

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

Change of Time January 7th, 1918

For information and new folders apply at nearest ticket office.

R. U. PARKER, Gen'l Passenger Agent

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom. Thurs-days only	TIME TABLE IN EFFECT Jan. 13, 1918	Accom. Thurs-days only
Read down	STATIONS	Read up
11.0 a.m.	Middleton Ar.	5.00 p.m.
4.1 a.m.	*Clarence	4.28 p.m.
9.00 m.	Bridgetown	4.10 p.m.
2.32 p.m.	Granville Centre	3.43 p.m.
2.49 p.m.	Granville Ferry	3.25 p.m.
3.12 p.m.	*Karsdale	3.05 p.m.
3.30 p.m.	Port Wade Lv.	2.45 p.m.

Connection at Middleton with all points on H. & S. W. Railway and Dominion Atlantic Railway.  
W. A. CUNNINGHAM, Div. F. & P. Agent.

Yarmouth Line

WINTER SERVICE

Leave Yarmouth Wednesdays and Saturdays for Boston.  
Return, leave Central Wharf, Boston, Tuesdays and Fridays.

For tickets, staterooms, and additional information, apply at Wharf office.

J. ERNEST KINNEY, Superintendent, Yarmouth, N. S.  
BOSTON & YARMOUTH S. S. Co., Ltd.

FORECLOSURE SALE

1917. A. 2569. IN THE SUPREME COURT  
Between: ANNIE FREEMAN, Plaintiff, and ISAAC BEALS, Defendant.

To be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION at the Court House at Annapolis, in the County of Annapolis, on

TUESDAY, the 12th day of March, A. D. 1918,

at the hour of half-past one o'clock in the afternoon, pursuant to an order of enclosure and sale made herein the 25th day of January, A. D. 1918, unless before the day of such sale the amount due to the Plaintiff herein, and costs to be paid to the said Plaintiff, be paid to the said Plaintiff, or to her Solicitor or Agent, all the right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the Defendant and of all persons claiming or entitled by, from or under her or either of them, in and to all and singular;

ALL that certain piece or parcel of land and premises situated, lying and being at Inglesville in the County of Annapolis and Province of Nova Scotia, bounded and described as follows: Beginning on the north side of Inglesville road at the east line of lands of Asa W. Beals; thence northerly along said land to a birch tree; thence easterly 14 1/2 rods to a stake; thence southerly parallel with the first line of the Inglesville road aforesaid; thence westerly along said road to the place of beginning.

TERMS OF SALE—Ten per cent deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of the deed.  
J. H. EDWARDS, High Sheriff of Annapolis County.  
OLIVER S. MILLER, Solicitor for Plaintiff.

Dated at Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, this 31st day of January, A. D. 1918—44 51

THIRTEEN WEEKS

In either our Business or Short-hand Departments or for an elective course from each for \$35 is what we offer. You cannot combine your training in any other school in this city. We have many more calls for help than we can supply.  
Enter any day at

MARITIME BUSINESS COLLEGE  
HALIFAX, N. S.  
E. KAULBACH, C. A.

BUTTER PAPER, printed or plain. Can also be supplied with name of farm, etc., specially printed to suit customers. Send all orders to THE WEEKLY MONITOR, Bridgetown, N. S.

SPECIALIST SAID HE MUST OPERATE

She Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES" Instead, And Is Now in Perfect Health.



MME. F. GAREAU  
158 Papineau Ave., Montreal.  
"For three years, I suffered great pain in the lower part of my body, with swelling or bloating. I saw a specialist, who carefully examined me and gave me several tonics to take, which did not help me. Then he told me I must undergo an operation. This, I refused to permit. I heard about 'Fruit-a-tives' and the wonderful results it was giving because this medicine is made from fruit juices, so decided to try it. The first box gave great relief; and I continued the treatment, taking six boxes more. Now, my health is excellent—I am free of pain and swelling—and I give 'Fruit-a-tives' my warmest thanks."  
MME. F. GAREAU.  
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

All Kinds of Family Groceries

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GRANVILLE ST.

W. H. MAXWELL

Has now in stock supply of Fresh Cereals

- Kellogg's Cornflake
- Kellogg's Rice Flake
- Shredded Wheat
- Quaker Puffed Wheat
- Cream of Wheat
- Rolled Oates

- In glass jars we have Orange Marmalade
- Apple and Strawberry Jam
- Apple and Raspberry Jam
- McLarren's Peanut Butter
- Gold Bond Pure Honey

Cream Cheese in small wax package

Molasses Sponge and New Dulce

W. H. MAXWELL

FOR SALE  
25 FT. Raised Deck Cruiser, designed and built especially for a pleasure boat. Apply to P. O. Box 562, Digby, N. S.

THE LITTLE WHITE DOG

By PATTEN BEARD

For ten long years the Little White Dog had guarded the big brown house. He had barked at all strangers who came in at the front gate and had growled at every tramp who came in at the back door.

For all these years he had had his three meals a day out of his own yellow bowl.

Every bone that came out of the soup-kettle was his bone, every morsel of steak or liver that came from the dining room belonged alone to him. Everything was his—the kitchen with its warm hearth for winter days, the cool space under Tibi's bed in the yellow room for August weather.

There was a spot worn on the library lounge that showed the library was also used by the Little White Dog, and, besides this, a painted box, with a green cushion in it, stood in the upper hall just near enough to the front stairs for him to exercise a proper vigilance over his entire domain at night, when every bark in time saves growls nine.

But, besides the big brown house there was the family. They were, indeed, much more to the Little White Dog than his home, for they were everything that is dear. He loved them all. He welcomed them at the gate with equal show of affection. He barked himself almost hoarse and wagged his stubby black tail as hard as its brief length would allow as he capered his greetings. But after these were over, he came panting back to Tibi and sat on the hem of her skirt, for after all, he was Tibi's dog. He belonged to her.

It was Tibi who whistled at the front gate when he strayed too long down the avenue with his friend Woof Woof, the bull terrier. From the safe shelter of her arms he felt that he might bark defiance even to the unfriendly Smith's coolie. And if there was anybody would be permitted to plaster up a battle scar or wash the dirt off his back it was Tibi.

Of course when one has owned a home and a family and a mistress, besides, all for ten years, one is bound to resent the advent of any other dog upon the home grounds. This particular dog did. He put to flight the big setter that got lost and was wandering aimlessly around the grounds of the garden. He almost demolished a wire haired terrier that came to call with his owner, and it was only through the sheer luck of Tibi's rescuing him in the nick of time that he escaped death entirely from the jaws of Nibs, who came to stay at the Little White Dog's home for two whole days.

But one day something happened that was like neither the setter, nor the wire haired terrier, nor Nibs. It was a letter.

Of course the dog hated the postman. All dogs do. And

A Soldier's Strength  
Every enlisted man would stand up stronger and resist much sickness if he could have the benefits of

SCOTT'S EMULSION  
because it fortifies the lungs and throat, creates strength to avoid grippe and pneumonia and makes rich blood to avert rheumatic tendencies.

Send a bottle of SCOTT'S to a relative or friend in the service.  
Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 17-14

when the postman came and when the Little White Dog had barked at his heels all the way up the garden path to the house—and back again to the gate—there was Tibi standing with a letter in her hands and he knew that something that concerned his own individual rights was in that letter, something that threatened his ownership of home and the affection of every member of his family, for Tibi gathered him up in her arms and carried him up stairs to the yellow room, and, when she had let him chew the letter up into vicious bits, and after the Little White Dog had worried the envelope too, Tibi took him up in her lap and held his two front paws and looked earnestly into the Little White Dog's clear bright eyes. "Oh, Little White Dog," she said, "What is going to happen! Another dog is coming to this house to call it his home, too.

"Gr-r-r!" growled the Little White Dog. "I thought I smelled something disagreeable in that letter. I'll bite the postman next time I see him! I'll fight any dog that dares to come inside this fence and call my home and family his!"

"I know it," returned Tibi, patting the two black ears of the Little White Dog. "He is a big dog—a collie! You are ten years old, Little White Dog! You lost your two front teeth when you fell down stairs, just lately—the other dog will get the best of you—poor Little White Dog!"

"Gr-r-r-r!" returned the Little White Dog, pulling his paw loose and going back to nose about the torn envelope. "I'll chew him into bits if he dares to come near you. I won't have any other dog around here. He can't have the kitchen or the library couch, even the front verandah mat. I won't have him around. I own this house. This is my home. I won't share it with any dog."

But Tibi only sighed. She picked up the bits of letter and put them in the scrap basket.

That day he heard the family discuss the advent of the new dog which no pleadings of Tibi could prevent.

That night he slept in his box, but the box was moved into Tibi's room. The Little White Dog awoke at the first click of the gate. He ran to the closed door and barked. There was a loud answering bark from below in the front hall. The other dog had come.

In the morning he awoke early. When Tibi was dressed she put the Little White Dog's collar on and fastened his leash to it, and they went out into the garden, the Little White Dog straining at his collar, sniffing, sniffing for some knowledge of the new intruder. And when he was known to be safely housed in the stable, and only then, did Tibi run about the lawn in freedom. The next day and the next this was the same.

"Oh, let them together and make friends!" the family would say, but Tibi, knowing her dog's resentment and desire to scrap, kept him at a safe distance.

A week went by, and then suddenly one day Tibi was called away down town. She left special instructions with every one, from the cook to the head of the house, that her dog should be carefully guarded from the fight which would surely occur if the two dogs were allowed together. He was to be left in the yellow room till her return.

But—he was not! Oh, no! How he found his freedom nobody could tell, but he escaped

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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In Use For Over 30 Years  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

into the yard, where the New Dog lay on the rug at the front door in the sun.

"That's my rug!"

"Oh, is it? Excuse me!"

The Little White Dog's ire somewhat cooled a bit. "Yes," he returned; and this is my home, and my family, too—and I don't want you here! I'll fight."

"I don't fight," the New Dog replied. "I'd rather be friends. Let's!"

"Yes. Play with me. I want to play. The New Dog leaped over the lawn and the Little White Dog followed, barking. Somehow he forget about being angry and enjoyed the romp. He really had a very good time, and it was only when Tibi came home to find him with the New Dog that he began to entertain grave hatred for the New Dog again. He was afraid that the New Dog might perhaps supplant him in Tibi's affections.

But nothing like that happened.

Little by little he grew used to having the New Dog about. He even grew used to having him sit near Tibi, to see the family pet him, which was the hardest blow of all. It caused a vigorous storm of barking, but the New Dog never seemed to resent it. His tail wagged evenly and contentedly, while the Little Dog bristled.

And so the summer passed by and the Little White Dog gradually became friendly with the New Dog and shared his home and his family. And the bones that the cook gave to the Little White Dog the Little White Dog ate in his corner by the kitchen porch undisturbed. After he had eaten as much of them as he could, and could not finish them because he had lost his two front teeth in falling down stairs, the New Dog would take them quietly and finish them up in a retreat in the orchard.

But there was more than this. The New Dog was more than magnanimous. He kept a constant eye on the protection of the Little White Dog when they went out to walk together. Tibi no longer needed to guard the Little White Dog, even from the Smith's collie. The New Dog never let harm come near him. He took his part in all scraps and defended him with ardor.

And when, with the end of the summer, there came a day when the expressman

came to take away the kennel of the New Dog, and when the mistress to whom he belonged left home again, the Little White Dog sat mournfully on the mat at the front door and seemed to understand it all. He would have been glad to have the New Dog back, for he missed him. The New Dog's home was his. The family belonged to him, too, and so also did the Little White Dog and his mistress, Tibi.

As this is a true story, you might as well know that he did and they both lived happy ever after, sharing the kitchen with its bones from the soup kettle, barking together at all intruders, sleeping curled in cosy corners side by side, sharing their home and their family.

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