NOTED MUSICIAN OF MONTREAL

Advises The Use Of "FRUIT-A-TIVES", The Famous Fruit Medicine.

MR. ROSENBURG

589 Casgrain St., Montreal.
April 20th, 1915.

"In my opinion, no other medicine in the world is so curative for *Constipation and Indigestion* as "Fruit-a-tives". I was a sufferer from these complaints for five years, and my sedentary occupation, Music, brought about a kind of Intestinal Paralysis—with *nasty Headaches*, belching gas, drowsiness after eating, and Pain in the Back. I tried pills and medicines of physicians, but nothing helped me. Then I was induced to try "Fruit-a-tives", and now for six months I have been entirely well.

I advise any one who suffers from that horrible trouble—Chronic Constipation with the resultant indigestion, *to try "Fruit-a-tives"*, and you will be agreeably surprised at the great benefit you will receive". A. ROSENBURG.

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. J. Cutten.
2nd Vice President—Mrs. R. Reid.
3rd Vice President—Mrs. Geo. Fitch.
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Peace and Arbitration—Mrs. J. Read
Press—Miss Margaret Barss.
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Walter Mitchell.
Loyal Temperance Legion—Mrs. L. and.

Women and Girls First—In Misery.

MRS. J. O PERRY TELLS SOME FACTS AS TO WHAT THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC REALLY MEANS.

To the Editor of the World

SIR—Mr. James Darrell in this morning's Advertiser thinks it about time that someone stated the case from the standpoint of a reputable business man. He tries to minimize the effect of the liquor traffic by stating that 'I am not personally acquainted with a single man whom I could fairly term a drunkard.' Lucky Mr Darrell! Then he accuses Prohibitionists of 'drawing largely on their fertile imagination.' Mr. Darrell claims to be a 'reputable business man.'

Let me claim the same that I am a reputable business woman; my business being the rescue of young girls in danger of being drawn into the undertow of city life. As before stated, out of 117 of these unfortunates, 109 assert the first false step would not have been possible had they not first been plied with liquor. Let Mr. Darrell consult the police records for the past month of August (I have it before me)—31 women and girls and 70 men and boys, drunks and disorderlies; two women entered as of unsound mind afterwards determined as delirium. During the past month I have had occasion to take from the cells—think of it, you liquor men!—soldiers' wives whose little children we have sent to the Children's Aid. The fathers of these little ones fighting to the death in the trenches and the liquor leaders remaining behind (in khaki too) to 'defend' the traffic that sends the wife to the police cells and the children adrift from the comfortable homes they left them in. How shall we answer to these men?

Here is an extract from a husband to his wife whom I found in the police cell: 'For God's sake quit the whiskey. I leave in the morning for the front with a heavy heart hearing the bad news from home.' This is surely being British with a vengeance—sending our men to a death grapple with the enemy, burdened with a 'heavy heart' from the knowledge that a worse enemy has his wife and little ones in a more deadly grip at home.

If Mr. Darrell or Mr. Tulk would care to verify my statements I will give them the opportunity to meet these victims of this treasonable traffic. The first place we would call at would be Okalla jail, where yesterday two young girls were removed to from city cells. Next we would call on Mrs. Harris, our police woman officer, who can corroborate an instance of a mother brought into the cells with a nursing infant who, through nursing from its inebriated mother was in an alarming state of stupor. No, Mr. Darrell, the facts are so much stronger than imagination could picture that it requires an effort on the other side to give credence to actual facts.

Mr. Darrell's letter is a splendid argument for Woman's Suffrage. Can it be possible that any man exercising the franchise has so little knowledge of conditions in his own city? Where does the intelligent vote come in? Is this the vote that supports the liquor traffic? Be British!—the cry of the liquor brigade. Be men!—start for the trenches. Don't sulk at home defending and peddling out ammunition that makes war on defenceless women and babes.

Yours etc.,
MRS. J. O. PERRY.

Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 8 1916

Vancouver, B. C. Sept. 3, 1916.
Peoples' Prohibition Association:—

DEAR SIRS,—Enclosed please find $5 00 which is my little contribution to the Prohibition fund. I hope it will help your grand fight. Whiskey cost me my only lad, a handsome boy who fought to keep away from evil companions and drink, but he failed. His body lies in the earth—a suicide. Please God have mercy on his soul! Help other mothers save their dear ones and don't blame my boy. It was whiskey!

Yours truly,
SO YEAR OLD MOTHER.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The Republic Is Drying Up.

Chicago Journal: At least one element of the great election was never in doubt. Six States, Michigan, Montana, Nebraska, South Dakota, Utah and Florida, have gone 'dry.' The first four States have accepted regular state-wide prohibition, the last two have elected 'dry' legislatures, which are expected to pass the required anti laws as soon as they assemble. This hope may be disappointed, but even four States, at a single 'bite,' make good eating for the camel. It is just one more long step in the projected drying up of the nation. Rather more than half the people of the United States live under prohibitory laws. The communities which have tried a 'dry' regime are decidedly in favor of keeping what they have and going farther. National prohibition may well be an issue in the next presidential campaign, and there are grounds for believing that the whole country will be 'dry' within the next dozen years.

Nervous Disorders.

ARE PROMPTLY CURED BY THE USE OF DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

If your hand trembles or is unsteady, it is a sure and early sign that your nervous system is at fault. The trouble if not taken in time will develop slowly to a worse stage, and there is no person more to be pitied than one suffering from nervous troubles. You feel unaccountably weak after exertion, lose flesh, turn against food, and suffer palpitations and indigestion after eating. Sometimes sharp pains shoot down your spine and legs, and often neuralgia robs you of your sleep at night. These are some of the troubles that indicate the presence of nervous disorders. If they are neglected they result in a complete nervous collapse, sometimes in paralysis. Dr Williams Pink Pills have won a great reputation in curing all forms of nervous diseases. The nervous system depends entirely upon the blood supply for nourishment. Dr Williams' Pink Pills actually increase the supply of rich, red blood; feed, strengthen and tone the nerves, enabling them to perform their functions and dispel all signs of a breakdown. Mrs B. Wainwright, Beaver Bank, N. S., says:—I was sick, run down and awfully nervous. The slightest noise would startle and annoy me. I suffered pains around the heart and every particle of color left my face and hands. I always felt tired, and slept poorly at night. I was so poorly that my friends thought I would not recover. I tried many medicines but they did not help me. Then I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to drop all other medicine and try them. It was fortunate I did for in the course of a few weeks I found them helping me. I continued taking the pills for some weeks longer and they completely cured me. I advise every weak woman and girl to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and I am sure they will not be disappointed.'

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2 50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Niagara whirlpool and rapids may now be viewed from an air cable car which crosses the whirlpool on a span of 1,800 ft., 150 ft. above the water. The car carries thirty-six passengers, and the journey across takes six minutes.

Greatest Rule of Health.

With all their differences in regard to disease, its cause and treatment, doctors are of one mind in regard to the one greatest rule of health, viz: 'Daily movement of the Bowels.' Unnumbered thousands of people suffer almost continuously as the result of constipation who could be readily cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The Waiter—What makes you so stout?

The Maid—Because I eat what is right? What makes you so thin?

The Waiter—Because I eat what is left.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

WITH THE MYSTIC OM

Mr. Ramsammy Chundra Ghee Was Not Much of a Riddle After All.

By GEORGE MUNSON.

She was not his Molly. John Beatty realized that as, attired in a stiff shirt, which gave him a sensation of impending asphyxia, and a suit of evening clothes, which made him feel like a waiter, he stood moodily beside the door and watched his fiancee moving among her guests.

He had returned from the west after a three years' absence. He had gone to make his fortune in the mines, and Molly had said she would be true to him. He had made the fortune and Molly had been true, but . . . Well, this was not the simple, pretty country girl whom he had left three years before.

There was incense in the air, and Beatty liked the incense of wholesome oxygen. There were three poets present. John did not mind poets, but these had long, greasy hair and dirty finger-nails. And he positively loathed the black man in the turban, who was holding forth a rapt audience—Molly included—upon the mysteries of Yoga.

"To attain the infinite?" he was saying with a supercilious smile. "It is easy, ladies. Concentrate! Concentrate, and repeat without cessation the magic syllable 'Om.' Then breathe in lightly through the left nostril, concentrate all feelings in the center of the spine, and exhale through the alternate nostril, meanwhile repeating the magic syllable 'Om.'"

After that came a lecture upon Esoteric Buddhism, as set forth by the great seer and sage Patanjali, several hundred centuries before Molly had opened her pretty eyes in Binghampton, N. Y.

After the guests had gone John Beatty stood facing Molly alone. He

"Night and Day, Forever, I Dream of You."

was sick at heart and angry words rose to his lips.

"Don't you see, Molly, this isn't real?" he was saying. "It isn't wholesome. That black man—"

"You mean Mr. Ramsammy Chundra Ghee?" inquired Molly, with ominous calm.

"I do," said Beatty. "I don't like to see you taken up with a crowd of fakers like—see, dear, if he wants to concentrate on the infinite let him do his breathing exercises in some good gymnasium. Why, Molly, there isn't a real man or woman among all that crowd. You seem to have changed—"

"Yes, I have changed, John," answered Molly. "I have found myself. And you haven't changed. You have lost yourself in the whirl of worldly interests. It isn't any use, John. We could never be happy together. I want to live in the soul, to have my spiritual freedom. We could never be happy together."

"You want to break our engagement?" asked Beatty coldly.

She looked at him, half in terror. In the strong lineaments of his face she remembered the man who had won her love, of whom she had dreamed during the first of those three years that had elapsed since their passionate farewell—before she had fallen into the ways and habits of her new friends. She put out her hands.

"John—" she breathed.

John clasped her in his arms.

"God bless you, Molly," he said. "But it isn't any use. Only if you grow tired—if you want me at any time, anywhere, you'll let me know, won't you?"

Then he was gone, and Molly was alone in the incense-scented room with the idol of Buddha in one corner and the Japanese screen in the other, and the barbaric, Oriental couch cover and Turkish pillows and all the other paraphernalia of the mise-en-scene.

Her thoughts went back to those first days when she had come to New York. She had met John in a commonplace boarding house where there was no Ramsammy Ghee and nobody had heard of Buddha, and they ate steak smothered in onions and breathed through both nostrils simultaneously and never thought of their spines. And yet those had been days of perfect happiness. Now—

A ring at the bell aroused her from her reverie. She glanced at the clock. It was nearly midnight. Who could want her at such an hour? Perhaps it was John! Her face hardened. Her wavering mood impelled her thoughts to bitterness. She would send him about his business. She opened the door.

The Indian was standing upon the threshold. At the sight of him her face softened.

"You left something, Mr. Ramsammy Ghee?" she asked.

Ramsammy entered after her and closed the door behind him. He turned toward her and held out his arms.

"Yes," he whispered hoarsely. "I left you, my moonflower, my perfect pearl. I could not go home until I had told you that I love you. Night and day, forever I dream of you. With you beside me I would seat myself upon my peacock throne in my own land and dream away blissful hours, immersed in the creative principle of the sixth sphere, my bride, my seraph."

Molly recoiled in horror. She had always associated Ramsammy with unearthly detachment and philosophic serenity, with the mystic Om and what that it denoted. And here he was talking like—a lover? No, like a drunkard. There was a quite unmistakable smell upon his breath, and all at once she understood why Ramsammy was so very partial to incense.

"Will you come with me and be my bride, lotos-flower?" inquired the man eagerly. And without waiting for the lotos-flower to answer he caught her in his arms. And Molly, overcome with aversion, screamed as vigorously as any ordinary maiden.

"Oh, I hate you! Go away!" she cried. "John! John!"

The answer was immediate. With a crash the door came off its hinges and Mr. John Beatty stood in the entrance. His stocky figure, in evening dress, the total absence of anything esthetic or esoteric, had never seemed more welcome.

With a leap he was upon the black man, and before he quite knew what had occurred Ramsammy was receiving a long deferred and long needed trouncing. John Beatty did not strike too hard. He propelled the black man toward the door with a series of well-directed kicks, got him into the passage, thrust him into the street, and, with a parting hoist, deposited him upon the sidewalk. Then he turned back into the apartment. Molly was weeping pitifully as she crouched on the Turkish lounge.

"I—I saw that black skunk turn back, Molly, and I suspected something," John explained. "So I waited outside to make sure that it was all right. You aren't angry with me, dear?"

"Angry, John?" she answered, looking up. "Oh, John, can you ever forgive me?"

John sat down beside her and took her hand in his.

"Molly, dear," he said, "I guess you didn't understand—that's all. When a man's knocked about the world he somehow feels things. I knew that fellow was a cur, and yet I couldn't put it into words. Molly, if you'll marry me, you shall have a different poet every night to supper, as long as his hands are clean. But I guess we'll let Ramsammy do his breathing stunts elsewhere. What do you say?"

"All right, John," answered Molly.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

Dowdy and Unsympathetic.

"Broadly speaking," declared a prominent English woman, "New York women are dowdy. Limply hanging skirts and badly fitting coats are as common as blackberries among the poorer sections, while the taste of the wealthier women often is execrable. Freak fashions from which a French woman would recoil in horror are accepted with complacency by the moneyed matrons of New York. Here and there in the mad medley of color one sees an example of exquisite taste, and it is these rare exceptions, no doubt, which have given the American woman the reputation she possesses for smartness and chic.

"When a New York woman is beautiful she is very beautiful, but she lacks poetry and sympathy. She has not suffered enough. There is no suggestion of softness or subtlety about her. Her lips are too thin and her eyes too hard."

Convivial Clerk.

Rev. H. P. Ditchfield tells in the June Treasury some more stories about parish clerks. His own little church at Barkham was many years ago the scene of a deplorable episode. It was not unknown that the clerk on occasions used to patronize the village inn, which was kept by a parish worthy, Mrs. Collyer. One Sunday afternoon, when the weather was warm, and the sermon long, the clerk slept and dreamed. He imagined himself the center of an admiring company at the village inn. Hence, when the sermon was ended and the ascription said, and he was expected to utter a loud and sonorous "Amen," he startled the congregation by shouting "Fill 'em again, Mrs. Collyer; fill 'em again." The congregation naturally was somewhat scandalized.—Westminster Gazette.

An Afterthought.

"I have just been reading another list of rules for living a hundred years."

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"Maybe you are right. I notice that most of these old chaps who have lived to be ninety-eight and a hundred years old seem to formulate their rules for longevity rather late in life."

E. B. SHAW

Repairing of Boots and Shoes of all Kinds

Has resumed business at the old stand in his new building.

Orders Solicited and Carefully Executed

Yarmouth Line

Steamship Prince Arthur

Leaves Yarmouth Wednesdays and Saturdays at 5 P. M. Return, leave Central Wharf, Boston, Tuesday and Friday, at 1 P. M.

Tickets and Staterooms at Wharf Office.

A. E. Williams, Agent, Yarmouth, N. S.

BOSTON & YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO., Ltd.

Cleaning Up.

This is a good time to have a mental house cleaning. It is a good time to get rid of the rubbish that has so long been a handicap.

The door of the new year, your home for almost twelve months, stands open. Don't pull along with you through this door all the miserable, black painful things which worried you, devitalized you, marred your success and your happiness last year. Don't drag any of these things across the threshold of the new year. Shut them out behind the closed door of the old year. Take across the threshold of your new home only those things that can help you, the friends of your success and your happiness; take only the pleasant memories, the helpful thoughts and suggestions with you. Leave all the others behind. Bury all your skeletons so deep that they can never come to live with you again.

You can make this year the grandest opportunity that ever came to you if you enter on it free of the mental loads you have been carrying for years.

'I could never see why they called a boat 'she.'

'Evidently you have never tried to steer one.'

What is Home without Music?

COLUMBIA GRAFONOLAS
$475 to $20
DOUBLE DISC RECORDS

Made in Canada **85c up** Fit Any Machine

"HEARING IS BELIEVING"

The Columbia dealer nearest to you will gladly demonstrate. Very easy payments. Little cash required. Dealer will explain terms. Send for a new free catalogue.

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"Pioneers and Leaders in the Art."
"Owners of the Fundamental Patents."

CANADIAN FACTORY, TORONTO

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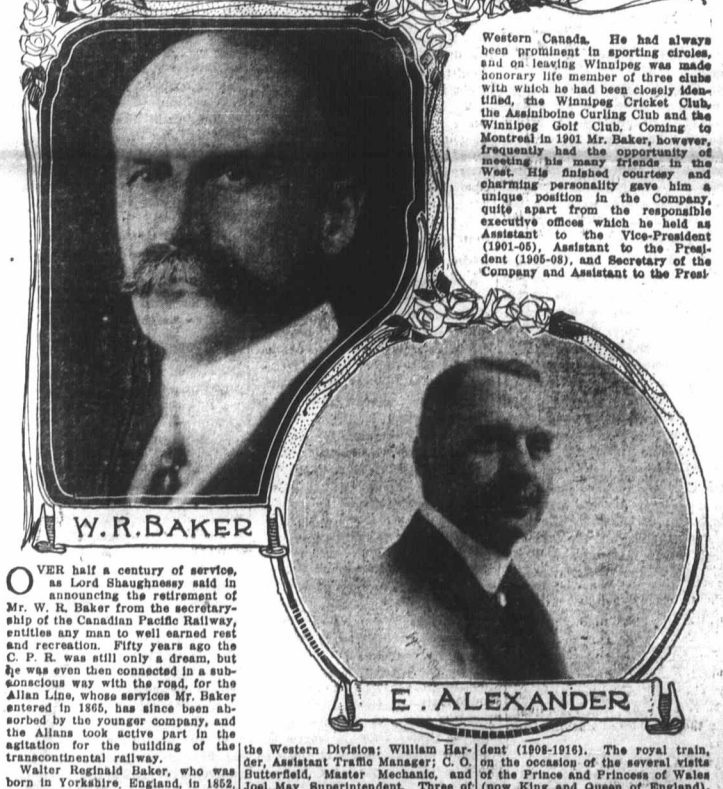
A. V. RAND, Agent,
Wolfville, N. S.

A Pioneer and His Successor



OVER half a century of service, as Lord Shaughnessy said in announcing the retirement of Mr. W. R. Baker from the secretaryship of the Canadian Pacific Railway, entitles any man to well earned rest and recreation. Fifty years ago the C. P. R. was still only a dream, but he was even then connected in a subconscious way with the road, for the Allan Line, whose services Mr. Baker entered in 1865, has since been absorbed by the younger company, and the Allans took active part in the agitation for the building of the transcontinental railway.

Walter Reginald Baker, who was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1852, was only thirteen years of age when he came to Canada. He entered the Allan Line service, and remained there until 1873 when he was appointed local freight and passenger agent of the Canada Central Railway at Ottawa. This railway, which was absorbed by the C. P. R. in 1881, had been incorporated in 1861 to build a railway from Lake Huron to Ottawa via Pembroke and Arnprior, and from Ottawa to Montreal. A further connection with the idea of a transcontinental railway occurs in his appointment in the same year as joint secretary with M. de Bellefeuille of the original Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the charter of which reverted to the Canadian Government. Mr. Baker, however, temporarily left railway life in 1874 to become A.D.C. and private secretary to the Marquis of Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada. From 1878 to 1881, he was assistant secretary to the Treasury Board at Ottawa, but when the famous Syndicate took up the work of completing the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway he left the Government service and joined this great enterprise as assistant to the general superintendent and local treasurer of the Western Division at Winnipeg. He was thus one of the actual pioneers of the C. P. R., arriving at Winnipeg on the last day of February 1881, in the special sleeping car, which also brought up from St Paul A. B. Stickney, General Superintendent of the Western Division; William Harder, Assistant Traffic Manager; C. O. Butterfield, Master Mechanic, and Joel May, Superintendent. Three of these were identified more or less with the St. Paul interests, whereas Mr. Baker represented the interests at Montreal. On this occasion they crossed the Red River on a pile bridge, a permanent structure not yet having been completed. Winnipeg at that time had a population of just about 7,000, and the work of building up the railway was commenced under distinctly primitive conditions. These were pioneering days in the West, and the C. P. R. officials, owing to a fire which drove them out of their proper quarters, at one time had to do their business at the corner of Portage Avenue and Fort Street, in the basement of a church, otherwise used as a Sunday School. In 1882 Mr. Baker had two promotions, first as purchasing agent, then as assistant to the general manager. The Manitoba and North Western Railway, originally an enterprise of the Allans, and absorbed by the C. P. R., in 1900, knew him as general superintendent from 1883 to 1892, when he became general manager. "His assistance," said Lord Shaughnessy, "in straightening out the affairs of the acquired property was of material value, and his other duties, many of them of an important and confidential character, were performed with singular zeal and intelligence."

During 1900 and 1901 Mr Baker filled the important position of executive agent of the C. P. R., to the great satisfaction of the people of Western Canada. He had always been prominent in sporting circles, and on leaving Winnipeg was made honorary life member of three clubs with which he had been closely identified, the Winnipeg Cricket Club, the Assiniboine Curling Club and the Winnipeg Golf Club. Coming to Montreal in 1901 Mr. Baker, however, frequently had the opportunity of meeting his many friends in the West. His finished courtesy and charming personality gave him a unique position in the Company, quite apart from the responsible executive offices which he held as Assistant to the Vice-President (1901-05), Assistant to the President (1905-08), and Secretary of the Company and Assistant to the President (1908-1916). The royal train, on the occasion of the several visits of the Prince and Princess of Wales (now King and Queen of England), Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Fushimi, and the Duke of Connaught as Governor-General, were always entrusted to his charge with the result that he is a C.V.O. and holds many valued orders, such as that of the order of the Sacred Treasure, bestowed by the Emperor of Japan, while he is also an Esquire of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

By a curious coincidence, Mr. Ernest Alexander, who succeeds Mr. Baker, is also a native of Yorkshire. Another point he has in common with his predecessor, namely, a keen appreciation of pictures, shown by his membership of the Arts Club of Montreal. Mr. Alexander is also a member of St. James's Club, Kanawaki Golf Club, and the Montreal Curling Club. He was quite a lad when he came to Canada, spending most of his early days in Hamilton, Ontario, where he went to school, and then entered service with the Grand Trunk Railway Company. In 1893 he became secretary to Sir William (then Mr.) Van Horne, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. When Sir William was succeeded by Mr. (now Lord) Shaughnessy, Mr. Alexander remained in the president's office, continuing in various capacities until July 2nd, 1903, when he was appointed to fill the office of assistant treasurer. On August 20th, 1912, he was made assistant secretary of the Company, and his portfolio as secretary began on January 1st, 1917.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

'Laugh and Grow Fat,' is an old saying laden with value for nervous people in particular. Drop the worry habit and use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and you will soon get the nervous system restored to good condition. Digestion will improve, appetite will return and you will find such symptoms as headache and sleeplessness fast disappearing.

'Who are those two sad looking women over there?'

'They're a couple of neighborhood women who always get together to mourn.'

'Torn by some common sorrow?'

'Yes; one's husband never comes home and the other one's husband hangs around home all the time.'

Wolville Time Table

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY
& STEAMSHIP LINES
TO ST. JOHN VIA DIGBY
AND TO BOSTON VIA
DOMINION ATLANTIC RY TO YARMOUTH thence Steamers of the BOSTON & YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO. LTD.
— YARMOUTH LINE —
LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE

Effective Nov. 1st, 1916,
Service daily, except Sunday.

ARRIVING

Express from Kentville	6.15 a m
Express from Halifax & Truro	9 58 a m
Accom. from Middleton	11.55 a m
Accom. from Windsor	1.30 p m
Express from Yarmouth	4 20 p m
Express from Halifax	5.59 p m

LEAVING.

Express for Halifax and Truro	6.15 a m
Express for St. John and Yarmouth	9.18 a m
Accom for Windsor	11.55 a m
Accom. for Middleton	1.30 p m
Express for Halifax and Truro	4.20 p m
Express for Kentville	5.59 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 Wednesday and Saturday 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.

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

C. PURVES SMITH
M.B.—C.M., Edinburgh
OCULIST.
Consultation Hours: 10 a.m.—12 noon
2 p.m.—4 p.m.
Monday Excepted. Telephone 163
Wolfville, N. S.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.
Voicing, Regulating, Repairing
Organs Tuned and Repaired.
M C. Collins.
P O. Box 321, Wolfville, N S.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

The public are hereby forbidden the use of my property as a thoroughfare for teams between Main and Front Streets. Persons persisting in thus trespassing will be prosecuted without further notice.

EVANGELINE D. BOWLES.
Wolfville, Sept 10th., 1915.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

Carefully Screened and Promptly Delivered.
Springhill, Albion Nut and Old Sydney.
GIVE US A TRIAL.
Burgess & Co.

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

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.
OFFICES: WOLFVILLE AND KENTVILLE.

FOR SALE!

Modern 8 room house and 60x150 lot, Prospect street, Wolfville. Bath, large basement with laundry, hot air furnace, fruit-trees. Magnificent view. Possession September, 1917. For particulars apply to MRS. L. C. Hutchinson, 2402 East Colfax avenue, Denver, Colorado, U. S. A.