

HIS HEALTH IN A TERRIBLE STATE

"Fruit-a-tives" Healed His Kidneys and Cured Him

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., Aug. 26th. 1913. "About two years ago, I found my health in a very bad state. My kidneys were not doing their work and I was all run down in condition. I felt the need of some good remedy, and having seen 'Fruit-a-tives' advertised, I decided to try them. Their effect, I found more than satisfactory.

Their action was mild and the result all that could be expected. My kidneys resumed their normal action after I had taken upwards of a dozen boxes, and I regained my old-time vitality. Today, I am enjoying the best health I have ever had."

B. A. KELLY

"Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest Kidney Remedy in the world. It acts on the bowels and skin as well as on the kidneys, and thereby soothes and cures any kidney troubles.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. or will be sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Out of Old Ways Into New

(By Aubrey Fullerton)

Though many different people are now making their homes among us, it is still of the greatest interest to see how the Indians—the first settlers in America—are fitting into the life of today in the country that was once all their own. The romance of their old-time life has largely gone, but this has taken its place.

What must all our busy coming and going, our building and working, seem to the Indian, who looks on and says but little, though perhaps he thinks a great deal! How much of it does he understand, and would he like to have a part in it? In the West, where the old frontier life and the new pulsing life of today come very close together, such questions as these can hardly be avoided. If the pioneer settlers of even thirty or forty years ago can with difficulty realise the changes that have taken place, what must these people who are now as aliens in their own land think about it?

The Indian has changed, too. He is not quite the same today as we have read in books and poems that he was a century or two ago. He is very slow to change, and his slowness has sometimes been the despair of those who have tried to teach him, but nevertheless he is a good way removed from the days of his savagery. The life of the white man all around him has had its effect on him, and he himself does not yet realize how great that effect has been.

If one would see the American Indian between the two extremes today—with the crude, wilderness life of his savage ancestors on one side of him and the new, busy life of the white man on the other—there is no better place to see him than in the farther North-West, up in the top country of Western Canada and Alaska. That is the last place on the continent where, on a really large scale, the red man is still at home in his original haunts. Yet even there the new life is coming in upon him, and we see many curious but very encouraging transformations that Indian life is undergoing as a result.

Away at the top of the continent, just south of the Eskimo country, are the L'Anse-au-Loup Indians, and the Montagnais tribes are their near neighbors. In the Mackenzie territory are also the Dog Rib, the Yellow Knife, the Blood and the Chipewyan tribes. The Blackfoot and Crees are perhaps the best-known tribal divisions, and their settlements are scattered over a large part of the Western wilderness. Further south, towards the international boundary, are the Sioux, Stony and Sarcee tribes, while along the Pacific Coast are the Songhees, the Baines, and a number of smaller tribes. All these various divisions mean something, but the differences between the tribes are merely family differences, after all, and the whole Indian population of "the last West" may fairly be considered as one people. In general, too, they are feeling in much the same way the influences and impulses of the changing life around them.

The most noticeable change in their life and habits is that in their dwellings and the way in which they dress and eat. The pictures of Indian villages as they used to be, with long rows of tepees and people clothed in skins and furs, no longer fit the average case. Instead, one now sees frame houses, that often, it is true, are only the crudest kind of shacks, but sometimes are very neat and well-kept homes that represent a great change from tepee days. But

the tepee has not yet been abandoned by the Indians. They live in it when they go to their summer encampments and in some of the settlements, to which the white man's settlement has not yet made its way. It is their permanent dwelling, as it was of old. They have also adopted the white man's clothing and food, with certain modifications, which often give very odd effects. It is this changing from their way to ours that makes them so thoroughly interesting at the present time; they are between the old and the new, and both are drawing them.

Old ways never are given up easily, and we cannot expect that the Indians should make quick changes. The wonder is that they have come as far as they have. But now that they have tasted of the white man's good things, they are seemingly unable to do without them, and therefore are very largely dependent upon the men who supply them with the wares they have learned to like so well. The traders, who take great quantities of merchandise into the North every year, just to sell to the Indians, find it a very profitable trade, for, although the red men are sometimes very hard to satisfy, they are liberal buyers, and the furs which they pay for their purchases are more valuable than money. This, then, is another of the changes as great as the change in their dwellings; that the Indians of the far West and North, who used to eat only what they themselves hunted for, and clothes themselves in skin garments of their own making, are now buying our flour and sugar and canned things and are wearing clothes after the white man's pattern.

What is more, they are buying such other wares as sewing machines and gramophones, and these two emblems of industry and art are now to be seen and heard in not a few of the Indian homes in the northern wilderness. Who can tell what shall be the effect of such innovations even as these?

And still the Indian has not forgotten his old tastes. He wears his paint and feathers on great occasions even yet; he hunts for the largest part of his daily fare; he likes the wilderness better than the town, and he keeps the festivals and observes the tribal ceremonies in something of the old traditional manner. There are one or two tribes, in fact, that are said to be living even now in the most primitive way, untouched by the modern spirit and unchanged from the first type; but these are few and in very remote parts.

Contact with the white man has not always been good for the Indians. The traders who have taken merchandise to them have sometimes shown them bad examples, and the childlike people of the north have copied their vices as well as bought their wares. To undo this harm and to help them into a better life, Christian missionaries have gone to the Indians and have lived and worked among them, even to the bounds of the sub-Arctic; and as a result transformations far greater and better than from tepee to house, or from skins to woollen suits, have been effected. Sixty years ago Port Simpson, on the North Pacific coast, was a nest of barbarism and savagery; today it is a civilized settlement, still chiefly Indian, but with modern homes, schools and churches, and its people are happy and prosperous. In another Indian town the changing order is shown by a line running through it, on one side of which is the Christian settlement and on the other the still pagan element. All over the western north are marks of the better change, side by side with the old ways and beliefs that still persist. There are several hundred Christian converts. Some are native preachers; and not a few of the tribal chiefs are among the leaders of the new life. There is still a great weight of darkness and ignorance, but the light is at work.

The Indian of the North is changing, too in his occupations. Once he was a hunter only; but now he helps in the navigation of the northern rivers, serves as a freight-carrier, and in Alaska is very successfully herding reindeer. He is invaluable in "packing" over the portages, which means carrying boat freight over the land between one water and another. At such work he takes a load of two hundred pounds on his back uncomplainingly, sometimes for miles. But his chief work is still that of a hunter and trapper, at which he averages an income of from six hundred to eight hundred dollars a year. He is not as industrious by nature as might be desired, and he is proverbially improvident, for which reason he very often runs short of food. Unlike the Indians of the South and East, he can do no farming, for the soil of the far north is too poor and cold.

There are many little mannerisms among the Indians of the Western North that very well illustrate their tribal qualities and differences. Those of the Peace River country have such an ideal of politeness that they will not eat in the presence of white men until the latter have taken a mouthful. They have, too, a profound respect for a letter, believing that there is magic in the marks on a piece of white paper. The Crees are a laughter-loving people, while Dog Rib and Bloods are sullen and morose. Most Indians are openly or secretly pleased when a white man is in perplexity. The Pacific Coast tribes are strangely fond of the "potlatch," a festival at which they compete at giving things away. Those of the Alaskan coast country are totem-pole artists. The Vancouver Island Indians have a practice of binding their infants' skulls to give a long pear-shape, that they specially admire. The Montagnais "Pibe" is particularly gentle and submissive and more intelligent than the average. The Athabascans are ardent lovers of the trail, every turn of which is known to them and its little details. And so on, with a thousand other distinctions that grow out of the country.

The names that the redmen of the Western North are known by are of interest, too. Jimmie Etchoogah, Charibogin Etchoogah and Tatateeha Cadetloen are fair samples of the names in the Siati tribe; Mathias Joe Capilano is a chief of the Songhees; Medicine Call was a chief of the prairie clans, and Philip Backgat, Joe Twining Robe and A. White Elk were names signed a few months ago by some Blackfeet braves to a petition asking the white men to keep liquor away from them. These names and most others among the Indians today are a mixture of Indian and English; but a mother in the Cree tribe a few years ago went so far in the adoption of thoroughly English terms that she named one of her sons "C. P. R.," in honor of a great railroad she had heard of and a daughter she gave the name of "Sarsaparilla," which was also something good, which she thought worth commemorating.

In his efforts to bridge over the gulf between his past and his future, the Indian, quite naturally, is making some blunders and producing some curious results, at which we are very apt to smile; but he is slowly getting nearer to our own standards. Meanwhile, it is away up in the top corner of the continent that one may best see the contrast between the old and the new, and how the native redmen are passing out of the one into the other.



GILLETT'S
EYE DIRT
CLEANS-DISINFECTS

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First Dose Ends Indigestion, Heartburn, or Gas on Stomach

The question as to how long you are going to continue a sufferer from indigestion, dyspepsia or out-of-order stomach is merely a matter of how soon you begin taking Tonaline Tablets.

People with weak stomachs should take Tonaline Tablets occasionally, and there will be no more indigestion, no feeling like a lump of lead in the stomach, no heartburn, sour risings, gas on stomach, or belching of undigested food, headaches, dizziness or sick stomach; and besides, what you eat will not ferment and poison your breath with nauseous odors. All these symptoms resulting from a sour, out-of-order stomach and dyspepsia are generally relieved five minutes after taking Tonaline Tablets.

Go to your druggist and get a \$1. box of Tonaline Tablets and you will always go to the table with a hearty appetite, and what you eat will taste good, because your stomach and intestines will be clean and fresh, and you will know there are no going to be any more bad nights and miserable days for you. Tonaline Tablets freshen you and make you feel like life is worth living.

Tonaline Tablets cost \$1.00 for a fifty days' treatment. At druggists or mailed by American Proprietary Co., Boston, Mass.

January Rod and Gun

January Rod and Gun in Canada, published by W. J. Taylor Limited, Publisher, Woodstock, Ont., is out and is a particularly attractive number. The cover cut, which represents a beaver family, was specially designed to illustrate a story by H. Mortimer Batten entitled "Abmisk and the City Maker," descriptive of the every day life of a particular colony of beavers. Frank Houghton contributes another Carl Ericsson story, "Coming-munk," a dramatic account of the killing of a musk ox in the far North, which is characterized by the same quaint humor as was Houghton's story "His First Polar Bear" in the December issue. R. J. Fraser writes of "Four Sailors on the Trail" which describes a winter trip by dog team from Cochrane to Rupert House.

Other stories and articles there are and the regular departments to interest the sportsman who must perforce during the winter months content himself, for the most part, by reading of the experiences of others while seated by his own fireside.

OSTEND

A FAMOUS PLEASURE RESORT.

Ostend is one of the cities that has been much in the public eye since the war began, particularly when it was first taken possession of by the Germans. Possibly our readers may be interested in knowing something of this famous watering-place in Belgium. The following descriptive sketch is from the Travel Magazine:

"Ostend draws to itself in the month of August all the world and its wife—kings and princes, grand dukes with yachts and reputations, wealthy Germans and French, young Englishmen over for a lark, a sprinkling of Americans and a goodly number of quiet, domestic families with their children. Those with pockets full—and woe betide him who ventures with unlined purse—go to spend, to let the gold flow out quickly and easily for the purchase of merriment, of excitement, of all the pleasures which exist where life goes vivaciously and swiftly. Those with small pockets, the week-enders from London or the little bourgeois Belgium couples, go to look on, and they seem to enjoy the Summer pageants as much as the actors in it; more, perhaps, to judge from the crowd of onlookers on the beach in the morning, watching the bathers, and the groups which stop in their evening promenade to gaze through the huge wide open windows of the hotels at the immaculate and exquisitely gowned guests dining in the glow of the candle light.

"Ostend is for pleasure only and is synonymous all over Europe with the 'joy of living,' for it has not, like so many of the continental resorts, a leaven of invalids, convalescents or hypochondriacs to restrain its exuberance. In fact, it has no reason for existence except the present-day habit of regarding Summer a playtime. The fame of Ostend, the historical, has been almost completely obliterated by its renown as the gayest, most fascinating and expensive resort on the continent. Little remains in the way of a castle or fort or tower-ruined battlements or crumbling walls to attest to its almost countless battles and gallant defenses. Thrown back and forth like a shuttlecock among all the nations in Europe, it has settled down at last only since 1830 to grow rich and prosperous under the paternal government of Belgium. With its fisheries and trade both highly important today, it grew during the middle ages although visited constantly by attack, siege and famine. Today it has gone, the walls have disappeared, but there have arisen palaces and castles of pleasure for the troops of sight-seeking invaders, the only enemy. Today the North Sea beats a fruitless assault against the best constructed brick and stone promenade of all Europe.

"From a very sober and industrious town of about 45,000 inhabitants, busy with their fisheries and their commerce—for Ostend is the second seaport of Belgium—it swells during the Summer to nearly twice that number. Forty thousand visitors are the usual Summer average drawn from every corner of Europe to revel in the Summer life of the coast. They come principally from Belgium, Germany and France, the Germans seemingly in the majority. The growth and popularity of Ostend are due to two things—its superb beach and its strategic place in European travel. Directly on the pathway between England and the continent and so easy of access, it was bound to attract thousands who pass to and from Great Britain, Germany, Italy, Austria and the far East. What traveller or even hurried tourist could withstand the temptation of a broad, gleaming, white beach of the finest clean white sand, sloping over so gently two or three hundred yards from the shore to the sea? What is known as the Digue is a broad, brick wall, forty feet or so in width from the rail above the sands to the door-steps of the bathing white hotels, with their balconies overlooking the shore side. Every one promenade, and a dozen times a day one observes and is observed freely, openly in the continental way. But the lure of Ostend, the feature that has made it famous, that makes it the topic of travel, talk and reminiscence is the morning life on the sands. This morning bath is a frolic. Every one keeps to the shallow water, splashing merriment, having one's picture taken, watching the efforts of late-comers to get a bathing-house, and ever gazing at the bewitching and fascinating costumes they have made Ostend famous the world over. Real swimming is the last thing thought of. One has to go out so far and away from the jolly scenes in and about the close packed rows of bathing-machines. Now and then a crisp, athletic Englishman or young American ventures out over his head, but before he gets fifty feet or so on his way across the North Sea he is recalled by a squall of a horn, the frantic gestures of two guardians in a small boat. They tame any adventurous spirit by the time they blast from the small horn the errors of the swimmer.

Apart from the Summer resort, hotels and places of amusement, Ostend is a fine solid city, but not unlike a hundred other European cities. One does not go to Ostend in search of the antique or the quaint, although both are there—the old churches and the markets where the fishing people and the peasants from the interior sell their wares."

CLEVER WOMEN SPIES

HOW BRITISH PLANS HAVE BEEN REVEALED TO THE ENEMY.

During the Present War a Large Part of the German Espionage System Has Been Maintained by Women—One in the Battle of the Aisne Was Caught Signalling With a Lamp—Another Used Motor Car.

"I have one cook and a hundred spies," said Frederick the Great on one occasion; and Germany has never forgotten the lesson he taught. Their Secret Service is one of the most wonderful organizations in the world. They spend nearly one million a year in paying their spies, the range from \$50 to \$100 a month. Whether Germany really gets full value for this outlay is, of course, rather difficult to say, but there is no doubt that her system of espionage is wonderfully organized.

Our French Bureau has warned us that it is playing a large part in the conduct of the present war, says London Tit-Bits. Men in plain clothes signal to the German lines from points in the hands of the enemy, by means of colored lights at night and puffs of smoke from chimneys by day. Laborers working in the fields between the armies have been detected conveying information, and persons in plain clothes have acted as advance scouts to the German cavalry when advancing. German officers in plain clothes or in French or English uniforms have remained in localities evacuated by the Germans in order to furnish them with intelligence.

Women spies have also been caught, and secret female agents have been found at railway bases, observing entrainments and detainments. Only a few days ago, during the great battle of the Aisne, a woman was caught in a village signalling to a German patrol one night, by means of an electric flash-lamp, from a window, while no little satisfaction has been expressed by French and English officers on account of the capture of a certain woman motor spy, who had provided invaluable information to the German forces in France. The woman, who is extremely pretty, traveled about in a powerful car driven by an Italian chauffeur, and was furnished with passports and papers bearing the forged signatures of General Joffre and Lord Kitchener. She was ultimately caught not far from Verdun, and probably stay in prison until the end of the war.

Germany relies very largely on its women spies, both in times of war and peace. They adopt all sorts of roles. There is the professional beauty who uses her charms and powers of fascination to worm secrets from foreign admirers. The domestic servant, the seemingly innocent proprietress of a small café, sweet shop, or millinery establishment, the maid, the governess, the teacher—all are engaged whenever possible in Germany's Secret Service, and are paid according to the information they are able to gather.

Some of these women, the prettiest and most fascinating, are furnished with the means of setting up luxurious establishments in the principal cities of Europe, and spreading the net for indiscreet attaches and military and naval officers.

"I believe you are trapped by a woman who is the agent of some foreign power. Because I believe that, I am going to show some sort of leniency for you; but it cannot be much—the crime is too great."

It was after making these trenchant remarks that Mr. Justice Darling some time ago sentenced a gunner in the navy to four years' penal servitude for communicating naval secrets to a foreign power, the case providing a striking illustration of how women employed as spies go to work to secure naval and military secrets.

This gunner made the acquaintance of a woman at a music hall, and immediately became one of her most ardent admirers. So much so, in fact, that he forsook his duty and accompanied her to her residence at the Rock, and who was extremely popular with numbers of the officers with whom she danced and flirted. It was in reality a German spy, who was using her powers of fascination to extract secret information from her admirers. Needless to say, she was quickly shown the way back to Berlin.

All countries, spy, however, although our Secret Service system and that of France, Russia and other powers cannot be said to be as perfect as that of Germany. Moreover, the latter seem more alert in the matter of detecting spies in their own country. In May last no little sensation was caused in Berlin by the sentencing of Rosa Langstein to two years' penal servitude for admitted betrayal of military secrets.

A Bohemian by birth, she was employed as a lady clerk in business houses in Frankfurt, Berlin and other cities, and being in need of money, endeavored to raise it in Hamburg, Cologne, and Paris by espionage. It was related at the trial how, at the end of 1912, she endeavored to sell Austrian military secrets to the French and German consulates in Berlin. Ultimately she made the acquaintance of a dockyard locksmith in Hamburg, who stole and gave her drawings of some machinery in a German warship. One of her letters fell into the hands of the German police, who enticed her to Cologne by means of a trick, and there arrested her.

Mignard's Liment cures Colds, &c.

MERELY A TRUCE.

When War Ends Militants Will Again Take Up Fight For Votes.

That the militant suffragists of England have merely declared a truce and that they haven't the vaguest idea of "calling everything off" permanently is emphatically stated by Mrs. Pankhurst in a recently published book of which she is the author.

"The militancy of men through all the centuries has drenched the world with blood, and for these deeds of horror and destruction men have been rewarded with monuments, with great songs and with epics," writes Mrs. Pankhurst.

"The militancy of women has harmed no human life save the lives of those who fought the battle of righteousness. Time alone will reveal what reward will be allotted to the women."

"This we know, that in the black hour that has just struck Europe the men are turning to their women and calling on them to take up the work of keeping civilization alive. Through all the harvest fields, in orchards and vineyards women are being open to the shops, they are driving trucks and trams and altogether attending to a multitude of business.

"When the remnants of the armies return, when the commerce of Europe is resumed by men, will they forget the part the women so nobly played? Will they forget in England how women in all ranks of life put aside their own interests and organized, not only to nurse the wounded, care for the destitute, comfort the sick and lonely, but actually to maintain the existence of the nation? Thus far, it must be admitted, there are few indications that the English Government is mindful of the unselfish devotion manifested by the women.

Thus far all Government schemes for overcoming unemployment have been directed towards the unemployment of men. The work of women, making garments, etc., has in some cases been taken away.

"The struggle for the full enfranchisement of women has not been abandoned; it has simply, for the moment, been placed in abeyance. When the clash of arms ceases, when normal, peaceful, rational society resumes its functions, the demand will again be made. If it is not quickly granted, then once more the women will take up the arms they so generously lay down. There can be no real peace in the world until woman, the mother half of the human family, is given liberty in the councils of the world."

Confusion of Tongues.

The British Tommy Atkins is hard put to it these days to know which are friends and which are foes. Time was when he classed them all as "dirty foreigners," but times have changed and a certain allied courtesy is demanded. It is told of one brave corporal who met a new kind of foreigner on the Western front and demanded nationality.

"Hungarian," came the answer. "Hungarian, are yer? Well, I'm blowed if I know whether ter 'ug yer to me bosom or knock yer bally block off," remarked the perplexed defender of the Union Jack.

Many are the stories of the embarrassing confusion of tongues among the allies—French, Flemish, Russian, Serbian, Indian (three brands) and several species of English. For it is rare that a Londoner can understand the Scotch dialect in its unalloyed purity, or the Cornish brogue, while Wales offers many complexities. Canadian slang, too, and the queer mixture of Maori, English, or Boer Dutch that sickles the Afriander's dialect make of so-called English a dozen different languages.

Churchill's Ready Wit.

The ready wit of Mr. Winston Churchill has greatly enhanced his popularity on the public platform. And his ability is shown in his dealing with interrupters, rude and otherwise. On one occasion, when addressing a large public meeting, he was frequently disturbed by a man shouting "Liar! Liar!" Mr. Churchill bore with him for a time, but eventually broke off his speech to remark, in the gentlest accents, "If the gentleman at the back of the hall who is so anxious that this audience should know his name will write it down on a slip of paper and hand it to the chairman, instead of howling it at the top of his voice, he will save himself a lot of trouble." Such a remark was too much for the interrupter, who made a hasty exit.

Sick Headaches

are not caused by anything wrong in the head, but by constipation, biliousness and indigestion. Headache powders or tablets may despatch, but cannot cure them. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills do cure sick headache in the sensible way by removing the constipation or sick stomach which caused them. Dr. Morse's tablets, free from any harmful drug, safe and sure. When you feel the headache coming take

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

False Economy

If you neglect to now educate your boy he will be handicapped when peace is declared. More than ever before will the young men require to be able to act promptly and wisely. Do not delay. Train him now at the

Maritime Business College

Halifax, N. S.

E. Kaulbach, G. A.

Constipation--
the base of all age is not to be cured by harsh purgatives; they rather aggravate the trouble. For a gentle, but sure, healthy, Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They stir up the liver, tone the nerves and freshen the stomach and bowels just like an internal bath.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

Woman's best friend.
From girlhood to old age, these little red pills restore an unailing guide to active and healthy living. Take a Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablet at night and the sour stomach and fermentation, and the headache, have all gone by morning. All druggists, 5c., or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Company, Toronto 12.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY.

"LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE"

On and after November 3rd, 1914, train services on this railway is as follows:
Express for Yarmouth.....11.57 a. m.
Express for Halifax..... 2.00 p. m.
Accom. for Halifax..... 7.40 a. m.
Accom. for Annapolis.....6.05 p. m.

Midland Division

Trains of 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 at 6.40 a. m., 2.30 p. m., and 12.50 noon, connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway, and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.
Buffet Parlor Car service on Mail Express between Halifax and Yarmouth.

St. John - Digby

DAILY SERVICE

(Sunday Excepted)

Canadian Pacific Steamship "YARMOUTH" leaves St. John 7.00 a. m. leaves Digby 1.45 p. m., arrives in St. John about 5.00 connecting at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for Montreal and the West.

Boston Service

Steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Company sail from Yarmouth for Boston after arrival of Express train from Halifax and Truro, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

E. GIFFKINS,
General Manager,
Kentville.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom.	Time Table in office	Accom.
Mon. & Fri.	June 22, 1914	Mon. & Fri.
Read down	Stations	Read up
11.10	Lv. Middleton Ax.	15.45
11.38	"Clarence	15.17
11.55	Bridgetown	15.01
12.23	Granville Centre	14.38
12.39	Granville Ferry	14.21
12.55	"Kardale	14.05
13.16	Ar. Port Wade Lv.	13.45

*Flag Stations. Trains stop on signal CONNECTION AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S. W. RY AND D. A. RY.

P. MOONEY

General Freight and Passenger Agent

FURNESS

SAILINGS

From London	From Halifax
Sachem	Jan. 12
Start Point	Jan. 20
Sagamore	Jan. 29

From Liverpool	For Halifax
Via Newfoundland	
Durango	Jan. 12
Queen Wilhelmina	Jan. 27
Tebasco	Feb. 8

Yours truly

Furness Withy & Co., Limited

Halifax, N. S.

Boston and Yarmouth

Steamship Co., Ltd

Two Trips per week in each direction between Yarmouth and Boston

Steamers leave Yarmouth Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 6.00 p. m. for Boston. Leave Boston Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1.00 p. m. for Yarmouth.

Tickets and Staterooms at Wharf Office

A. B. WILLIAMS, Agent