

PARALYSED AND HELPLESS

Prominent Merchant Restored to Health by "Fruit-a-tives"

Barnes, N.B., July 25th, 1914.
 "I had a stroke of Paralysis in March, and this left me unable to walk or help myself and the Constipation was terrible. Finally, I took 'Fruit-a-tives' for the Constipation. This fruit medicine gradually toned up the nerves and actually relieved the paralysis. By the use of 'Fruit-a-tives' I grew stronger until all the palsy left me. I am now well and attend my store every day."
ALVA PHILLIPS.
 Fruit juice is nature's own remedy and 'Fruit-a-tives' is made from fruit juices. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

PLAY THE MAN

Play the man
 With your body. Keep it fit
 By the highest use of it.
 For the service of the soul.
 Every part in full control.
 Strong for labor, deft to do
 All that is required of you—
 Play the man!
 Play the man!
 Keep your inmost soul as pure
 As your mother's virtue sure,
 If within no evil dwells,
 There's no power in all the hells
 Strong enough to drag you down.
 Rob you of your manhood's crown—
 Play the man!

NOTHING SO GOOD AS APPLES

Seems like I'm crazy for apples—
 Been without any so long;
 Now that it's time for the fruit to be
 prime.
 Say, I just burst into song.
 Other fruit's good in its season,
 But, ah, how I welcome the fall,
 That part of the year when the apples
 are here
 The bulkiest fruit of them all.
 There's a tang to the taste of an apple
 A zest like the keen autumn breeze,
 With a savor that's won from the
 smile of the sun
 When it ripened the fruit on the
 trees.
 Oh, I've hungered and thirsted for
 apples,
 With the appetite keen of a boy,
 And the season which brings in this
 vian of kings
 For me is a season of joy.
 For autumn means rosy-cheeked ap-
 ples,
 And apples mean cider and pie,
 And dumplings and such which you
 can't praise too much,
 No matter how hard you may try.
 So here's to his Highness the Apple.
 Who comes with the crispness of
 fall,
 When my palate's thrill as I take in
 my fill,
 Of the bulkiest fruit of them all.

TRENCH MUD

When you've sprayed me with a sy-
 ringe, rubbed my features till
 they twinge,
 And you've scraped my plastered
 figure rather slimmer,
 When you've trained me down to
 weight, cleared my hair of
 real estate,
 And you've soaked me in a bath,
 and let me simmer;
 When I've ceased to live the lot of a
 walking garden plot,
 And I look more like a soldier than a
 comminated blot,
 You will recognize by scrubbing the
 remains of Private Stubbin,
 Who was once the smartest cub
 in Aldershot.
 I have seen a Rugger scrum in a
 whirl of sticky gum,
 When the game was but a maze of
 muddy movements;
 I have seen an entrance hall when the
 plumber's made a call,
 And I've floundered in suburban
 street improvements:
 I have seen it when he was at man-
 ouvres on the Plains,
 I have skidded round in London when
 they're digging up the mains,
 But I never, 'pon my Sammy, saw a
 mud more soft and jammy
 Than the mixture in our clammy
 Flemish drains.
 For our tea we drink hot mud, dime
 on b-e-f and muddy 'spud,"
 And we spread the mud, like "poz-
 zy," on our "rootey";
 It's in everything we chew; and as
 thickening for our stew,
 It imparts a flavor not exactly
 fruity;
 It's our beverage and tuck, it's the
 air we breathe, and suck,
 It's our clothing and our mattress,
 and it sticks to us like luck.
 Oh, our life's a game of cricket on a
 sticky, tricky wicket,
 Where they've told us we must stick
 it.
 And We've stuck.

JUST BEHIND THE FIGHTING LINE

(By OWEN S. WATKINS, Chaplain to the Forces.)

From time to time I have written concerning the work of the chaplain in the fighting line; have tried to give you some idea of the life he lives, the work he does and the risks he runs. In this letter I want to make you realize yet another side of the chaplain's work—that which is done just behind the fighting line, and which in some respects is the most important work of all. As senior chaplain of my Church it is my duty to visit all parts of the British line in France and Flanders, and, as far as possible, keep in touch with all the Wesleyan chaplains in the British Expeditionary force. Many men with whom I ought to spend hours I could only spare a few minutes, and do little more than grip their hands and wish them "Good luck in the Lord." But though too often it has been a flying visit that I have paid, I have seen enough of the work to be more and more filled with admiration for the devotion, energy and pluck displayed by every one of my colleagues. As I have said before, Methodism has sent us the very cream of the younger ministry, and the result has fully justified her in doing so.

Let me try and give you some of the glimpses I myself have had of these men and their work. "Padre, you're always wanting a car; you can have mine tomorrow if you like; I shan't be using it." So said one who has often come to my help, and straightway I became busy sending telegrams to chaplains whom I hoped to visit the next day. An early start, a twenty-mile rush through the keen air, and then a check—the road was blocked with marching troops! Evidently a division on the move, and from the look of the men and the newness of their equipment, just out from England. "Some of K's army, I reckon, sir," said the driver of the car. Enquiries revealed the fact that it was the Division, which had de-trained the previous night and was now to take its place in the line. In this division there were two Wesleyan chaplains, and after many enquiries and about an hour's search I found them both, keen, eager young fellows, full of plans for the good of their men, who already had tales to tell of services on troopship and in bivouac. Some problems also they had for my solving, difficulties which had arisen owing to lack of that knowledge of the army and its ways which only comes to a man after long service. In one case a staff officer had to be interviewed. He proved to be an old friend, and by quoting King's Regulations, and reminding him of days when we were both younger and campaigned together, what had threatened to be a serious difficulty was removed and the way of the chaplain made more easy.

The First Link

We resumed our journey; the way was clear before us, and from the way in which the trees lining the road went flicking by the driver appeared to be making up for lost time. Past miles of newly-ploughed fields, through a large forest now stripped of its leaves, and we drew up in front of a convent on the outskirts of a quiet little town. This was a casualty clearing station, the first link between the field ambulances and the base hospitals. A weary looking chaplain was waiting to welcome us. A month ago he had written demanding that I have him removed to another sphere of labor, for he had not sufficient work, patients were so few. Now he had the appearance of one newly risen from a serious illness. "Still looking for a job?" I asked. "No; devoutly thankful for a rest. The last fortnight has been dreadful. During one week we hardly had time to eat, and got little or no sleep. Most of the wounded during the recent fighting passed through our hands. We were receiving casualties at the rate of over a thousand a day. If it had gone on much longer we should all have collapsed. When it was over I slept fifteen hours on end, and still felt I had not had enough. The wards are practically empty now; only a few men whom it is useless to move. For concentrated horror and suffering I had never imagined anything like these past few days; it was horrible! horrible! But don't think I want a move. I wouldn't have missed it for anything; it was the chance of a lifetime. It was worth years of waiting to be able to help at such a time and to be of use to the suffering, dying men. You've seen it before. I haven't. Aren't they just splendid? There's no man in the world to match our British Tommy, and when he's wounded he's at his very best." Through the almost empty wards we passed, occasionally stopping at a bedside to speak a few words to one who was very near the crossing of the river. Nurses, doctors, orderlies, all looked worn and done, but all were cheery and counted it a privilege to have had their share in ministering to the heroes of the recent fighting.

Towards midday we drew up in the shelter of a wood and picnicked by the

roadside; then on to the town of B—, where I expected to find a number of chaplains waiting to meet me. Not all that I had hoped to meet were there. One was wounded and on his way back to England; another was sick and had been sent to the base; a third was a patient in a "rest camp," suffering from trench fever; whilst two sent their apologies—their brigades were in action, and at such a time they rightly felt their first duty with the troops. But eight had gathered from far and near, some of them having ridden ten miles to be present, and there was much greeting of old friends and talk of days that were gone. One chaplain was billeted in the town, as the remnants of his brigade had been drawn out of the fighting line for a rest, and had made arrangements for our meeting. First we gathered around the Lord's Table and I do not ever remember a celebration of Holy Communion which to me was more impressive. As I handed the elements to these comrades, every one of whom during the last fortnight had been constantly facing death, who had shared in unexampled horrors and carried the message of peace into the very jaws of war at its worst, I felt a great pride of brotherhood fill my heart and there came to me a new realization of the meaning and value of Christ's sacrifice. Truly they were engaged in a Christ-like work and were ready, if need be, to give even their lives also for the flock committed to their care. Later we gathered in an adjoining room, talked over our difficulties, evolved schemes for the greater efficiency of our work, told one another of the way in which God had used us, and were cheered by the knowledge that labor and sacrifice were not in vain. Would that I had time and space to put down all that was said in that informal meeting, or bring before you an adequate conception of the manifold activities represented by those eight young men. They told of long hours in the saddle; services held under every conceivable condition; of pastoral visitations in billets, bivouac, dug-outs and even trenches. Nearly every one of them was running a Soldiers' Home or recreation room for the troops resting or in reserve; some of them were responsible for two, and even three, such institutions; and, in addition to their religious duties, catered for the men's amusements, organizing football matches, boxing competitions, athletic sports and concerts. They spoke with enthusiasm of all their work, but ever returned to the priceless opportunity which was theirs, the receptive attitude of the men, the little meetings for fellowship held in cottage, dug-out and barn; the eagerness of the troops to partake of the Lord's Supper, and the many who bore a clear witness to the saving and keeping power of Jesus Christ. When at last I tore myself away the afternoon was wearing on, and once again the driver of the car, to use his own phrase, had to "open her out" to make up for lost time.

A Field Ambulance

We are now on our homeward way, and there were eighty miles to go. I was hardly conscious of the country—my thoughts were with the men I had just left—when I was roused by the driver's voice: "There's a field ambulance in that village to the left, sir. I caught a glimpse of the flag through the trees. Is there anybody there you want to see?" "I don't know. Perhaps it would be just as well to find out what ambulance it is, and anyway, whoever they are, they will give us tea, and I expect you're ready for it. I know I am." We found it was an ambulance to which a Wesleyan chaplain was attached. "He's out at present, sir," said the young medical officer of whom I made enquiries. "Been out all day. But he's due in at any moment now. I know he wants to see you, and I'm sure both you and the chauffeur can do with tea after your long, cold drive. A few moments later the chaplain walked in, plastered in mud from head to foot. "Afraid I'm in rather a mess," he laughed. "But I've been in the trenches all day, and our communication trenches here are very narrow. Hardly wide enough for a man of my size to squeeze through, so the sides of you get rather plastered with mud. Then at one point I had had luck—tried to take a short cut across the open, and, of course, half way over they opened fire, and I had to lie face down in the mud till they were through with it. The result you see, and as we're on a light kit just now, I haven't a change, so cannot make myself respectable." After tea a half-hour's talk together, matters on which he wished to consult me were dealt with, words of cheer were spoken, and a caution not to run unnecessary risks, such as trying to save time by taking short cuts across the open. As I thanked the commanding officer of the ambulance for his hospitality he drew me on one side. "I hope your



visit does not mean that we are to lose our padre. No, I'm glad, for he's a op-hole chap, work like a nigger, is as brave as they're made, and if he gets his deserts he will be mentioned in the next despatches." One of many testimonials I have received from officers and men in all parts of the Expeditionary Force.

Night had now closed in upon us, and as we rushed through the darkness I think I must have dozed, for it was with a start of surprise that I found myself outside my own billet, and knew my day's work was done.

A few days later another opportunity presented itself, and I was able to reach an entirely different part of the line, but as it was unexpected I was not able to warn the chaplains of my coming. "Want a lift, padre?" asked a friendly officer, "I'm going to —, and there's sure to be somebody you want to visit either there or en route." The first place at which we stopped had once been a considerable town, but now was little better than a heap of ruins—it was well within the shelled area. Most of the civil population had been removed to a place of safety, but the town was "stiff with troops." In every building that was at all capable of providing shelter of any sort troops were billeted—and the amount of shelter was in many cases practically nil, for doors and windows had been blown in, roof and walls were full of gaping holes; it was hardly a shelter from the cutting wind; from rain and snow it was no shelter at all. The men, however, were wonderfully cheery. "We're the resting brigade," they said. "No, it isn't much of a billet, but after the trenches, it's heaven. If you're on the right side of the wall you can get out of the wind; you can have a fire without fear of being shot at; and, as for shells, well, it's quite a week since they shelled the place at all, and when they do there are always the cellars. Wesleyan chaplain is it you want, sir? Yes, we've got one attached to our regiment; was with us in England when we were doing our training. He's a bit of all-right, he is, and a naller for services. One Sunday a week ain't enough for him; he has seven. Just been holding a service here half an hour ago; then he rips on to his bicycle and is off to some other unit. Sings a good song, too, when we have a 'sing-song' of an evening, and ain't a bad back at football when he's wanted. I called at the officers' mess to leave a message. "Sorry he's out, sir," said the solitary subaltern I found there, "but he's away evangelizing somewhere or other. You'll never catch him unless you make an appointment. He's a beggar to preach, but one of the best for all that."

With the Territorials

The next place at which we made a halt was occupied by part of a division of Territorials. With this division there were two Wesleyan chaplains, but one had recently been sent to the base sick; the other had just joined and was new to the work, so that there were many matters of administrative detail to attend to. Also amongst the men were many from Methodist homes some from whose people I had received letters, and an hour quickly passed hunting them up, talking of mutual friends, and recalling old times when, by their father's fireside, I had been entertained at "the deputation." Then the owner of the car returned. "Ready, padre? I'm through with my business. We'll go back another way if you like, and then you will touch the—and—Divisions." Half an hour later we were sweeping down well-kept drive, dense timber on each side of us, and in front a fine old chateau, at the main entrance to which we drew up. This was a divisional rest station, and being run by a field ambulance. Here I found the chaplain at home, and by him my companion and self were persuaded to stay to lunch. Our envy of the quarters they occupied was loud and emphatic. "Yes, it's a topping place, isn't it? We took it over from one of the other ambulances last week. Before that we were living in a ruined barn, and doing all the 'collecting' from the trenches for the whole division. And a pretty rotten time we had, too, what with snipers and the enemy's big guns. We think we've earned something of a rest; but we've a hundred patients to look after, so we're not loafing." This from the members of the medical staff over luncheon. After luncheon we inspected the rest station. This is the place to which cases that are not serious are sent—officers and men who, after ten days or a fortnight's complete rest and feeding up, will be fit for duty again in the trenches. Men slightly run down, suffering from nervous straits, trench fever, severe colds, or any minor ailments which, for the time, render them unfit for duty. Few of them are in bed

for more than a day or two; most of them are able to walk about and enjoy the glorious grounds of the chateau, the comfort of civilized life under almost peace conditions, and the sense of being even beyond the range of the enemy's largest guns. Each division has one of its ambulances working such a station; all the not as fortunately placed as this one, but many are, and it would be impossible to say how much wastage of men has been prevented by a timely visit to the rest station. The chaplain finds his work amongst the patients, does much to provide them with amusement, and also has pastoral charge of those units which belong to the "second line"—such as supply, ammunition, etc., etc. He has much ground to cover, his days are full, and for the time he lives an ordered life, almost as if he were in a garrison at home.

Passing through the next village, we make a brief halt. Here there are two men I want to see. One is a sergeant in the R.A.M.C.—before the war he was the junior minister in one of our best Circuits—the other is a Handsworth student, now a second lieutenant in an infantry regiment, and, with all due respect to the Handsworth tutors, gaining more valuable knowledge for his future ministry than even they could teach him. It's little more than a hand-grip, and I pass on my way; but I am the better for it. I have looked into the eyes of two men—men who are living Christ in new and difficult surroundings, and by their lives preaching with more power than they ever did from the pulpit.

Commanding Soapbuds

A few miles farther on we are halted by a medical officer well known to us both. "What are you doing here?" we ask. "What's your job?" "Oh, I'm officer commanding soapbuds for this division; run the baths and laundry, don't you know. If you've got time I'll show you the last thing in baths—there isn't another to touch it in France." His enthusiasm was such that though we had both seen many baths and laundries he consented to be shown this, the latest development. A huge factory, just behind the firing-line, had been utilized, and the arrangements were as nearly perfect as is possible—nothing less than marvellous when the conditions and the means available are considered. "You see," he explained, "the men come in through this room, and here they strip and leave their clothes, and you both know how glad they are to leave them, for they come straight from the trenches. Next we have the baths—hot and cold showers, plunge, plenty of soap and towels; a hundred can bathe at a time, and we put through over 1,000 men in a day. The bathing over, they pass into the next room where their khaki is returned to them having been thoroughly sterilized whilst they have been bathing, and every man is served out with clean underclothes, socks and shirt. They come in looking like third-class tramps; they go out feeling like Christian gentlemen." For some time we wandered through the building, admiring the officers' baths, the laundries, the sterilizing rooms and the wonderful makeshifts whereby it was possible to wash the men and clothes of a whole division once a fortnight, and we agreed that the officer commanding soapbuds had every reason for his enthusiasm and his pride.

We continued our journey, passing through supply columns, ammunition parks, motor ambulance convoys, and the hundred and one things that are found immediately in the rear of a huge fighting force. My companion looked at his watch. "What do you say, padre? It's not far to railhead; it won't take us more than twenty minutes; we could touch the R.T.O. (railway transport officer) for tea, then go and see the pictures, and still get home in time for dinner. Can't work all the time; recreation is good even for padres. Do you agree?" I agreed, and soon we were driving into the station yard, threading our way through trucks, motor lorries and gangs of men who were busy loading and unloading stores. We found the R.T.O. amiable, and had tea with him in his quarters, which consisted of a railway truck which he had contrived to make quite cosy and comfortable. Tea over, we proceeded to inspect the local branch of the Expeditionary Force canteen, where all the luxuries dear to the heart of Tommy and his officers could be bought at reasonable prices, many of them for less than the same article could be purchased in England, for all—a special concession to the troops—were imported duty free. This was the depot from which the soldiers' homes, dry canteens and recreation rooms of three divisions received their supplies. As we were told of the enormous amounts which from day to day were consumed, we realized once again the organization and efficiency of the Supply Department, which handled such tremendous quantities of stores and kept our vast force supplied. For if the luxuries which the men themselves paid for amounted to so much, how enormous must be the bulk of those necessities supplied by the Government, not to speak

of war material and equipment. To us was also shown the great coffee bar provided for the convenience of the men going on leave—arriving and departing—who might be delayed at railhead for many hours. For the convenience of these there was also provided a rest house. "Not exactly a la Ritiz," said the R.T.O., "but not bad for active service, and much better than kicking their heels half the night on the cold draughty platforms. But if you fellows are going to the pictures you had better be off, or you won't get a seat."

A Cinematograph

"The pictures" was a cinematograph entertainment provided by the Division for the distraction and entertainment of its men. The operator of the lantern, the "star turns" between the pictures, the orchestra and the pianist, all were soldiers. The scenery on the stage had been painted by men in the division, for in the "new army" are to be found men of every profession and every trade. One of the performers was an Oxford don, another was well known to fame in the theatrical world, and the films were the latest from London, being changed every few days. The picture house was a huge barn, with accommodation for over 1,500 men, and when we arrived the house was full. It was a wonderful sight—the men were plastered with mud, for they had been brought in supply lorries straight from the trenches—and it was hard to believe these careless, happy lads, joining with such gusto in the chorus of the latest popular song, laughing so heartily at the antics of that great film artist, Charlie Chaplin, an hour ago were facing death in the trenches, and yet again within a couple of hours would be within a hundred yards or so of the enemy, rifle in hand, with grim work before them. Yet so it was. For two hours or more trenches, shells, cold, wet, and danger were forgotten, and the troops gave themselves up to unrestrained enjoyment. Then once more they clambered into the waiting lorries, and were carried through the darkness to whatever awaited them in the fighting line. But for a space they had forgotten, and those who helped them to forget had rendered a service to their brothers and the Empire.

Many such entertainments are held all along the fighting line, for the modern general realizes the importance of the recreations of his troops. Sometimes a divisional entertainment party is formed, as in my own division, where we have a troop who call themselves "The Whizzbangs," and who provide an entertainment that would be a credit to any West London concert hall. Most of the performers are professional singers and the pianist is a man well known in his profession. This party is famous, not only for the high quality of its entertainments, but because its performances are given, not behind the fighting line, but actually in it. For they are within walking distance of the trenches, and the little town in which they perform is well within the danger zone. Besides these "high-toned" and more or less professional entertainments there are the "sing-songs" organized by chaplains and others, when regimental talent has the chance to air itself. In my village we have a recreation room, at one end of which the men have rigged up a stage, with scenery, footlights, etc., all complete. The scenery was painted by one of the men, and certainly belongs to the impressionist school. On Sunday I preach from the stage, and often wonder if the weird background does not distract my congregation. But to Tommy nothing seems incongruous; he looks not at the trappings, but ever seeks the kernel; and I sometimes think he finds it more often than do those who are bound by convention.

14th Field Ambulance, 5th Division.

A Wizard at Figures

Alfred A. Gamble, a boy living at Rochester, New York, is a wizard at figures. He says he thinks in figures, and those who have seen him do some of his marvellous sums, say he thinks like lightning. In six seconds he can multiply a number such as 7687 by 5321, and give you the answer, which amounts up to eight figures. Give him the date of your birth and he will tell you the day of the week on which you were born. Even to one who knows how to do this, it is usually a long process. Although Alfred Gamble is still but a boy, his rapid calculating has brought him before some of the biggest universities in the country, where he is called upon to demonstrate his powers. He says he began to add figures just for fun before he was five. He was always adding together the numbers on houses, on freight cars and automobiles. He was a lightning calculator before he was aware he was doing anything unusual.

Influenza is spreading over the United States from coast to coast in the most serious epidemic ever known taking a large toll in lives and causing in economic loss by incapacitating workers in all walks of life.



On and after Oct. 9th, 1915, train service on the railway is as follows:
Service Daily Except Sunday.
 Express for Yarmouth.....12 noon
 Express for Halifax and Truro.....2.01 p. m.
 Accom. for Halifax.....7.40 a. m.
 Accom. for Annapolis.....6.35 p. m.

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| From London | From Halifax |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| Jan. 8 Rappahannock | Jan. 11 |
| Jan. 20 Shenandoah | Jan. 26 |
| | Feb. 9 |
| From Liverpool via Nfld | From Halifax via Nfld |
| Jan. 11 Durango | Jan. 14 |
| Tabasco | Jan. 29 |

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

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| Accom. Mon. & Fri. | Time Table in effect January 4, 1915 | Accom. Mon. & Fri. |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Read down | Stations | Read up |
| 11.10 Lv. Middleton | 15.45 | |
| 11.38 * Clarence | 16.17 | |
| 11.55 Bridgetown | 16.43 | |
| 12.23 Granville Centre | 14.30 | |
| 12.30 Granville Ferry | 14.21 | |
| 12.55 * Karadale | 14.05 | |
| 13.15 An. Port Wade Lv. | 13.45 | |

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| Stenographer | 350 |
| Stenographer | 500 |
| Stenographer | 450 |
| Stenographer | 350 |
| Stenographer | 400 |
| Bookkeeper | 1200 |
| Bookkeeper | 1000 |
| Stenographer | 400 |
| Stenographer | 350 |
| Stenographer | 400 |
| Bookkeeper | 600 |
| Bookkeeper | 780 |

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