

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

Steamship Lines

—TO—

St. John via Digby

—AND—

Boston via Yarmouth

“Land of Evangeline” Route.

On and after October 30th, 1909 the Steamship and Train Service on this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):

Accom. from Annapolis ... 7.30 a. m.
Accom. from Richmond ... 5.40 p. m.
Express from Yarmouth, 1.46 p. m.
Express from Halifax, ... 12.21 p. m.

Midland Division

Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily, (except Sunday) for Truro at 6.45 a. m., 7.30 a. m. and 5.35 p. m. and from Truro at 6.59 a. m., 12.00 m. and 3.20 p. m. connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway, and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.

Boston Service

Commencing Monday, Oct. 18 the Royal Mail S. S. Boston will leave Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday and Saturday, immediately on arrival of Bluebonnet from Halifax, arriving in Boston next morning. Returning, leaves Long Wharf, Boston, at 1.00 p. m., Tuesday and Friday.

S. S. PRINCE ALBERT

Makes daily trips (Sunday excepted) between Parrabero and Wolfville, sailing at Kingsport in both directions.

St. JOHN AND DIGBY

ROYAL MAIL S. S. PRINCE RUPERT.

Daily Service (Sunday excepted.)
Arrives in Digby ... 10.45 a. m.
Leaves St. John ... 7.45 a. m.
Leaves Digby same day after arrival of express train from Halifax.

P. GIVKINS,
Kentville,
General Manager.

FURNESS, WITBY & CO., LTD.

STEAMSHIP LINERS.

London, Halifax and St. John, N.B.

From London. From Halifax.

Steamer. ...

—Shenandoah ... Jan. 4.

—Rappahannock ... Jan. 18

Jan. 1 —Gulf of Venice ... Jan. 25

Jan. 8 —Kanawha ... Feb. 1

From Halifax to Liverpool via St. John's Nfld.

From Liverpool. From Halifax.

Steamer. ...

—Ulinda ... Jan. 4.

Dec. 29 —Tabasco ... Jan. 18

Jan. 12 —Durango ... Feb. 1

FURNESS WITBY & CO., LTD.

Agents, Halifax, N. S.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom. Mon. & Fri. Oct. 18th, 1909. Mon. & Fri.

Read down. Stations. Read up.

11.30 Lv. Middleton AR. 16.15

12.01 " " " 15.44

12.18 " " " 15.26

12.45 " " " 14.57

13.01 " " " 14.40

13.19 " " " 14.23

13.40 " " " 14.00

* Flag Stations. Trains stop on signal.

CONNECTIONS AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S. W. RY. AND D. A. RY.

P. MOONEY

General Freight and Passenger Agent

HALIFAX, N. S.

It's fun to state when the ice is new. And boys are prone to do and dare; But bear in mind, each one of you, Your parents have no boys to spare.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DYPHTHERIA.

PURITY FLOUR

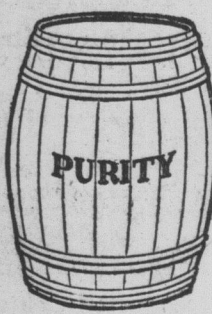
And Its Keeping Qualities

SOME people find it necessary to buy a considerable quantity of flour at one time—sufficient to last for a long period. Naturally they are anxious to procure a flour of the kind best adapted to lengthy storage.

There are two important reasons why PURITY FLOUR possesses these qualities. One is that it is made entirely from Manitoba Hard Wheat. The other lies in the fact that the careful milling necessary to produce "Purity" absolutely excludes all low-grade particles of the wheat berry. It's the high grade Manitoba Hard Wheat Flour that keeps—stands longest storage.

That's "Purity."

"Purity" flour may cost a little more, but is more than worth the difference. Try it. Watch results both for quality and yield.



"More Bread and better Bread"

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED
Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich, Brandon.

The Tea that sells best and satisfies best is

MORSE'S

It Sells and Satisfies because it is a TEA of Best Quality.

HOLIDAY GOODS

AND

EVERYDAY GOODS

NEW DRIED FRUITS

Raisins by the box, half-box, quarter-box, 1 pound package, seeded and seedless; Currants, Figs, Dates, and Candied Peels.

NEW NUTS, shelled or in the shell; Oranges, Grapes, Confectionery, etc.

A large assortment of CANNED GOODS, MINCE MEAT and BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.

FANCY and STAPLE CHINA and CROCKERY.

WANTED:- Any quantity of good Yellow-eye Beans.

C. L. PIGGOTT, QUEEN STREET

Miss Chute extends to her friends and patrons the SEASON'S GREETINGS with best wishes for a Happy New Year to all, and would acknowledge with gratitude her appreciation of the increased patronage received, while trusting to merit a continuance of the same.

Fresh Family Groceries

at the

Bridgetown Central Grocery

Canned Vegetables

Beans, Corn, Peas, Pumpkin, Squash and Tomatoes. One dozen each, or assorted, for \$1.00.

Canned Fruit

Blueberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Plums, Peaches, Pears and Pineapples.

Dried Fruit

London Layer Table Raisins, Valencia Layer Table Raisins, California Muscatel Raisins, California Seeded Raisins, Figs, Dates, etc., at the LOWEST PRICES.

Buy at the "entral Grocery", get reliable goods and save money.

J. E. LLOYD

I take this opportunity of thanking all my customers for their patronage during the past year and of wishing one and all a very HAPPY NEW YEAR.

F. B. BISHOP
Lawrencetown.

The Discovery of a Hero

BY HARRIET LUMIS SMITH

Richard Burnett was hunting a hero. He was a slender dark-eyed youth with a capacity for enthusiasm which was the subject of amused comment among his friends. He had been one of the boys who threw themselves ardently into collecting postage stamps and birds' eggs. His present specialty, so said his sister, Henrietta, was collecting heroes.

The papers had given a full account of the deed which had aroused Richard's enthusiasm. The squall of the previous Sunday had overturned a sail-boat on the bay, precipitating into the water three men, two of whom could not swim. The third man, Geo. Hall, had saved his own life and that of his two companions, a feat that called for tremendous physical endurance as well as tenacity and courage.

Richard Burnett had waxed eloquent as he expatiated on the qualities displayed by his hero. "I'd like to shake his hand," declared Richard, "and tell him what I think of him. He has a wife and children it seems, and yet, apparently, it never occurred to him to desert his friends of his who were helpless without him. I've a mind to look him up and tell him how fine I think it was."

Richard's impulse would probably have spent itself in eulogy if it had not been for Henrietta, who disapproved the idea and threw doubts on the reality of the heroism Richard admired.

"The newspapers exaggerate everything so," said Henrietta, studying the cut representing George Hall, a square-jawed individual, partly eclipsed by a derby hat, set jauntily on one side. "And if he is a hero he does not look it!" And this settled the matter for Richard.

The locality which was the home of George Hall was unfamiliar to Richard, in spite of the fact he had lived in the same city all his life. The squalid buildings, the sidewalks swarming with children, the unfamiliar tongues spoken on all sides gave him the feeling of being very far from home. It seemed that the newspapers had made a mistake in giving the address of the home of whom Richard was in search. If his native stubbornness had not been reinforced by the thought of what Henrietta might say he would probably have given up the hunt and gone home.

Triumphantly he climbed three flights of stairs and knocked at one of the several doors opening on the same landing. An old gentleman answered the knock—a gentle-faced old man with a patrician, white beard, and wearing a blue gingham apron.

"Does George Hall live here?" "He does, but he's out now. Walk in," the gentleman held the door ajar hospitably, and Richard entered. A pale-faced young woman sat in a rocking-chair, wrapped in a quilt. Several children were peering behind her, peered out curiously at the stranger.

Richard felt that it behooved him to explain his presence. "I read in yesterday's papers how Mr. Hall rescued his two friends from drowning. It interested me very much. I felt as if I wanted to tell him how fine I thought it." He looked at the old man with interest.

"Perhaps you are his father," the old man seemed amused by the visitor's mistake. "I'm just a neighbor who dropped in. This is Mrs. Hall. And then"—he waved his hand toward the perturbed little brood of children—"are his little ones. Now, if you'll excuse me a minute."

He turned toward the stove and gave his attention to something that was steaming there; tasted it gravely added a little salt, and poured some broth into a coarse earthen bowl. "There," he said, crossing to the sick woman's side, "just try that."

The sick woman sipped obediently, then sat down the bowl, and sobbed. "Oh, Grandpa Galloway! she said in a choked voice, "I don't know what we should do without you!"

"There! there! You drink a little more of that nice soup," said the old man, soothingly, "then you'll feel so much better you won't know yourself!" The woman sobbed again. "I don't know as I want to feel better! she cried. "If it weren't for the children I could not want to get well. If only we could all die together! Life's so hard! Her form heaved convulsively. Richard had a bewildered feeling that only the peeping children remembered his presence in the room.

"Life ain't easy," the old man said gently. "But it's pleasant for all that." The woman was staring at him wistfully. "I never saw anybody like you, Grandpa Galloway. You're an old man, and you work hard, and some day you won't be able to work any more, and there's nobody to look after you." Her thin hands fluttered restlessly. "And you don't act as if

there was anything to worry about." "There isn't. My heavenly Father's looking out for me," said the old man simply. "Take a sip more of the soup, child. That's right." He patted her shoulder. "And now I guess the babies are ready for the rest."

He was feeding the children in turn a spoonful to each bird-like mouth. When the door opened suddenly, and a lad of eleven or twelve marched in triumphantly. "I've sold out, Grandpa Galloway!"

"So soon!" The old man made a sound expressive admiration. "Then you're ready for your supper, John. If you're hungry you needn't wait for me. I'll come when I've fed these babies."

"I'll wait," said the boy, looting at Richard with a frank curiosity which seemed to remind the old man of the stranger's presence. With a wave of the hand toward the new-comer, he remarked, "One of my boys."

"Your grandson?" questioned Richard. "Oh, no!" The old man seemed quite amused. "They all call me Grandpa Galloway," he explained. "I guess there isn't a man in the city whose got such a swarm of grandchildren."

"He fixed up a bed for two of us in his room," explained the lad shrewdly guessing from Richard's expression that his curiosity was not yet satisfied. "And he's teaching us to read write."

"And they're learning lots of other things," said the old man. "To be kind to everybody, and to speak the truth always, and to be honest." He nodded complacently toward the lad waiting at the door. "They're learning."

"When he left the room he motioned Richard to follow him, and with a word of good-night to the listless figure in the chair, Richard obeyed. Outside on the landing the old man dropped his voice.

"I'm afraid it won't be much use for you to wait to see George. I'm sorry, but he isn't often in till late. George is a good-hearted fellow, and brave as a lion. Yes, sir, he's not a afraid of anything. But it frets him when his wife's sick, and the children restless." He shook his head and sighed. "It's a great pity, but he won't be home till very late."

The proprietor of the small shop on the first floor was ready to talk on the subject regarding which Richard questioned him. "Old Grandpa Galloway, yes, he's just about half crazy with worry. Sometimes he forgets to eat, and he's been the last he's seen of them, but it never seems to make any difference. He still goes right on doing for somebody else. He must always have one or two boys to share his room, and he teaches them and tries to bring them up right. Some of these boys have turned out pretty well, I must say."

He ran his fingers through his hair, and seemed to fall into a fit of musing oddly incompatible with his alert air of being on the lookout lest a stray penny should escape him.

"He's a cheery old fellow," said the grocer. "He's old, you know, and one day he's likely to be laid up with rheumatism and go to the poorhouse. He's not not anything of course, and yet you'd think he owned a bank; if you saw him so smiling off to his work morning after morning, and old, was found frozen to death near Estevan, Man. He went out to look some smiling home at night. Never seems to worry about himself and the

Why Green Flour When You Can Get Five Roses

Age is a wonderful improver—in certain things, and flour is one of these. Practically all cheap flours are "green" flours. Up till five or six months after milling, good flour will go on improving steadily in quality and dryness, developing many admirable traits which it would not otherwise possess.—For instance, clearer color, smoother "feel," increased absorption, and so on. It is in obedience to this same principle that good wine gets better, and a mere "fiddle" develops into a valuable violin.

But must be good in the beginning. At the end of a century or more, a cigar box would hardly become a Sivadivius. When a flour is improperly milled or milled from cheap, off-grade wheat, it has lost its keeping qualities before it ever had them. It can only get worse with age. Your dough cannot rise—shows poor grain in the loaf with a crumbling crumb and sticky crust. Your best pastry efforts are rewarded with corresponding pastry evils.

When your friends are seated round the table, comes the discovery, the very embarrassing crestfallen apologies. FIVE ROSES, Madam, is milled right from perfect materials in a sanitary plant cleaner than your own kitchen, if that be possible. It is packed right and stored awhile in our own store-houses, until expert exam-

iners declare it aged to proper dryness, without a trace of acidity. Marvels of cleanliness and care are these storehouses of ours. To visit them would gladden the heart of the most finicky housekeeper. 'Twould astonish you, Madam, really.

FIVE ROSES is never "green," never weak, nor "dead," nor acid. FIVE ROSES is drier, and being drier absorbs more water, producing more of those light, toothsome, flaky leaves and rolls which tickle the knowing palate and fill a vacant place most pleasantly. Those extra leaves pay more than the difference in first cost.

Since you want a flour fully matured and seasoned, that cannot spoil or sour on your hands or misbehave in any way, that does not acquire the "warm habit" but improves with age, if you want this flour, Madam, you will insist on FIVE ROSES from your grocer.



LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LTD., MONTREAL

richest man in this city couldn't be more free-handed about helping other folks. Everybody who is in trouble goes to him. If he can't do anything else he'll listen all night. That's the sort he is. Well, it takes all kinds of people to make up a world, they say, but it isn't often that you run across just Grandpa Galloway's kind."

It was late when Richard reached home, Henrietta seated near the drooping light with her embroidery, looked up from her work with a teasing smile. "Now I shall expect you to tell the whole truth," she said lightly. "Did you find a hero, and did he measure up to your expectations?"

"I found a hero," Richard replied, "and he fully measured up to my expectations." And something in his face as he gave the answer, checked the laugh upon his sister's lips.

VICTIMS OF ZERO WEATHER.

Toronto, Ont., Jan. 6.—Ernest Zuset, one of the victims of the crossing accident at Beasville, died today. His sister, Marion, is still unconscious at the Woodstock hospital. Three little children were frozen to death at Yellow Grass, near Regina, while going from home to visit grandparents, two miles away. Sheriff Whitehead, of Weyburn, is missing, and fears are that he has perished. Lawrence Thombly, sixteen years of age, was found frozen to death near Estevan, Man. He went out to look for horses and failed to return.

HOPE TO PROVE THAT COOK REACHED POLE.

Port Jervis, N. Y., Jan. 6.—In a statement in the Port Jervis Gazette tonight Theodore H. Cook, brother of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the explorer, says that he received a letter from Dr. Cook last Friday. In this letter the explorer said that he was living in a secluded town in Germany, and that his wife is with him. Both are happy to get away from the public, while the doctor is seeing to recuperate his broken health. There is no truth, the brother says, in the reports of divorce proceedings started by Mrs. Cook. Just as soon as the doctor's health will permit it is said an expedition will be organized to go to Greenland and trace the course of Dr. Cook to Bradley Land. It is possible to cross the open lands at that time, and they find Bradley land as described, it will be regarded as conclusive evidence that Dr. Cook was at the North Pole on April 9, 1908.

Dr. Cook does not wish to cast any doubt on the Danish experts who passed verdict on his brother's record for he believes them honest and sincere. But he says facts and figures are more positive than the mere conclusions of a small body of scientific men who may honestly err.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LTD.

Gentlemen,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT from time to time for the past twenty years. It was recommended to me by a prominent physician of Montreal, who called it the "real Nova Scotia Liniment." It does the doctor's work; it is particularly good in cases of rheumatism and sprains.

Yours truly,
G. G. DUSTAN,
Chartered Accountant
Halifax, N. S. Sept. 21, 1906.

UNION BLEND TEA

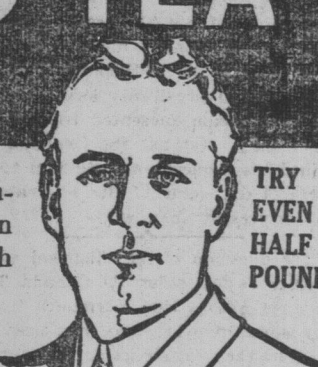
the Tea that satisfies

THE best customers I have are people who simply cannot learn to like ordinary tea—they find in Union Blend a richness and delicacy coupled with a strength that other teas do not even approach.

They gladly pay the price—forty cents a pound—because they realize it is tea economy. It is economy, because it goes half as far again as ordinary tea; indeed, being unaccustomed to its strength, most people make it too strong at first. Then, they learn that a little Union Blend makes more tea and makes it far better than can be made from a good deal of the common kind.

Go to your grocer and get a pound packet of Union Blend—be sure my picture is on the end—and try it for yourself. One single pound carries conviction.

Union Blend one pound packets—the good packets only—contain coupons that are worth money to you. But this is only an advertisement—the tea itself is worth the price, fully.



TRY EVEN A HALF POUND

There is only one way for you to prove that Union Blend Tea is all I claim—better than other teas. Try it. If it is not up to your expectations, I stand to lose more than you do. For my advertising can only induce you to try it once—can only introduce Union Blend to you; after that, its own quality must continue to sell it. Yet I am not only willing but anxious to risk the test—will you give me that chance? Go to your grocer, get a single pound, or a half pound if you prefer—and I shall be perfectly satisfied to accept your decision.

Harry W. Frost