

THE JOY OF BEING ALIVE AND WELL

Restored To Health By "Fruit-a-tives" The Famous Fruit Medicine



M. DE ROCHON

Rochon, P. Q., 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 any good results. I heard of 'Fruit-a-tives' and gave it a trial 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 am exceedingly grateful to 'Fruit-a-tives' for such relief, and I hope that others who suffer from such distressing diseases will try 'Fruit-a-tives' and get well."

MADAME ISABE ROCHON. The marvellous work that 'Fruit-a-tives' is doing, in overcoming disease and healing the sick, is winning the admiration of thousands and thousands. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

BROKEN TIES

The broken ties of happy days. How often do they seem To come before our mental gaze Like a remembered dream; Around us each disordered chain In sparkling ruin lies. And earthy hand can ne'er again Unite these broken ties.

The parents of our infant home. The kindred that we loved. Far from our arms perchance may roam To distant scenes removed; Or we have watched their parting breath.

And sighed to think how sadly death Can sever human ties.

The friends, the lov'd ones of our youth. They too are gone or changed Or, worse than all, their love and truth

Are darkened and estranged; They meet us in the glittering throne. With cold averted eyes. And wonder that we weep our wrong And mourn our broken ties.

Oh! who in such a world as this Could bear their lot of pain. Did not one radiant hope of bliss Unclouded yet remain?

That hope the sovereign Lord has given Who reigns beyond the skies; That hope unites our souls to heaven By faith's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth Is sent in pitying love, To lift the lingering heart from earth.

And speed its flight above; And every pang that rends the breast, And every joy that dies, Tells us to seek a safer rest, And trust to holier ties.

MILDREDINA HAIR REMEDY

Grows Hair And We Prove It By Hundreds Of Testimonials.

It never fails to produce the desired results. It enlivens and invigorates the hair glands and tissues of the scalp, resulting in a continuous and increasing growth of the hair. Letters of praise are continually coming in from nearly all parts of the country stating that Mildredina Hair Remedy has renewed the growth of hair in cases that were considered absolutely hopeless. A lady from Chicago writes: "After a short trial my hair stopped falling and I now have a lovely head of hair, very heavy and over one and a half yards long."

Mildredina Hair Remedy stimulates the scalp, makes it healthy and keeps it so. It is the greatest scalp invigorator known. It is a wholesome medicine for both the hair and the scalp. Even a small bottle of it will put more genuine life in your hair than a dozen bottles of any other hair tonic ever made. It shows results from the very start.

Now on sale at every drug store and toilet store in the land. 50c. and \$1.00.

Mildredina Hair Remedy is the only certain destroyer of the dandruff microbe which is the cause of 98 percent of hair troubles. These pernicious, persistent and destructive little devils thrive on the ordinary hair tonics.

Three million square miles have been added to the British Empire since the war started.

Speech Delivered by the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, M. P.

(Continued from page 3)

say: "France we can understand; she is out for vengeance; she is out for territory—Alsace and Lorraine." They say they can understand Russia; she is fighting for mastery—she wants Galicia. They can understand you fighting for vengeance—they can understand you fighting for mastery—they can understand you fighting for greed of territory; but they cannot understand a great empire pledging its resources, pledging its might, pledging the lives of its children, pledging its very existence, to protect a little nation that seeks to defend herself. God made man in His own image, high of purpose, in the reign of the spirit; German civilisation would re-create him in the image of a Diesel machine—precise, accurate, powerful, but with no room for soul to operate.

A Philosophy of Blood and Iron

Have you read the Kaiser's speeches? If you have not a copy I advise you to buy one; they will soon be out of print, and you will not have many more of the same sort. They are full of the glitter and bluster of German militarism—"matted fist," and "shining armour." Poor old matted fist! Its knuckles are getting a little bruised. Poor shining armour! The shine is being knocked out of it. There is some swagger and boastfulness running through the whole of the speeches. The extract which was given in the "British Weekly" this week is a very remarkable product as an illustration of the spirit we have to fight. It is the Kaiser's speech to his soldiers on the way to the front:—

"Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, the German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended. I am His sword. His weapon, and His vice-regent. Woe to the disobedient and death to cowards and unbelievers."

Lunacy is always distressing, but sometimes it is dangerous; and when you get it manifested in the head of the State, and it has become the policy of a great Empire, it is about time that it should be ruthlessly put away. I do not believe he meant all those speeches; it was simply the martial straddle he had acquired. But there were men around him who meant every word of them. This was their religion. Treaties? They tangle the feet of Germany in her advance. Cut them with the sword! Little nations? They hinder the advance of Germany. Trample them in the mire under the German heel! The Russian Slav? He challenges the supremacy of Germany and Europe. Hurl your legions at him and massacre him! Britain? She is a constant menace to the world. Wrest the trident out of her hand! Christianity? Sickly sentimentalism about sacrifice for others! Poor pap for German digestion! We will have a new diet. We will force it upon the world. It will be made in Germany—a diet of blood and iron. What remains? Treaties have gone. The honour of nations has gone. Liberty has gone. What is left? Germany! Germany is left!—"Deutschland uber Alles!"

That is what we are fighting—that claim to predominance of a material, hard civilisation, a civilisation which if it once rules and sways the world, liberty goes, democracy vanishes. And unless Britain and her sons come to the rescue it will be a dark day for humanity.

"The Road-Hog of Europe." Have you followed the Prussian Junker and his doings? We are not fighting the German people. The German people are under the heel of this military caste, and it will be a day of rejoicing for the German peasant, artisan and trader when the military caste is broken. You know its pretensions. They give themselves the airs of demi-gods. They walk the pavements, and civilians and their wives are swept into the gutter; they have no right to stand in the way of a great Prussian soldier. Men, women, nations—they all have to go. He thinks all he has to say is "We are in a hurry." That is the answer he gave to Belgium—"Rapidly of action is Germany's greatest asset," which means "I am in a hurry; clear out of my way." You know the type of motorist, the terror of the roads, with a 60 horse-power car, who thinks the roads are made for him, and knocks down anybody who impedes the action of his car by a single mile an hour. The Prussian Junker is the road-hog of Europe. Small nationalities in his way are hurled to the roadside, bleeding and broken. Women and children are crushed under the wheels of his cruel car, and Britain is ordered out of his road. All I can say is this: if the old British spirit is alive in British hearts, that bully will be torn from his seat. Were he to win, it would be the greatest catastrophe that has ever befallen democracy since the day of the Holy alliance and its ascendancy.

"Through Terror to Triumph" They think we cannot beat them. It will not be easy. It will be a long

job; it will be a terrible war; but in the end we shall march through terror to triumph. We shall need all our qualities—prudence in counsel, daring in action, tenacity in purpose, courage in defeat, moderation in victory; in all things faith!

It has pleased them to believe and to preach the belief that we are a decadent and degenerate people. They proclaim to the world through their professors that we are a non-heroic nation skulking behind our mahogany counters, whilst we egg on more gallant races to their destruction. This is a description given of us in Germany—"a timorous, craven nation, trusting to its fleet." I think they are beginning to find their mistake out already and there are half a million young men of Britain who have already registered a vow to their King that they will cross the seas and hurl this insult to British courage against its perpetrators on the battlefields of France and Germany. We want half a million more; and we shall get them.

"A Welsh Army in the Field."

Wales must continue doing her duty. That was a great telegram that you, my Lord, read from Glamorgan. I should like to see a Welsh army in the field. I should like to see the race that faced the Normans for hundreds of years in a struggle for freedom, the race that helped to win Crecy, the race that fought for a generation under Glendower against the greatest captain in Europe—I should like to see that race give a good taste of its quality in this struggle in Europe; and they are going to do it.

The Sacrifice

I envy you young people your opportunity. They have put up the age limit for the Army, but I am sorry to say I have marched a good many years even beyond that. It is a great opportunity, an opportunity that only comes once in centuries to the children of men. For most generations sacrifice comes in drab and weariness of spirit. It comes to you to-day, and it comes to-day to us all, in the form of the glow and thrill of a great movement for liberty, that impels millions throughout Europe to the same noble end. It is a war for the emancipation of Europe from the thralldom of a military caste which has thrown its shadows upon two generations of men, and is now plunging the world into a welter of bloodshed and death. Some have already given their lives. There are some who have given more than their own lives; they have given the lives of those who are dear to them. I honour their courage, and may God be their comfort and their strength. But their reward is at hand; those who have fallen have died consecrated deaths. They have taken their part in the making of a new Europe—a new world. I can see signs of its coming in the glare of the battlefield.

The "New Patriotism."

The people will gain more by this struggle in all lands than they comprehend at the present moment. It is true they will be free of the greatest menace of their freedom. That is not all. There is something infinitely greater and more enduring which is emerging already out of this conflict—a new patriotism, richer, nobler and more exalted than the old. I see amongst all classes, high and low, shedding themselves of selfishness, a new recognition that the honour of the country does not depend merely on the maintenance of its glory in the stricken field, but also in protecting its homes from distress. It is now bringing a new outlook for all classes. The great flood of luxury and sloth which had submerged the land is receding and a new Britain is appearing. We can see for the first time the fundamental things that matter in life, and that have been obscured from our vision by the tropical growth of prosperity.

"The Vision."

May I tell you in a simple parable what I think this war is doing for us. I know a valley in North Wales, between the mountains and the sea. It is a beautiful valley, snug, comfortable, sheltered by the mountains from all the bitter blasts. But it is very enervating, and I remember how the boys were in the habit of climbing the hill above the village to have a glimpse of the great mountain in the distance, and to be stimulated and freshened by the breezes which came from the hill-tops, and by the great spectacle of their grandeur. We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable and too indulgent, many, perhaps, too selfish, and the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks we had forgotten, of Honour, Duty, Patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the great pinnacle of Sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven. We shall descend into the valleys again; but as long as the men and women of this generation last, they will carry in their hearts the image of those great mountain peaks whose foundations are not shaken, though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great war.



A Hero of the Marne

(By Lillian Gask)

"Tiens! you weary me—be off!" cried Pierre, snapping his thin brown fingers. Leon, the regimental pet, looked at him wistfully and wagged his tail. He had a weakness for this quiet soldier, whose voice was gentle even when his words were rough, and in spite of his dismissal he stood there still, a model of faithful patience.

"Be off with you!" said Pierre again, and Leon, hearing his name called in the rear, gave a parting caress to the repelling hand ere he trotted obediently away.

Pierre had something else to do just then than to make much of the shaggy-haired dog whose clever pranks kept the mess in roars of laughter during times of peace. Crouched on the ground, with a precious sheet of paper stretched out before him on the exploded shell, he was trying to write to his boy at home, bidding him grow up quickly, that he, too, might fight for the Marne. He had barely reached the end of the second page when Leon was back beside him, his liquid eyes fixed questioning on the stumpy pencil that seemed to absorb all his friend's attention.

A whir of bullets overhead, the roar of cannon echoing like thunder, and Pierre's letter literally went to the winds. The momentary lull of battle was at an end; shells screamed and the great gun Soixante-quinze boomed in fierce reply.

It wasn't at all a place for a little dog, but Leon did not think so. He had adopted Pierre as his master from a certain memorable night when the soldier had rescued him from the death-like grip of a surly bull dog with whom he had disputed the right of way, and now where Pierre went he would go, too. Nevertheless he trembled, for the noise of musketry filled his soul with fear. And why Pierre should stay where it was loud, instead of fleeing to the green woods close by, was more than he could understand.

Those woods were a great temptation to Leon. When the horrible black smoke he hated cleared away he could see the tree tops waving and fancy painted him half a dozen brown bunnies scuttling beneath them with himself in full chase. Leon adored rabbit hunting, and did not disdain the thought of a tender woodmouse skillfully surprised in some deep hole. If Pierre would only take him for a walk! But Pierre, it seemed, preferred to spend his days fiddling with fire sticks or digging up the ground, and Leon feared to lose him if he strayed too far away.

A little later Pierre and his comrades were retreating to the south, fighting every inch of the way, until the could take up stronger positions and establish a new front on the banks of the Marne. A terrific struggle was impending, and it seemed as even Leon knew it, for his bark was grimly defiant as he dodged the flying bullets.

"Ce chien, he goes for to be slain," said one of his admirers, with a regretful shrug. But this had often been said before, and Leon was still very much alive, though how he had managed to escape was a marvel to those who knew him.

In vain was he told to go to the rear. Like his gallant companions on the field, he drew back only to advance again, haunting Pierre with a wistful persistence that touched the soldier in spite of himself.

"Thou art a good little beast," he murmured, when Leon snuggled close to his breast one cold wet night as he lay in the trenches. The warmth of the dog's soft body brought a curious comfort with it, and in the snatches of sleep that came to him he dreamed of home.

Fighting had never been more fierce than on the day that followed. Leon was heartily sick of it, and hungry as well as frightened. But somewhere at the back of his keen dog mind was a firm conviction that his presence in the firing line was indispensable to the safety of his beloved Pierre, and so he stayed there. It was not his policy to take needless risks, and, adapting himself to circumstances, he became an adept at finding cover.

The sharp sting of pain that followed the loss of his tail—as cleanly shot off as though sliced with a knife—set his wits to work to protect himself. He wasn't going to leave his friends—not he; but he didn't mean to be hurt again if he could help it. So he cleverly scraped a hole in the ground, his strong claws scattering the earth all around him, and promptly buried himself. Only his pointed nose and bright brown eyes were visible, but down below his wounded tail wagged on as merrily as ever.

"You show sense, mon ami!" cried Pierre with a laugh for it was close to him that Leon had taken up his quar-

ters. Next moment the ranks moved forward in spite of a hurricane of bullets, and Pierre gave no more thought of him. A little dog did not count for much in war time, and Leon's disgust at having to leave his refuge would only have provoked a smile. He soon scraped himself another, but he could not find his beloved Pierre; and from time to time he risked being shot by darting out to look for him.

Pierre fought well, but no better than his comrades, for they were heroes all. Paris, the city of their love, was threatened; to save her they would spill their last drop of blood, and French men made common cause with them. Leon wondered sadly what strange game was this that his regiment was playing and why his friends dropped and lay so still; but when once more he discovered Pierre his dance of joy was an acrobatic feat.

"What! not shot yet?" was all Pierre said. But he patted the shaggy coat with tenderness and felt an odd lump in his throat. The love that shone at him from Leon's eyes seemed a queer sort of thing on a battlefield, and he, too, wondered in his turn at the strange game of war.

That was a memorable week for the Allies, for it saw the turn of the tide. Slowly at first, then with the rush of oncoming flood, the enemy was driven back and the silver waters of the river Marne ran a dull and hideous red. The hard-pressed foe made repeated efforts to bridge the tide and reach the farther banks, that they might retreat in something like order. But the Allies artillery swept their pontoons away like matchwood; guns were captured and villages retaken by the triumphant French and British. Avenged now were those past dreaded days when their commanding officer's repeated orders to "Fall back!" had been to them a long-drawn agony.

"I thank be bon Dieu that I have lived for this!" cried Pierre, and the glow that illumined his haggard face was reflected in the fast dimming eyes of a stripling who lay a-dying near. It was towards the close of that memorable battle that Pierre fell and lay for hours unconscious, till the cold night dew fell on his face and roused his slumbering senses. Still grasping the flag, he managed to drag himself some few yards away. He wanted to die alone—not with that flaxen-haired lad beneath him or next other still forms that pressed close.

But even now he had company, though he wished for none. A low moan and a faint cry of "Wasser, wasser!" told him of the nearness of a prostrate foe. All the fury of his passion was spent, and he felt a curious detached pity for those who suffered as he himself.

"Poor chap!" he murmured, as he shuffled nearer. And very simply as a matter of course—for he had not heard of those "other days," which seemed to him now so far away, of one who said, "Love your enemies," he fumbled feebly for his water flask, and finding it, pushed it into his hand. "Danker," muttered he hoarse voice. "Ich"—Then it failed; the flask fell from the lifeless fingers and the precious water trickled to the ground.

Pierre had drifted back into a land of shadows when at daybreak a cringing figure stole from the woods that bordered the battle field. A human wolf, gaunt with fear and hunger, came out from his hiding place, craving for vengeance as for food. Stumbling over Pierre he drew his sword; here was one of the rabble that had put his proud country's army to flight. Did he live still? Then he should die!

But before his sword could touch Pierre's breast, the man caught sight of his dead comrade, the empty French water-flask by his side told its own tale.

"Ach—so!" breathed the German, putting back his sword. And Pierre all unknowing, escaped death yet once more.

The autumn sun was high in the sky when the repeated touch of a warm, moist tongue brought Pierre back to life again, and he opened his eyes to meet the rapturous gaze of a pair of liquid brown ones. They belonged to a very disreputable little dog minus an ear and half his tail, and plus a dirty bandage round one leg.

"Leon!" breathed Pierre; and Leon cocked the ear that remained to him, as if to demand, "who else?" For Pierre he had left the comforts of the field hospital, where he had wisely installed himself at the invitation of a friendly nurse. He could not rest when Pierre was missing; he had howled for him all night.

"Good little dog!" the soldier murmured. And Leon fell to caressing his hand, whining with grief that it lay inert and made no attempt to pat him. The sight of him cleared the mist from Pierre's brain and hope came back to his heart.

"Leon!" he cried, "fetch my comrades to me. Make haste, little dog—make haste, or I die!"

Leon hesitated. It was against his principle to leave a friend, and Pierre was more to him than all the world. But the soldier's insistence moved him to obey, and with a melting look

Take One Tonight

—if you feel bilious, "headachy" and irritable—for that's a sign your liver is out of order. Your food is not digesting—it stays in the stomach a sour, fermented mass, poisoning the system. Just take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets—they make the liver do its work—they cleanse and sweeten the stomach and tone the whole digestive system. You'll feel fine in the morning. At all druggists, 25c., or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Company, Toronto 14

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

from his true brown eyes, he scampered off. While Pierre was yet wondering if he understood, he was back again, followed by two Red Cross bearers. Leon had fetched them thrice already to wounded men, so they had followed with little ado.

"Good little dog!" repeated Pierre, as he was lifted onto a stretcher. And Leon, running along beside it, wagged his stump of a tail in an ecstasy of joy. —Little Folks.

YARMOUTH

Montreal Mining Broker Interned by Enemy, Reaches Home Again

After experiencing twelve months of what he himself described as martyrdom at the hands of the Germans, a Montreal Mining broker, Mr. J. T. Armand, reached home yesterday from Germany, where he had been kept a close prisoner for a year. An Alsatian by birth, Mr. Armand left Montreal in June, 1914, to pay a visit to his parents at Strasburg, and was at Baden with two Americans when war was declared. He endeavored to leave Germany, but found it impossible. At Appenweiler he was held as a suspect, being known as a British subject, and was carried off to Bulathal. Thanks to the influence of some Americans he received permission to leave this fortress, but it did not take the Germans long to find an excuse for his further apprehension.

Threatened With Death

He was again arrested and brought before a German officer, who threatened to shoot him for having transgressed military orders. Mr. Armand protested his ignorance of these military orders, and after much privation, he was permitted to have a respectable room but was kept under surveillance.

In November an order was given that all British subjects in Germany must be interned, and following out this order, Mr. Armand was taken to the fortress at Rastad. The American Consul there made representation to the German Government concerning the conditions in which the prisoners were kept, and Mr. Armand had another move, this time being marched under the eyes of an armed guard to Bulathal. Here, after being in prison for 22 days, he was brought before the Court Martial of the 14th Corps and accused of being a spy. For three hours he was closely interrogated by the German officers. On the 24th of March, he was brought before them again, and the officer in command declared in sonorous tones "You must be ready to-morrow morning at six o'clock."

Thought He Was to Die

Mr. Armand took this message as his death sentence, and he says that he will never forget the terrible night through which he passed prior to what he believed would be his execution. When six o'clock came he was told that the judgement passed upon him was being restudied, and that in the meantime, he would be kept under close guard at Ruleben.

"Nobody can imagine the sufferings I went through," declared Mr. Armand. "I cannot recall them myself without the greatest emotion. My captors treated me so badly, that often I prayed that I might die."

"It was at Ruleben," he continued, "that the majority of British subjects in Germany were interned following the declaration of war. Life there is hard, nourishment is poor, and the ventilation insufficient and bad. This is the menu: Morning, two cups of coffee, 200 grams of bread made from potato, flour and bran; noon dinner, carrot and turnip soup, rarely peas or vegetables, and rarer still any meat; night supper, two cups of tea, and that is all. Altogether there are between \$,000 and 4,500 interned at Ruleben, and that is how they exist. The barracks are very unhealthy, and the beds and clothing filthy."

It was finally through the intermediary of his family at Strasburg, who made Count de Sar acquainted with his miseries, that he was released. The Chambre de Commerce of Montreal also were instrumental in rendering Mr. Armand assistance. They communicated with the British Government, and the American ambassador at Berlin was invited to interest himself in the case.

In July Mr. Armand received his passport, and left Germany, a broken man, with ineffaceable memoirs of German cruelties. He reached England, and only then did he breathe freely, and boarding the Missanable, he reached Montreal yesterday.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. "LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE"

On and after Sept. 1st, 1915, train service on the railway is as follows:

Service Daily Except Sunday.
Express for Halifax (Monday only) 4.13 a.m.
Express for Yarmouth.....12 noon
Express for Halifax.....2.01
Express for Annapolis (Sat. only) 7.53 p.m.
Accom. for Halifax.....7.40 a.m.
Accom. for Annapolis.....6.35 p.m.

Midland Division

Trains on the Midland Division leave Windsor daily (except Sunday) for Truro at 7.05 a.m., 5.10 p.m., and 7.50 a.m. and from Truro for Windsor at 6.40 a.m., 2.30 p.m. and 12.50 p.m. 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 trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

St. John - Digby

DAILY SERVICE (Sunday excepted.)
Canadian Pacific Steamship "Yarmouth" leaves St. John 7.00 a.m., leaves Digby 1.50 p.m., arrives at St. John about 5.00, connecting at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for Montreal and the West.

Boston Service

Steamers of the Boston and Yarmouth S.S. Company sail from Yarmouth for Boston after arrival of Express train from Halifax, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.
P. GIFFKINS, General Manager.

FURNESS SAILINGS

From London	From Halifax
ABOUT	ABOUT
Appenine	Aug. 27
Caterino	Sept. 7
Shenandoah	Sept. 21
Aug. 31 (via St. John's, Nfld.)	Messina

From Liverpool	From Halifax
ABOUT	ABOUT
Tobasco	Sept. 11
Durango	Sept. 25

Above sailings are not guaranteed and are subject to change without notice.

Furness Withy & Co., Limited
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H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Mon. & Fri.	Time Table in effect January 4, 1915	Mon. & Fri.
Read down	Stations	Read up
11.10	Lv. Middleton A.S.	15.45
11.38	" Clarence	15.17
11.55	Bridgetown	15.01
12.23	Granville Centre	14.36
12.39	Granville Ferry	14.21
12.55	" Kaysdale	14.05
13.15	Ab. Port Wade Lv.	13.45

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