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. G. Cutten.
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Press—Miss Margaret Bars.
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Walter Mitchell.
Loyal Temperance Legion—Miss Eaam.

The Centenary of John B. Gough.

THE APOSTLE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

It was just one hundred years in August 23rd of the present year since John B. Gough first saw the light of day. Born in England, his mother a Baptist, he started on his somewhat varied career.

At twelve years of age he came to the United States, and for two years worked on a farm. He hoped for a larger field and found it in the City of New York. He found other things too and suffered more than on the farm. He learned the trade of a book-binder and should have been able to earn a good living, but his employer failed and young John began to drift, becoming an actor in Boston. He also became a drunkard and a bad one too. In spite of this he married and went to live in Worcester, Mass., where his wife and child died. He sank so low that he bought laudanum, intending to end his own life, but his courage failed him. Every morning he resolved to reform, but every evening found the resolve broken, until he became hateful to himself. Change of environment did little for him. Like the fiend in 'Paradise Lost,' he might say, 'Me miserable! Which way shall I fly? I cannot fly—myself am Hell!'

In October, 1842, he 'felt a kind hand on his shoulder,' and under the influence of Mr. Joel Stratton, a waiter in a temperance hotel, he signed a total abstinence pledge. His platform efforts at the beginning were crude and gave little promise of the great platform career that followed. Twice he fell. Down into the 'deeps' he went. But when he learned that the power of God was necessary in one's own life he was able to keep a steady course. 'He who comes out of drunkenness and stands for forty years is a moral hero,' says his biographer. Gough stood that way from 1845 to 1886. In February of the latter year he uttered his final word, speaking in Frankford, Philadelphia. After speaking in tones of thrilling intensity for twenty minutes, he appealed, 'Young man, keep your record clean.' Pressing his hand to his head he sank to the floor, lapsed into unconsciousness and died three days later. 'His body lies mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on.'

A small boy who had just passed his fifth birthday was riding in a suburban car with his mother when they were asked the customary question: 'How old is the boy?' After being told the correct age, the conductor passed on to the next person. The boy sat quite still, as if pondering over some question, and then, concluding that full information had not been given, called loudly to the conductor, then at the other end of the car: 'And mother's thirty-one!'—Minneapolis Tribune.

The problem of keeping butter where there is neither ice nor running water is often a very serious one to the girl doing 'light housekeeping.' A solution offered by one of our readers is to place the mold of butter in a glass top, and cover the butter completely with a strong brine.

A Cure for Bad Breath

"Bad breath is a sign of decayed teeth, foul stomach or unclean bowel." If your teeth are good, look to your digestive organs at once. Get Seigel's Carative Syrup at druggists. 15 to 20 drops after meals, clean up your foul passage and stop the bad breath odor. 50c. and $1.00 Bottles. Do not buy substitutes. Get the genuine. 6

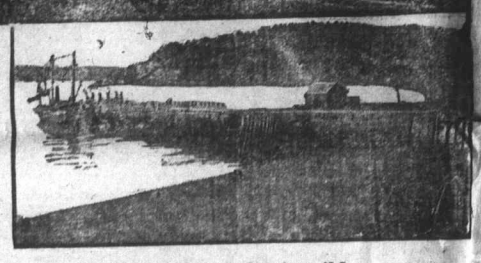
ACADIANS OF TO-DAY

An Acadian Home.

RICH in its history of strong men and heroic women whose stirring adventures by land and sea set the imagination aflame, appealing in its wild scenery of lakes and streams and wooded hills, charming in the lawns and hedges and shady streets of its villages and towns, the country from Yarmouth to Digby, Nova Scotia is the Mecca of the historian, the sportsman, the painter, the geologist, and the vacation seeker. In this land, which even to-day abounds in rivers and lakes teeming with lusty, leaping fish, and is clothed with forests of fir, pine, hemlock and spruce, home of deer, moose and bear, the Indians must have lived from time immemorial. Such a paradise for the huntsman must have been the subject of song and story among the redmen.

And here too the Norsemen came full five hundred years before Columbus set out in his three tiny ships. Urged on by their dauntless spirit the wild Norsemen drove their war galleys far south and west from Iceland till they reached the land which a no less hardy race were later to name Nova Scotia. It was at Yarmouth they landed; and two mighty boulders, bearing inscriptions in Runic, now may be seen near the town of Yarmouth—lasting evidence of that daring adventure made near one thousand years ago.

And then came those intrepid adventures from France, De Monts and



Partridge Island, Parrsboro, N.S.

Champlain in 1604; Charles de la Tour and his Huguenot wife—"a woman, who by her gentle breeding and beauty, her heroism and her misfortunes, was destined to win the most romantic immortality in our history." Left in charge of her husband's fort, she inspired her noble band of followers, was overcome by intrigue alone when attacked by her husband's rival, and died of a broken heart after being forced to watch her followers hung while she stood with a halter around her neck.

The Acadian farmers flourished in this land until 1775, when they were expelled by the English, and only the ugly scars of their cellars told of the farm houses which had once been there. Six years later came families from New England, adventurous, indomitable and hardy pioneers. It was their descendants who later built hundreds of the fastest sailing ships, sailed them to the seven seas and built up mighty fortunes which now show themselves in magnificent residences set in beautiful surroundings of lawns, hedges and trees.

But the Acadians returned; and to-day for miles the neat villages of their descendants skirt the shores of Fundy Bay, from Yarmouth to Digby. The descendants of the Acadians have cultivated the soft marsh lands and fresh water meadows, preserving the simple manners, customs and language of their ancestors.

And here one finds fifty miles of rugged storm swept coast, lofty bestting cliffs, coves like volcanic craters—wilder than the dreams of a mad poet.

Crop Worth $930 an Acre.

Harvesting three crops of broom corn from one planting in a single season, the yield from each cutting being about one ton to the acre of broom corn, is what is being accomplished in one section of the lower Rio Grande Valley, Texas, this year.

The average price received for the brush, which is used in the manufacture of high grade brooms, is $310 per ton, or a total of $930 per acre. In this region, which only a few years ago was a wilderness of mesquite trees and prickly pears, situated more than 100 miles from the nearest railroad outlet there is being rapidly developed the greatest broom corn growing industry in the United States.

There is being grown there this season 40,000 acres of this product and the extremely high prices which dealers are paying for the brush are bringing fortunes to many farmers. The fact that the growing season is practically continuous throughout the twelve months of the year makes the possibilities of the industry unusually attractive.

The first planting is usually made in January, and as rapidly as one crop is matured it is cut and from the stubble there is quickly produced a second and third crop. All of the broom crop in the valley territory is grown by means of irrigation.

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly cure 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.

Back Door Etiquette.

(Atchison Globe)

It is back door etiquette for a woman to send back the dish, in which her neighbors has sent her something to eat, full. As a result of trying to observe this rule two Atchison women are on the verge of nervous collapse.

Sunday morning one of the women sent her neighbor a pan of string beans. Promptly the woman receiving the beans returned the pan filled with some plum butter. The other woman returned the pan filled with fresh doughnuts. Her neighbor sent the pan back with some raisin bread on it. The other woman fired the pan back filled with tomatoes. The neighbor quickly stirred up a cake and it was no time until that pan was sent back filled with little hot cakes.

The other woman was ready for the pan and sent it over filled with pickled beets. The other neighbor flew to her pantry and perked up some sliced ham and sent the pan back, but the other woman's men folk met that pan before it reached its destination; there is not enough left for the junk man.

Early War Loan In Nova Scotia.

The special emphasis laid upon our duty to the present War loan ought to give a more than ordinary interest to the following extract from the early history of Nova Scotia. At the time mentioned the population of the whole province could not have been more than thirty thousand. Apparently our forbears were ignorant of or their enthusiasm overlooked, the gentle art of lending to themselves.

'May 29th, 1798. In imitation of the general contributions made throughout Great Britain for the support of the present war with France, subscriptions are entered into in different parts of Nova Scotia. The inhabitants of the town of Halifax raise the sum of £4183 2s 9½d, many of whom subscribed annually. The boys of the grammar school, Halifax, subscribed out of their pocket money £23 18s sterling. Regiments and public departments at Halifax, £2079 12s 3½d. Inhabitants of Digby, £266 2s 10d. Cornwallis and Aylesford £342 and in the same ratio in most of the districts in Nova Scotia.'

—HALIBURTON

I was cured of painful Goitre by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
BAYARD McMULLIN.
Chatham, Ont.

I was cured of Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS W. A JOHNSON.
Walsh, Ont

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Parkdale, Ont. J H BAILEY.

Over-Equipped.

An army officer who served in the Spanish war tells of a New York regiment, many of whose members were recruited on the East Side, according to Harper's Magazine. They were spoiling for a fight and it became necessary to post guards to preserve order.

A big, husky Bowery recruit, of pugilistic proportions, was put on duty outside and given special orders to see that quiet reigned, and, above all things if trouble came his way, not to lose possession of his rifle.

Soon a general row began, growing in proportions as the minutes passed. The soldier walked his post nervously, without interruption, until the Corporal of the guard appeared on the scene with reinforcements.

'Why didn't you stop this row?' demanded the Corporal.

The sentry, balancing his rifle on his shoulder, raised his arms to the correct boxing position, and replied: 'Shure, phat could I do wid dis gun in my hands!'

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

Of particular interest is the December issue of Rod and Gun in Canada, which is already on the news-stand. Amongst the good things which this number offers are 'A Naturalist's Christmas' by Bonnycastle Dale; 'In the Sky Pastures,' a story of mountain goats and cougars in the Selkirks, by H C Haddon; 'My Bob,' a realistic story of a dog's experiences with his master on the firing line, by Vincent Perry; 'The Jumper,' a New Brunswick guide's story of the French river drivers of that province, by Leslie Marvin Hayward; etc., etc. The Kennel department this month contains the list of awards given at the Western Dog Show at London and the New Brunswick Kennel Club Show at St John. The other departments, notably, Fishing Notes, Guns and Ammunition, and Along the Trap Line are up to standard and the whole number one that any Canadian sportsman will find of special interest. Rod and Gun is published at Woodstock, Ont., by W. J. Taylor.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Merchant's Wife Advises Wolfville.

'I had stomach trouble so bad I could eat nothing but toast, fruit and hot water. Everything else soured and formed gas. Dieting did no good. I was miserable until I tried Buckthorn Bark Glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-i-ka. ONE SPOONFUL benefited me INSTANTLY. Because Adler-i-ka empties BOTH large and small intestine it relieves ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas and prevents appendicitis. It has QUICKEST action of anything we ever sold.'

A Pointer.

Soon after a certain judge of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island had been appointed he went down into one of the southern counties to sit for a week. He was well satisfied with himself.

'Mary,' he said to the Irish waitress at the hotel where he was stopping 'you've been in this country how long?'

'Two years, sir,' she said.

'Do you like it?'

'Sure, it's well enough,' answered Mary.

'But, Mary,' the Judge continued, 'you have many privileges in this country which you'd not have in Ireland. Now at home you would never be in a room with a Justice of the Supreme Court and chatting familiarly with him.'

'But, sure, sir,' said Mary, quite in earnest, 'sou'd I ever be a Judge at home.'—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

I OWE MY HEALTH To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Washington Park, Ill.—"I am the mother of four children and have suffered with female trouble, backache, nervous spells and the blues. My children's loud talking and romping would make me so nervous I could just tear everything to pieces and I would ache all over and feel so sick that I would not want anyone to talk to me at times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills restored me to health and I want to thank you for the good they have done me. I have had quite a bit of trouble and worry but it does not affect my youthful looks. My friends say 'Why do you look so young and well?' I owe it all to the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies."—Mrs. ROBT. STOFIEL, Moore Avenue, Washington Park, Illinois.

We wish every woman who suffers from female troubles, nervousness, backache or the blues could see the letters written by women made well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free of charge.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff

FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOHO

(1) The Famous Takakkaw Falls. (2) Camping under the Takakkaw Falls. (3) Mount Stephen.

AMONGST the Canadian Rockies you meet folk from all over the world. And you really do meet them, not just read the tags on their luggage. People who wouldn't dream of following up their inclination to know you if they met you on Michigan Avenue or Broadway, calmly introduce themselves. And you part friends.

I'd been staying at the Glacier, where I knew everybody from the waiters up, and when I had to leave and go east again I'd have cried on Sir Donald's shoulder, if he hadn't been ten thousand feet above sea level and covered with a week's snow at that.

"Oh, but you'll make friends at Field," they told me comfortingly. "Mount Stephen will take Sir Donald's place in your heart."

Field is a little bit of a town that looks as though it had been washed up by the Kicking Horse River and thrown at the feet of Mts. Stephen and Dennis, where it hangs on by means of the long twin-steel rope of the track.

On the train between Field and Lake Louise you pass the gigantic gate posts of the Yoho Valley a few minutes out of Field. But it took us more than four miles of scenic road way to reach there, passing en route the aerial silver mine whose great doorway, perched hundreds of feet above us, looked like a swallow's nest for very littleness.

Next morning we were up bright and early for the beautiful drive through the Yoho Valley.

After passing Cache Creek the road turned sharply to the left and we entered the valley that grows narrower and deeper and awesomer and steeper for close on six miles. Here the crystal Kicking Horse falls into the glacial-muddy Yoho, with a result that reminds you of marble cake until the two streams are thoroughly mixed.

Mt. Ogden towers 8,795 feet to our right as we swing round the corner of Mt. Field. Mt. Niles, a thousand feet taller still, lies north again, and beyond is Balfour, another thousand-step up into the blue.

The valley narrows. The plucky horses take one switchback after another as the trail goes up the mountain in a series of sharp Z's. The road, however, is a miracle of picturesque engineering.

At last the roaring river—it *does* roar between the granite bars of its long cage—is a hundred and fifty feet below and the bank on which the horses pause is so steep that it's almost undercut. You can hardly see the headlong Yoho, and if there weren't stout fences on which to lean, undoubtedly mother wouldn't get out of the carriage to love Canada at closer range. As it is, we shiver at the lonesome-awesomeness of this dark gorge.

"The valley widens again. There are treed benches rising above it, beyond these steep bare precipices, and higher still the snow.

And then at last we came to Takakkaw.

The Indians looked at the swaying curtain of it and they said to one another, "Takakkaw!" which means 'how wonderful.' Over on the other side of the valley lies the camp which in a way deserves a "Takakkaw" of its own. There are bough beds and little stoves in every tent; there is the magic teepee in the centre of the clearing where the nightly fire coaxes grizzly stories out of the guides.

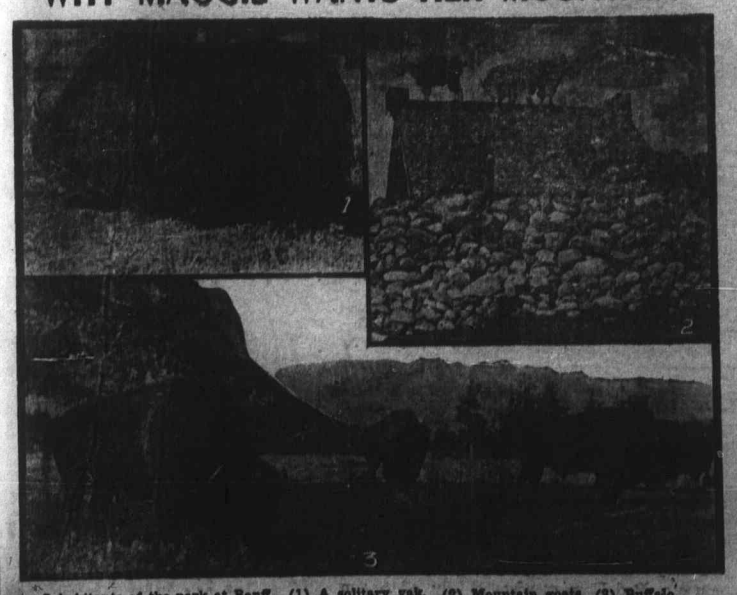
Not far from camp there is a big stream coming down the mountainside to the left, which, when it hits the valley branches into a perfect family tree of streamlets, a dozen big ones and dear knows how many grandchildren brooks that run here and there like fresh air excursion kiddies on a farm. Every winter the configuration of the place changes and the streams shout and begin all over again. No wonder the trail got lost.

We raced over the boulders. But boulders are treacherous animals to play with and will bite you in the back. This one didn't approve of being raced over. The worm turned. I turned too—not quite a somersault—landing on my hands and knees in one of the grandchildren-brooklets.

There was a long hot ten minutes silence. I was glad the sun on the stones were strong and drying.

"Takakkaw!" I cried, the fountains of my womanly sympathy carefully corked. "Did you go and fall in love with the Yoho, too?"

WHY MAGGIE WANTS HER MOUNTAIN



Inhabitants of the park at Banff. (1) A solitary yak. (2) Mountain goats. (3) Buffalo.

THERE are a good many of us who wish the war would hurry up and be over, for one reason and another. But Maggie has a reason that's unique. If somebody would just go and kill the Kaiser, she'd get her mountain.

Maggie's second name is Mountain, too and her last is Goat. She lives at Banff, Alberta, together with two of her friends, in a big raggedy paddock full of bushes, with a stone-built house in the centre. You can generally see her up on top of it, silhouetted against the sky, gazing disconsolately away off to where she can see that mountain of hers, fur-trimmed and full of gloriously impossible ledges. She tries to pretend the ridge pole of her present home is one of them. But it's no go. The wretched little gophers climb up and run under her very nose and she's too mournful to care!

You see, the Parks Commission, which is the Supreme Court and the Privy Council and Santa Claus and the Board of Health to Maggie, had decreed that in 1914 the mountain goats were to be transferred to a locality more in keeping with family traditions. There is a large and indefinite number of unattached mountains around Banff, inhabited only by some of Maggie's uncaught relatives, and the Commission was going to fence in one of these for its goats. The ledges would give them exercise the big trees would enable them to rub last year's disreputable coat off their backs at the season indicated by their primitive fashion magazines, and the men interested in wool problems would have better looking goat specimens to judge from when they figured as to whether it was or wasn't worth while to try breeding them for mohair plush.

And then came this confounded war! Camp Hughes, Camp Borden, Valcartier and the rest of the khaki-pastures ate up a million times over the cost of wiring poor Maggie's hilly home, which had to be pigeon-holed until "after the war."

That's how it comes the official in charge of all the wild wards of the park at Banff will tell you apologetically that the reason the goats look like ladies in evening dress is because they can succeed in rubbing the light wool off their necks, but the heavy matted body-growth won't come away against the switchy little bushes of the paddock. So some day he'll have to catch Maggie and her two friends and pluck them like chickens. Which proceeding Maggie will resent most bitterly.

The rocky mountain sheep have the ideal range. They are trees that soar up like trumpet notes, there are meadows carpetted with wild columbines for looking at and the sweetest of sweet grass for eating. Above all there's a real cool, compact little mountain for big horns to show off on. There are twenty-three sheep in the pasture, five of whom are scary aged spring lambs. If they were to die and go to the butchers' heaven, they'd bring far more than ordinary tame Mary-anna lambs. At least they ought to, for they taste so much better.

"There are plenty of wild ones on the mountains hereabouts," our friend in the Government told us as we left the horses outside the gate and came swishing in through the long grass, hoping to catch a glimpse of a big horn." Last year I caught three in a trap I made—a hundred and twenty by eighteen feet. It works with a gate, you know. Scares 'em a bit, but doesn't hurt 'em. They're in the——"

There was a scatter of little hoof beats and the whole flock came round from behind the big barn and stood, posed for the loveliest photo with the brown tree trunks for a background. The big horn is a wonderfully picturesque beastie with a touch of the dramatic in his make up, or he could never have arranged his harem with such an oh-you-kodak effect. But the last film had been used up trying to get Maggie properly sky-lined and we could only sigh regretfully.

There's a herd of buffalo at Banff too, but they're not of a hand shaking disposition. Nobody is allowed to go to call on the monarch of all the plains the C. P. R. has left, unless he goes on horseback or in a motor. Old Dad, the boss of Buffaloville, has even been known to charge an auto, when his dinner hadn't agreed with him. And when he charges, you wonder if the Imperial Limited hasn't got off into the meadow by mistake.

But the funniest animal in the park—and doubtless the most sniffed at by the native Canadians—is the yak, who is a born Tibetan, with a face that looks halfway between an Arab steed and a moo-cow, a grandly sweeping tail, and a wonderful glossy black coat which is of normal length on his shoulders and flanks, but goes into the widest and floppiest of fringes on his legs and under body. To begin with, the sixteen Tibetans were domiciled in Brandon. But however excellent the climate of Manitoba may be, as a substitute for the Himalayas it leaves a few things to be desired. So the yaks were box-carred up after a while and taken to Banff where they are doing splendidly.

Professional Cards

DENTISTRY.

A. J. McKenna, D. D. S.
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.
Office Hours:—8-1 a.m., 2-3, 7-9 p. m.

F. J. PORTER
Licensed Auctioneer for towns of Kentville and Wolfville, N. S.

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.
Wolfville and Kentville

NOW IS THE TIME!
To Get Your Furniture Upholstered.
Carpenter work is slack at present, and I am prepared to do Upholstery of all kinds of Furniture, also Carriage and Sleigh Seats, will also repair Furniture of all kinds.
I have had a large experience in this work and can guarantee satisfacion.
J. C. Bishop, - Wolfville.

R. J. Whitten & CO.
HALIFAX
Receivers and Sellers of all kinds of Farm Produce.
Consignments Solicited.
Prompt Returns.

Port Williams Fruit Co., LIMITED
FLOUR!
on hand.
Bran and Middlings
due to arrive.
SLAG!
Buy now before the advance. A car is expected shortly.
FERTILIZER!
We have a limited supply suitable for renewing strawberry plantations or fall use in the orchard, for sale at reasonable prices.
Arsenate of Lime
For use on Potatoes.
Open Wednesday mornings by appointment.
Port Williams, N. S.

Wolfville 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 Oct. 6th, 1917.
Service daily, except Sunday.

ARRIVING

Express from Kentville	8.07 a m
Express from Halifax & Truro	9.58 a m
Express from Yarmouth	4.20 p m
Express from Halifax	6.57 p m

LEAVING.

Express for Halifax and Truro	8.07 a m
Express for St. John and Yarmouth	9.58 a m
Express for Halifax and Truro	4.20 p m
Express for Kentville	6.57 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 Wednesdays and Saturdays 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.

TENDERS.

Tenders for Collection of County, Poor, Railway, Patriotic Fund, Statute Labor, Dog Taxes and other taxes that may be levied on the County during the year of 1918, will be received at the office of the subscriber up to and including Dec. 31, 1917.

The Collector must be a resident of the Ward in which he proposes to collect the rates and must give in his tender the names and addresses of two responsible parties who will act as bondsmen for the payment of moneys collected.

By order.
C L DODGE,
Mun. Clerk and Treas.
Kentville, N. S., Dec. 1, 1917.