail and 10,000 English troops,
who marched through the town to en-
train again and cross the big Senlis
bridge that spans our river, and then
on to the terrible unknown front. It
was good to see the old flag again,
with those splendid khaki fighting
lines. Mere Margot had tears of glad-
ness in her eyes as she heaped plums
in the big hands held out as they
passed without stopping. But the
news is bad. The "war machine" has
backed its way through Belgium, de-
feating the English at Mons. France
is invaded by a vast army singing
"Deutschland über Alles" (Germany
over all), and we can only wait to
see if these English, with the army
France is marshalling in frantic
haste, will be able to check the in-
vader.

August 31st.—Evening; trains a-
gain, but coming back—with wound-
ed from some awful battlefield. Mere
Margot and Emil are at the beet
sugar factory, which is now a hospi-
tal.

September 1st.—The horror is here.
God grant that Canada may never
know what invasion, and invasion
by the Huns, means. This morning
we heard cannon; three million men
were fighting along the longest battle
line known to history, the hottest
conflict being by the Marne River.
Then Boy Scouts came in to say they
saw the spiked helmets coming, and
a dreaded black shape flew over us
as the people fled, the rich in their
autos, the poor in carts or on foot, till
three-fourths of our 6,000 people had
gone. Only the sick and little child-
ren, with the brave ones who stay
with them, are left.

Usually the town is quiet and dark
by nine, but near midnight I saw
lights on the street and heard men
giving shouted orders. Then a wom-
an screamed out horribly, and Mere
Margot ran down from upstairs and
went out, while Emil came to me.
"They are at the farm," he whispered.
"It was Madame Tison who screamed
so; her boy is sick, and they could
not run away. Do you think they
will kill grandmother, too? She told
me to stay in. Read from the Beau-
tiful Book, please, m'sieu; it makes
God seem so far away."

September 2nd.—Morning came,
and Emil and Alzire were actually
trying to start getting the sacred
soup ready when, white faced, Mere
Margot came in. "They only took
the pies and the poultry from the
farm; no one was hurt," he said.
"There are thousands of them here.
They say all our men and the English
are killed, and that they are our mas-
ters; but if we obey them in every-
thing they will not hurt us. Only
they have made large requisitions. We
must all work to get in the wheat and
what other things they demand. They
will fine us 100,000 francs (\$20,000)
every day till we have given them all
they ask."

"And if you cannot pay the fines,
what then?" I asked.

Mere Margot shuddered. "They
would do what they have done," she
whispered, "in Belgium." But God is
good, m'sieu. I told them no lie, but
when I heard Marie Tison scream and
ran out, not knowing what I could
do, I met an officer who had stopped
some letters for M'Penn. He gave
them to me for you, for he thinks
you are him, and because of what
he thinks you might write to the Am-
erican papers. He saved Marie."

September 3rd.—The town is tol-
ling like cowed beasts under our mas-
ters' eyes. They talk gloatingly of
their victory, but we listen to the
ceaseless roar of guns that show the
"war machine" has not yet smashed
its way across the Marne. Emil has
been pressed to serve with the en-
emy's Red Cross, and Mere Margot is
out helping her people with her quick
hands and keen wit. The house has
been stripped bare to help pay the
fine for to-day, and our breakfast was
only some rusty hot water in which
much-used coffee grounds had been
boiled. Then I took the baby to mind
while Alzire went with the other two
to glean for any scraps left in the
garden or fields. She brings in a
little, and Mere Margot runs in with
some stale bread our masters have
thrown away so we have a kind of
soup.

September 4th.—A continual pass-
ing of troops all day, with their de-
mands for food, clothes and money.
Then they all seem to have passed,
and we have a feeling of being able
to breathe without asking permission,
as we realize that only the enemy's
hospital and its guards are in our
town. And ever nearer sounds the
awful thunder of the guns. Is the
battle gone on to Paris, leaving us
behind its lines, or what?

September 5th.—The enemy are
back in a savage temper. I fast
with the children huddled around me
eating the few scraps left. Mere
Margot has forbidden them to go on
gleaning to-day. She, and we all, are
in fear as to what our angry masters
may do, guessing, as they must, the
joy in our hearts as we hope they
have been forced back.

September 6th.—Mere Margot runs
in to see us for a minute with some



bread for the children, reporting that
our masters seem in a state of gloomy
indisposition—and the blessed guns
still roar beside the Marne.

September 7th.—An exciting day.
Pretty Madame Tison had just
brought us some vegetables, and Al-
zire was dancing with joy as she got
out the soup pot, when there was a
crashing of cannon close by, and
shouting and a storm of rifle shots.
We heard a loud humming overhead,
and one of the enemy's air ships
passed, dropping a bomb in a field.
Then Madame and Alzire literally
flew out of the house, for men were
passing—a detachment of cavalry in
the uniform of France. My two
mad nurses were in among them,
madame making the color-bearer
lower the tricolor he bore so that
they could kiss a corner of the sac-
red silk. However, we are not vic-
tors yet; the battle of the Marne still
continues, only we are having a little
of it here. The enemy, strongly bar-
ricaded, hold the bridge end of the
town with a field battery while the
French, who are merely making a
cavalry raid, capture a good portion
of the stolen—I suppose I should say
requisitioned—stores.

September 8th.—Fighting all day
at the other end of the town. Many
unhappy non-combatants are killed,
and we think of Emil, still with the
enemy's Red Cross.

September 9th.—A day of gloom.
The French retire with the captured
stores, and our masters are ruling us
again, watching every act with sullen
fury, and punishing savagely the
least transgression to their orders.
There is a heavy fear that I can give
no reason for, on me tonight, but I
think God our guns still hold the
Marne.

September 10th.—It will be hard
to write the story of to-day. Emil
dashed up to the house on his wheel
this morning, still with the tricolor
on his scout's uniform, though he also
wore the badge of the German Red
Cross. He looked well, and says he
likes his work, the doctors being very
kind to him, and giving him leave to
visit us on his way with a message
to another Red Cross station some
miles off.

"It helped me a lot," he whispered
to me shyly, "remembering what we
read in the Beautiful Book." Then
he rode off.

As far as we can find out he was
returning from an errand when he
saw the French soldiers
dashed into a small wood. Then
he was met by a troop of Uhlans,
who stopped and searched him. Ev-
erything being in order he was told
he could go as soon as he had shown
them the shortest way through the
wood ahead.

He went on his wheel among them
to the wood, his face showing noth-
ing of what he knew, till rifles flash-
ed out of the green cover and the
Uhlans galloped back with a dozen
empty saddles and taking the child
with them. His letters had told
them where he lived, and with cold-
blooded savagery they brought him
in front of our house. Just across
the road is the green bank of a vine-
yard, with a telegraph pole like a
white line before it. Against it they
stood the boy; he looked very small
among the big men, but strangely un-
afraid.

Alzire gave one little smothered
cry when she saw her brother, then
sank on her knees by my bed, hiding
her face in the quilt. The others,
too young to understand, only stared
solemnly at the big officer, who was
shouting gruffly: "You little traitor;
don't you know the penalty for any
non-combatant in a country we occupy
who aids in any way the enemy,
or gives us false information?"

And Emil answered, without a sign
of fear: "M. Captain, I am not a
traitor, for it was my soldiers who
fired in the wood. You would not
have betrayed comrades if you were
taken prisoners."

"Infatuated little wretch," cried
the Uhlans scornfully; "don't you
know that we are soldiers? It is
only uncultured, heathen savages
who take part in hostilities when not
in uniform."

A man pushed hurriedly forward
—big, gruff-speaking, soft-hearted
Dr. Schmidt. He spoke quickly in a
low voice to the officer, who then
said more gently to Emil, "It is pos-
sible that you are not a traitor, after
all; you may not have known that the
enemy were in the wood."

"Don't be afraid to answer, Emil,"
cried the Doctor cheerfully; "I know
you pretty well, and of course you
didn't know. Say so, my child."

Did Emil realize that he was being
offered his life if he would lie? Thank
God that he was able to look at them
with steady eyes as he answered,
But I knew my soldiers were there,
M. Doctor."

I let Alzire look up at her brother's
face as he spoke, then I pulled

her down quickly, for three men
stepped forward, the boy stood watch-
ing them without a sign of fear; their
rifles spoke, and a child had died for
France.

"Infatuated little wretch," said the
Uhlans again as they rode off, "I could
weep at the thought of such wasted
courage. That boy was worthy of a
better fate than to belong to a nation
rotting in decay."

I was glad Mere Margot did not
hear him. She came in later, her
face showing that she knew; but
without a word she gathered poor
Alzire in her arms, and the two sat
there in tearful silence till the house
was shaken with the roar of a ter-
rible explosion nearby. I could see
enough from my window to know
what it meant, and I exclaimed, "It is
the railroad bridge. The enemy has
blown it up, which means they are
retreating in earnest; they have lost
the battle of the Marne."

"Why couldn't they have lost it
yesterday?" wailed Alzire, but she
wept, and the tears brought relief
to the poor little brain.

October 11th.—It is a month since
my last entry. The day after our
Boy Scout died trains brought French
engineers to repair the bridge. Then
came thousands of soldiers, English,
and French, remnants of the regiments
that had stood the shock of the
thundering drive of the war ma-
chine, and it is not near defeat yet;
it has only fallen back beside the
Aisne, while the victors, though
they have saved Paris, yet have lost
so heavily that they cannot take the
offensive with any energy.

On September 12th the mail service
was resumed, and since then we have
watched the three weeks' drawn
battle of the Aisne. I have been pre-
sented to the Lord; for He is dead; for He
moted to crutches and to-morrow I
am going to take a very frail little
Alzire to Paris and her mother.

And Mere Margot? She and Tison
have been working day and night to
salvage something from the pile the
enemy made of every farm implement
in the place and fired before they
left. As I hobbled out I saw her in
conversation with two officers of a
battery resting near us, and from the
expression on the colonel's face I
thought she was demanding his sword
to make a ploughshare of, so that
she could start the fall ploughing that
is necessary if France is to keep
the sacred soup pot filled next year.

Then I heard her speaking in the
firm, gentle voice that she used to
control men, children and animals—
all beings that lack the women's gift
of jumping to a conclusion and stick-
ing to it though the heavens fall.
"M. Colonel, consider; it is for the
children. While you heroes deliver
the country from the unspeakable
we women must get food, for the
children first, and also for you and
ourselves."

With a dazed expression the man
gave her, not his sword, but an order
he had signed, and I watched her and
Tison pick out and lead off two teams
of the big battery horses—the fall
ploughing was to be done all right.

The colonel looked at me as if he
did not understand what had made
him consent to lend his jealously
guarded horses. "A very remarkable
woman that," he said.

I looked at the sturdy figure walk-
ing with unbent head past the grave
where the boy who was dearest of
her children was buried. Grief uses
up time and intelligence, and she
needed all she had of both to get
food for the many who were left.
"She is France," I exclaimed.

With French quickness both men
caught at my thought, and before
Mere Margot passed out of our sight
they impulsively raised their swords
in salute to her. But she, trudging
on at the horses' heads, was too intent
planning how to feed her share of the
children and army of France to no-
tice such trifles as the homage of
men!

GET THE SAFETY HABIT

When you leave your home for
your day's work, do you remember
that constant care is necessary? Do
you, when you arrive in the office,
factory, or shop, bear in mind your
own safety and that of others? To
think first of safety means consid-
eration for others it means lives spared
and fewer vacant chairs.

Most accidents can be prevented,
but what is each one of us doing to
prevent accidents? We must not ex-
pect that care will be taken for our
safety and never take thought for
that of another.

It is estimated that a man's aver-
age earning power is \$700 per annum.
Some of us receive more and some
less, but whatever we earn each year
will be reduced by death. What are
we going to do about it? The obvious
thing to do is to learn safety—to in-
sist upon others doing their work in
the safe way—to point out to the
proper officials unsafe practices and
unsafe machines—to take no chances.
It may seem unnecessary to tell you
this, but what of each year's toll of
life and limb? Get the safety habit
and pass it along as an heritage to
the children—Bulletin issued by On-
tario Safety League.

REVOLUTION IS BREWING IN GERMANY, SAYS SOCIALIST

End of Imperialism Can Only be Ob-
tained by Dethronement of
Kaiser—Germans are Dis-
contented

New York, October 14.—Growing
discontent in Germany and rumors of
revolution brewing as a result of the
war were reported yesterday by Mme.
Alexandra Kollontay of Petrograd,
who arrived here last Friday from
Christiania for an agitation tour un-
der the direction of the German-
speaking section of the Socialist
Party.

Details of the conference held on
Sept. 5-8 near Berne, Switzerland,
and participated in by some of the
leading Socialists of Germany, Rus-
sia, Poland, Switzerland, France, It-
aly and the Scandinavian and Balkan
countries at which the course to be
followed regarding the war by the
Socialists of Europe was debated
from all points of view, were given
by Mme. Kollontay. It was a confer-
ence at which a new Socialist Inter-
national was practically organized,
and at which it was made plain that
large and influential bodies of So-
cialists in Germany were going to do
all in their power to end the war and
to put an end to imperialism—an
end that could only be obtained, it
was frankly stated, by the dethrone-
ment of the Kaiser.

Mme. Kollontay is a friend and co-
worker of the noted German Socialist
Karl Liebknecht, in whose house she
was at the time it was searched by
the German authorities and Liebk-
necht's private correspondence and
other private papers seized.

Mme. Kollontay was one of those
who attended the conference near
Berne. The reason Liebknecht was
not present at the deliberations was
due to the fact, she said, that he had
been conscripted and forced to go to
the front by the German military
authorities. The conference, she ad-
ded, were genuine representatives of
the international party, and were
men and women who would never
forgive the Socialists who joined "coalition
cabinets in the countries at
war, or who, like most of the German
Socialists, voted in favor of the cred-
its that made war possible.

Asked to discuss Germany so far
as the attitude of the Socialists there
was concerned, Mme. Kollontay said:
"This is an imperialistic war, and
the Socialists of Germany know and
realize that it is such.

"But the Socialists in the Reich-
stag at the beginning of the war vot-
ed in favor of it and helped vote the
war credits to carry it on. How do
you reconcile that with what you
have just said?"

"Those who voted for the German
war credits will never be forgiven,
just as those who accepted portfolios
in coalition cabinets in other coun-
tries will not be forgiven," she an-
swered.

"What is the situation in Germany?
Are the people contented?"

"There is no contentment in Ger-
many, but before I refer to it more
at length I also want to make it plain
that there is no contentment in other
countries at war either. In Germany
the discontent with the situation is
growing all the time. No matter
what reports are sent out, it is a fact
that great suffering prevails in Ger-
many. The cost of living has in-
creased tremendously, in some in-
stances the cost of necessities having
gone up 60 and 70 per cent., and in
others 100 per cent. and even more.
You can say that every necessity has
gone up more than 50 per cent. The
Government, it is true, makes a small
allowance to women and children,
but this allowance is barely enough
to pay the rent and leaves nothing
for the purchase of the food that is
even more necessary than is the roof.
The unemployment situation in Ger-
many could be worse than it is, yet it
is true that the percentage of unem-
ployed is greater now than ever before
in German history.

A cargo of twenty million bananas
was dumped recently from the United
Fruit Company's steamer Baronica,
outside of New York Harbor, in re-
sponse to an order from the health
department which had condemned the
entire lot. The bananas were valued
at \$75,000.

Gin Pills
FOR THE KIDNEYS
How They Work

VICTORIA, B.C.
For several years I have been troubled with
Kidney and Bladder Trouble caused by uric
acid and the pains caused by the intermittent
stoppage of urine was very severe. For this
I was taking something or other continually
with but little or no relief. At last a friend
handed me a sample package of your Gin
Pills. The contents of this sample gave me
relief that I had not experienced in a long
time. Since then I have been taking Gin
Pills occasionally and have had no return of
my former trouble. (Name on request).
The above letter is from a popular and
well-known commercial man in Victoria.
Gin Pills are 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50
at all druggists. Sample sent free if requested.
National Drug & Chemical Co.
of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

**THEY'RE FINE FOR
KIDDIES**

You should always keep a
bottle of Chamberlain's
Stomach and Liver Tablets
so often need a mild and
safe cathartic and they do
not contain any of the
dangerous ingredients of
other laxatives. For stomach
troubles and constipation, give one just before
going to bed. All druggists, 25c. or send to
CHAMBERLAIN MEDICINE CO., TORONTO 10

**CHAMBERLAIN'S
TABLETS**

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. "LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE"

On and after Sept. 29th, 1915, train
service on the railway is as follows:

Service Daily Except Sunday.
Express for Halifax (Monday only) 4:13 a.m.
Express for Yarmouth. 12 noon
Express for Halifax. 2:01 p.m.
Express for Annapolis (Sat. only) 7:53 p.m.
Accom. for Halifax. 7:40 a.m.
Accom. for Annapolis. 6:35 p.m.

Midland Division

Trains on the Midland Division leave
Windsor daily (except Sunday) for
Truro at 7:05 a.m. 5:10 p.m., and 7:50
a.m. and from Truro for Windsor at
6:40 a.m. 2:30 p.m. and 12:50 p.m. con-
necting at Truro with trains of the In-
tercolonial Railway and at Windsor
with express trains to and from Hal-
ifax, daily except Sunday.

Buffet Parlor Car Service on Mail
Express trains between Halifax and
Yarmouth.

St. John - Digby

DAILY SERVICE

(Sunday excepted.)

Canadian Pacific Steamship "Yar-
mouth" leaves St. John 7:00 a.m.,
arrives Digby 10:15 a.m., leaves Dig-
by 1:50 p.m., arrives at St. John
about 5:00, connecting at St. John
with Canadian Pacific trains for Mon-
real and the West.

Boston Service

Steamers of the Boston and Yar-
mouth S.S. Company sail from Yar-
mouth for Boston after arrival of
Express train from Halifax, Wednes-
days and Saturdays.

M. GIFFKINS,
General Manager.

FURNESS SAILINGS

From London		From Halifax	
	Kanawha		Oct. 28
Oct. 24	Rappahannock		Nov. 13
Nov. 7	Shenandoah		Nov. 27
From Liverpool		From Halifax	
	via Nfld		via Nfld
	Tabasco		Oct. 26
Oct. 27	Lexington		
Nov. 3	Durango		Nov. 20