

Railway & S. S. Lines

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

—AND—
Steamship Lines
—TO—
St. John via Digby
—AND—
Boston via Yarmouth
"Land 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 (except Sunday) for Truro at 7.30 a.m. 5.35 p.m. and 7.45 a.m. and from Truro at 6.50 a.m. 8.20 p.m. and 12.45 noon connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway, and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.

St. JOHN and DIGBY

S.S. "YARMOUTH"

Leaves St. John, daily except Sunday at 7.00 a. m.; returning, leaves Digby at 1.55 p. m. making connection at Digby with express trains east and west and at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for Western points.

Boston Service

Steamers of the Boston & New York S. S. Co. sail from Yarmouth for Boston after arrival Express train from Halifax and Truro on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

P. GIFFKINS,
General Manager.
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FURNESS, WITBY & CO., LTD

STEAMSHIP LINERS

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

From London.	From Halifax
Dec. 7th—Shenandoah	Jan. 4
Dec. 22nd—Rappahannock	Jan. 17
Jan. 3rd—Durango	
Jan. 14th—Kanawha	Jan. 31

From Liverpool.	From Halifax
Jan. 1st—Almeriana	Jan. 21
Jan. 15th—Tatasco	Feb. 4

FURNESS WITBY & CO., LTD.
Agents, Halifax, N. S.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom. Mon. & Fri.	Time Table in effect October 7th, 1912.	Accom. Mon. & Fri.
Read down.	Stations	Read up.
7:21.30	Lv. Middleton A.R.	16.25
7:12.01	* Clarence	15.54
12.20	Bridgetown	15.35
12.50	* Granville Centre	15.07
13.07	Granville Ferry	14.50
13.26	* Karsdale	14.34
13.45	A.R. Port Wade Lv.	14.10

*Flag Stations. Trains stop on signal.
CONNECTION AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S. W. RY AND O. A. RY.
P. MOONEY
General Freight and Passenger Agent.

Little Sister to the Ox.

By Amanda Mathews.

Miss Bedford, tall, auburn and wise, ruled the First Grade of the Portuguese district "below the tracks" in Oakland. She had just promised her children the story of "Little Black Sambo" when a lumbering step was heard at the door. There stood a stocky, swarthy Portuguese girl, too old for pupil, too young for parent. Her small jetty eyes were over-swept by heavy black brows; the features were flat and unformed. She stood in ungainly pose, hips thrust forward. She wore a pink calico waist, red calico skirt, and blue calico apron, all of the brightest. One hand grasped a First Reader by its back as if it were a fir-tree.

"Little Sister to the Ox," mentally paraphrased Miss Bedford. Aloud she said, "Good afternoon," and held out her hand in cordial greeting.

"Teacher, with your permis' I come to school. My name is Susana Cantametto."

"This cannot be your room, Susana. We are just the First Grade. You have made a mistake."

"Teacher, with your permis' I never promote because all the kids gets measles; next year hims gets whoops; with your permis' come next year the mumps, next year measles—"

"But they had measles before," Miss Bedford objected dizzily.

"With your permis' Teacher, three new babies, so three new measles."

Miss Bedford removed a fern from a table, thus providing a place for Susana adequate to her size in the front of the schoolroom, not far from her own desk, and established in a chair exactly like the official one used by herself.

"Thanks, Teacher."

"Susana, call me Miss Bedford."

"No, Teacher, no! That is for me to make a sassy on you! Always I know to have respect with teachers, and no sassies."

"But I prefer to be called Miss Bedford."

"No! No! The names of teachers is not for speak; that is sassy on teachers—always I have respect. Venna, which is my sister on the front scat, she knows to have respect and Jos, which is my brother you, he knows to have respect or you leet him, Teacher—leet him like keel!"

Joe Cantametto, aged seven, stared sullenly down at his desk. Six-year-old Venna cast mournful big black eyes at Miss Bedford and waved an entreating hand.

"Please, Teacher, I never go to make no sassy—"

Although Miss Bedford expressed herself with great decision on "this mooted point of etiquette, she could see the school was still of divided and confounded opinion. In reality they were troubled by an apparent conflict of authority. In taking Susana by the hand and setting her

on a lesser throne by her side, Miss Bedford had invested the new-comer with some of her own prestige. Fresh recruits of their own status were received quite otherwise. "Here, my little toad," or "little bear," or "manikin," or "Baby Browneyes," or some equally choice endearment, "see this nice desk just waiting for you!" That was the pupil formula, and a hug with it. Handshaking was only among the mighty.

Miss Bedford dismissed the matter by beginning the story of "Little Black Sambo." The children listened, big eyed with serious interest. Wonder related Susana's jaw. When Sambo started with his red coat to the first tiger, she ejaculated, "My God!"

"Susana!" objected the horrified instructor. "You mustn't swear!"

"What is them swears, Teacher Miss Bedford?"

"You mustn't say what you just said—except at church and in your prayers."

The tale proceeded to the juncture where Black Sambo met the second tiger.

"My God!" cried Susana again.

"Susana!"

"Excuse, Teacher Miss Bedford. With your permis' I do like you till I make the prayer so the tiger no eat the Sambo."

Miss Bedford's spirit faltered, for there were two more tigers in the story. She got Susana past these beasts, however, without her invoking the Deity by the unpedagogical method of stern unreasoned repression.

The story proceeded to its bi-lateral climax, where the four tigers, which had robbed Little Black Sambo of his new clothes, ran round and round a tree holding on to one another's tails until they melted down into butter, which Black Sambo's father took home for Black Sambo's mother to serve on the family hot cakes.

Susana's hand flew up, but she did not wait for its recognition.

"Teacher," she ejaculated, "Teacher there's hairs in that tiger butter."

Many smaller hands then waved and each brain tapped through its hand gave out the echo.

"Teacher, hairs in butter is no good."

"Them hairs make Sambo awful seek, Miss Bedford Teacher."

Nicolo, the semi-toothless, was so overcome with disgust at imaginary hairs in imaginary tiger butter that he spat on the floor and had to scrub it up for ten minutes by the clock.

When it came to the "busy work" of doing Sambo's portrait in colored crayon on the blackboard, Susana again expressed herself.

"Teacher Miss Bedford, excuse, but when I make dinner him for eat, when I sew dress her for wear, when I make that kid of chalk for the rubs out—with your permis' I

bring overalls by my house for mend—"

"Oh, little sister to the ox!" exclaimed Miss Bedford under her breath.

Other brown hands fluttered but she ignored them and suppressed Susana. The school outlived Sambo with colored crayons, but listlessly oppressed by the futility of their labor, of less account than patches on overalls and done only to perish under the eraser. And every picture bristled with tiger hairs sticking out of pots of butter or rising from hot cakes like spines on a cactus leaf, or even growing to Sambo porcupine fashion. It was fairly an obsession.

Miss Bedford could account for Susana well enough from her general understanding of the neighborhood. Eldest of a large family—mother probably in factory since the girl was big enough to mind the house and the brood. It was like having a parent attend school to be made over into an American child after all the mental joints were set and stiff in old world peasant concepts.

Miss Bedford, however, was not accustomed to falter at any ignorance or uncouthness. Her meditation on Susana always brought her to the same point: "Wish I could have had her younger, poor Little Sister to the Ox, but even now I will rebuild in her the music and the dream!"

The rebuilding process proved beset by innumerable difficulties and her woes on account of Susana multiplied from day to day. Meekly insubordinate and humbly disputatious the girl was a troublesome disintegrating element. Miss Bedford was surprised at the strength of her reactionary influence, until she reflected that Susana's landing was down that slippery chink of least resistance. To change the figure, the First Grade were ducklings who had been doing very well keeping up with a hen until their path was crossed by a quacking duck. It became the teacher's despair to watch the stolid peasant mind of Susana subverting more or less her every attempt to instill American ideals. The language of the First Grade stayed broken and their aspirations had only duck wings.

It was Susana who maintained "too much wash, yet get sassy," and "hankychiffs hims for Sundays and funerals; hims very saddy for all days." Miss Bedford preached fresh air and Susana related: "Little boy and his mother she tell him no open the window when he go to bed, and he open that window and a bad woman she make her big black cat come sit on him and suck his breath so him die!"

Sadder of all was the fiasco when the teacher introduced the class to a new song, too old for them, being directed especially to the rebuilding of Susana's soul—

"Sweet is the evening, stealing After the day is done."

Believing that some core of the girl's inner being had been touched at last, she was glad to see Susana's hand in air.

"Teacher, Miss Bedford, my father he no like Joe sing that song. My father he tell if Joe make the steal he keel him sure. And Venna she knows to not make steals, and all my family never make no steals. I like tell that song."

As usual a score of hands flew up, silent echoes of the moral stand taken by Susana. The First Grade sang that song after Miss Bedford had done her best at explaining its esoteric significance, but there are certain subtleties of the English language of which one is quite unconscious till it comes to conveying them to foreign six-year-olds. She was well aware that the song was forever hopelessly set in their infant mind as a paragon of burglary.

And so things went. Susana was too well-meaning for expulsion, too dull for promotion, and no epileptic laid low the Cantametto family. But fate is resourceful and deliverance came from an unexpected quarter. Just before school was dismissed of a Wednesday, Susana lunged up her hand and announced:

"Teacher Miss Bedford, I not come to this school no more."

"Why do you say that, Susana?"

"Excuse, Teacher Miss Bedford, with your permis' I marry to one Portuguese man."

"Does your mother know?" faltered Miss Bedford.

"Sure! She say for me to marry with him. I say 'all right.' His mother say for him to marry with me. He say 'same here' so we make the marry Monday, because that to be his bad day of the shine stand, so him can go way for the marry."

It was a strange question to propound over the heads of forty children, but the girl herself was so embarrassed Miss Bedford did not refrain.

"I suppose—do you love him, Susana?"

"You mean I got the mash; he is one widow-man, Teacher. His wife she die and leave three little kids on year and now she no can mind them. For her daughter which lives in Castroville very seek and the mast go mind that seek daughter. She tells my mother better Manuel marry with me."

"Does he love you, Susana?" persisted Miss Bedford.

"Them mashes is no good, Teacher Miss Bedford," instructed Susana. "You and one bean, p'praps he mash and you not p'praps you mash and no him, very saddy! P'praps he mash now by azil by he no mash—very saddy! No good them mashes."

Three hands went up.

"Them mashes is punk!" was the word's verdict of Frank Pimentel, aged eight.

Other hands were raised in eager confirmation, but Miss Bedford hurried the First Grade off home, detaching only Susana.

"Three children to start with, Susana! And you've tended baby all your life!"

Susana respectfully put up her hand, although she and the teacher were alone in the room.

"Please excuse—with your permis' my mother she say them childrens already borned get quicker to facty and bring home the money."

"Susana, dear," implored Miss Bedford, dropping into the girl's vernacular to get nearer to her. "No mash on nobody, never?"

Unexpectedly Susana sniffled into a corner of her apron.

"Oh, Teacher, I catch the mash on Pedro which drives the grocery, but he no catch it on me, and now he marry to a girl pretty like me is ugly, ugly, so Pedro never could catch no mash on me!"

So Susana had her poor little broken bit of dream after all. Miss Bedford slipped a sympathetic arm about the girl's clumsy waist.

"And this man, dear—can you catch the mash on him?"

Susana emerged from the apron ox-like as ever.

"He earn two—tree dollar a day at his shine-stand. My mother say plenty girl no get chance for good marry like him. And them childrens pretty soon in facty. I will keep clean his-house and cook him the good dinner—he like plenty bean."

The teacher unclasped a coral necklace of her own and put it around Susana's neck for a wedding gift.

If your children are subject to attacks of croup, watch for the first symptoms, hoarseness. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child becomes hoarse and the attack may be warded off. For sale by druggists and dealers.

The automobile, like the bicycle, had many quaint and curious predecessors. The February Motor Number of Scribner's Magazine contains an article on "Steam-Coach Days," with illustrations in color, showing the fore-runners of the motor car, which ran regularly in England a century ago.

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The family remedy for Coughs and Colds. Shiloh costs so little and does so much!

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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

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"MY STOMACH IS FINE
Since Taking Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets"

Mrs. J. Merkhuger, Waterloo, Ont., enthusiastically recommends Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets. Her experience with them, as she outlines it, explains why. "I was greatly troubled with my stomach," she writes. "I had taken so much medicine that I might say to take any more would only be making it worse. My stomach just felt raw. I read of Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, and my friend told me they were very easy to take, so I thought I would give them a trial and really they worked wonders. Anyone having anything wrong with his stomach should give Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets a trial, they will do the rest. My stomach is fine now and I can eat any food."

One of the many good features of Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets is that they are so pleasant and easy to take. The relief they give from heartburn, flatulence, biliousness and dyspepsia is prompt and permanent. Try one after each meal—they'll make you feel like a new person.

50c. a box at your druggist's compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 143

THE BROWN HEN.

Thomas put eggs all shining white. Last spring—and I watched In a nest of hay, made warm and light; And the brown hen sat on them day and night. Till the chicks came out of the shell.

Thomas put bulbs he brought from town, Today—and I watched him, too— In nests of earth and patted them down; And the soft soil covers them, warm and brown; Till the beautiful flowers came through.

And I think the world is a big brown hen. And the earth is her covering wings; She sits till the winter is gone; and then From under her wide-spread wings again Lets out all the growing things. —J. H. Macnair, in Pall Mall Gazette.

Plain Talks About Piles.

Don't you believe that experience is better than hearsay? If you suffer from piles, just try Zam-Buk. You can do so at our expense. So assured are we of the result that we will send you a free trial box if you send to our Toronto offices full name and address and a one-cent stamp to pay return postage.

Scores of people daily acquaint us with the benefit they have derived from the use of Zam-Buk for piles. Mr. F. A. Stridge, of 3 St. Paul St., St. Catharines, Ont., says: "For five years I have suffered untold agony with protruding piles. The pain was so great at times I would almost scream."

"I lost weight and I had no appetite. I tried everything I ever heard of for piles, as I was willing to take anything to get relief. It was useless, however, and I almost gave up in despair."

"One day a friend gave me a sample of Zam-Buk and told me of a friend of his who had been cured. I decided to try Zam-Buk, and the relief I got was encouraging. I used three boxes, and at the end of that time I was completely cured. I wish I could have got Zam-Buk years ago; it would have saved me a great deal of misery."

Zam-Buk will also be found a sure cure for cold sores, chapped hands, frost bites, ulcers, blood-poison, varicose sores, scalp sores, ringworm, inflamed patches, babies' eruptions and chapped places, cuts, burns, bruises, and skin in unctions generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price. You are warned against harmful imitations and substitutes. See the registered name, "Zam-Buk," on every package.

Herbert Ladd Towle, an authority on the automobile industry, outlines in the February Scribner the growth of the business in ten years from almost nothing to five hundred machines in one year's output. He will describe typical factories, both of high and low priced machines, and make very practical application to men of moderate means of the possibilities of the motor.

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