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Advertiser

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

Change of Time
January 7th, 1918

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R. U. PARKER,
Gen'l Passenger Agent

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom.	TIME TABLE IN EFFECT	Accom.
Thurs- days only	Jan. 13, 1918	Thurs- days only
Read down	STATIONS	Read up
11.0 a.m.	Lv. 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.
2.12 p.m.	*Karsdale	3.05 p.m.
2.30 p.m.	Port Wade Lv.	2.45 p.m.

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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

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50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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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

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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Bears the Signature of
Charles H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought
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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 forgot 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.

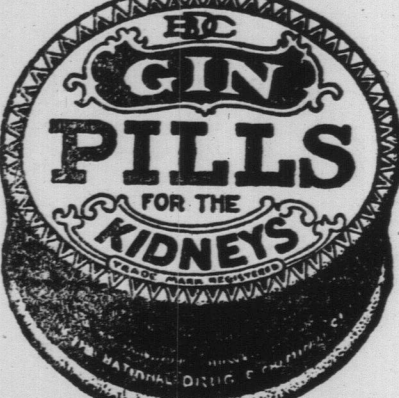
But there was more than this. The New Dog was more than magnanimous. He kept a constant eye on the protection of the Little White Dog when they went out to walk together. Tibi no longer needed to guard the Little White Dog, even from the Smith's collie. The New Dog never let harm come near him. He took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

And as the Little White Dog sat in the sun on his mat at the front door and thought of all this, he hoped in his doggyish way that the New Dog would come back.

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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Suburban Notes

DIGBY. Mr. R. R. Mowbray was a passenger to Halifax Thursday. Miss Blanche Robbins returned Tuesday from Hantsport and Wolfville. Capt. Robert Russell, of Halifax, arrived here last week to spend a few days.

WEST PARADISE. Mrs. W. L. Saunders and son Lawrence, of Windsor, who have been spending a few weeks in this vicinity, returned on Friday the 8th inst.

MIDDLETON. Miss Lois Chamberlain is visiting her brother in New York. Capt. Walter Ruggles was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Gates last week.

SPA SPRINGS. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Lewis have been visiting friends in Aylesford. Mr. Percie Kinney has been confined to the house with the grippe.

PORT GEORGE. Mrs. Mary Hayes is visiting friends at Bridgetown. Mrs. Charles Parks of Port Wade, was a week-end guest of Mrs. John Anderson.

OUTRAM. We have been having very cold weather. Preaching service Feb. 24th at 3 p. m. Miss Lillian Banks is spending the winter with her sister, Mr. L. J. Strong.

LAWRENCETOWN. Pastor Beals will occupy the pulpit at Albany next Sunday, Feb. 17th. Miss Helen Phinney is visiting her sister, Mrs. Albert Phinney at Paradise.

TORRERO. Capt. J. E. Barteaux, of Truro, was visiting his old home a few days recently. Mr. T. R. Charlton, of Nictaux West, was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Charlton.

FALKLAND RIDGE. E. H. Marshall made a trip to Albany Feb. 5th. G. Phelan, of New Germany, was in this place on the 27th.

SMITH'S COVE. Miss Alice Sullis, of Digby, spent Sunday last with Miss Annie Cossaboon. Rev. Mr. Black, of St. John, spent a few days last week with Mrs. Annie Smith.

PARKER'S COVE. We are experiencing very severe weather this winter. Mr. Harry Gesner has gone to Halifax for an indefinite time.

MORGANVILLE. Mrs. Clarence Morgan's little girl is improving after a short illness. Mr. Kenneth Porter will return again on Wednesday for treatment at Military Hospital.

PRINCEDALE. Mr. Harry Sanford spent the week-end at Digby. Mrs. Forman Wright has returned from Bear River East.

NICTAUX. The W. M. A. S. meets this week at the parsonage. Mr. Parker Munroe is spending the week-end in Berwick.

STATISTICS. Now, said the teacher one Friday afternoon, I am going to give you some statistics about the war. It is a good plan for you to know some solid facts, while there is so much loose talk going on.

1. What nations are at war? The Entente Allies on the one side, and the Teutonic Allies on the other. 2. Name the Entente Allies. Great Britain (including her Colonies—Canada, Newfoundland, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa), France, Italy, Japan, China, Siam, Portugal, the United States, Russia and a few minor countries.

3. Name the Teutonic Allies. Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria. 4. What are the land areas of the two forces? The Entente 19,526,000 square miles, and the Teutonic 1,222,000. 5. Population. The Entente 473,250,000, and the Teutonic 147,000,000.

6. What per cent of the total land area involved belongs to the Entente Allies 94.1 per cent. To the Teutonic Allies? 5.9 per cent. 7. What per cent of the population involved? Entente 76.3 per cent. Teutonic 23.7 per cent.

8. What is the strength of the army and navy of each side? The Entente Allies have 21,400,000 fighting men and their opponents 11,000,000; that is, 66 per cent of the total armies are Entente and 34 per cent Teutonic. 9. What is the total man power on each side? Entente, 91,700,000; Teutonic, 25,650,000, or 78.5 per cent against 21.5 per cent.

10. What is the difference in national wealth? That of the Entente Allies is \$53,000,000,000, of the Teutonic, \$13,400,000,000. 11. War debt? Total national debts of the Entente, \$33,960,000,000, or 14.7 per cent of their wealth; of the Teutonic, \$38,500,000,000; or 28.7 per cent of their wealth.

12. Total income? Entente, \$82,100,000,000; Teutonic, \$16,600,000,000. 13. What has the war cost so far? Estimated July, 1917, cost in money to the Entente Allies, \$70,200,000,000. Cost in men, killed, wounded, and missing, to the Entente, 8,929,956; to the Teutonic, 6,391,773; total on both sides, 15,294,729. Great losses since this date, but figures not available.

14. Note that the combined debt of the Entente Allies is 14.7 per cent of their wealth, while that of the Teutonic Allies is 28.7 per cent of their wealth. 15. Since the war began the Entente Allies have lost about 9 per cent of their original man power, and the Teutonic Allies have lost 20 per cent. The Entente Allies have spent 12 per cent of their wealth, the Teutonic 29 per cent.

16. Japan has an army of 1,500,000 men and a man power of 10,500,000, which may be reckoned as a reserve force. Russia has 5,000,000 men in the field and a man power of 20,000,000, but is an uncertain quantity at present. 17. As Russia drops out, however, the United States of America comes in, having 22,000,000 men to draw upon, \$25,000,000,000 in wealth, and a national income of \$40,000,000,000.

18. Against all the men and money advantages of the Entente, however, Germany had the advantage of being thoroughly prepared, organized, and unified. The Entente has done most of its preparing since the war broke out. It is safe to say Germany would have triumphed quickly if it had not been for the British fleet. It alone was ready.

The figures in this article are taken from a pamphlet published by the Bankers' Trust Company, New York. A woman declares that she has the best husband on earth, but that is no sign that she expects to meet him in Heaven. The Brockville, Ont., Recorder and the Brockville Times have been merged by the purchase of the latter by the former.

Remember that Every added Subscription Helps to make This paper better For everybody. VOL. XLV—N. A BIG FIRE IN MONTREAL. FEARED LOSS OF LIFE 100; MANY FOUND. At Least Thirty-Eight Burned to Death. Nunnery is Guttered Out by Smoke and Flames.

MONTREAL, Feb. 12.—Lives of at least thirty-eight were blotted out tonight at the Grey Nunnery in Cote Ste. Catherine, and it is feared loss of life may run well into the hundreds. Thirty-eight were found by the firemen when the fire was kindled. It is known that while the fire was burning, the nuns were engaged in prayer. They were forced to leave the building as the flames and rescuers from the building party loss is not expected. The blaze was practically extinguished by the fire department. The fire started, it is supposed, from the roof. The top floor was used for the infants by the nuns and the lower west wing was occupied by sick or wounded soldiers. OLD AND YOUNG IN THE AGES OF THE IMMATURE. The ages of the inmates ranged from two to almost a hundred years. The babies, whose lives were in the fire and smoke, were days or a few weeks' old. Infants were housed in the nursery, a section of the building immediately affected by the fire. Heroic work of the nuns and the nuns who were in the west wing of the building and soldiers were driven out and had to grab as many of the little ones as they could make a dash for it. It was impossible for them to get out of the building, but the soldiers were kept to the express orders of the firemen.

FOUND CHARRED BONES. The loss of life amongst the infants' home in the nursery could not be ascertained tonight, but 10,200 when the building smoldering, found the charred remains of twenty children. It is many more perished, and life may total well up to fifty. All the other inmates of the building are believed to have been returned wounded or killed. There were about 200 of them were taken to the Royal Drummond street, the Royal Western and Montreal General hospitals.

TWO POPULAR YOUNG MARRIED. Miss Inez Benson and Joseph Will Make Home in the [From the Amersbury, Mass. News.]. An event of unusual importance at the home of Mr. Avaril Benson, No. 11 High Street, Tuesday afternoon, January 23rd, when their eldest daughter, Inez, was united in marriage to Joseph Will, son of Mr. Leonard Brown, the ceremony performed by Rev. S. James, Pastor of the Market Street Church. The bridesmaid was Miss Benson, sister of the bride, and the best man, Leonard Brown, Jr.

Parish of St. James, Bridgetown. The services next Sunday (Feast of St. Valentine) will be held at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. St. Mary's, Belleisle, 3 p. m. Sunday School at usual hours. WEEK DAYS. Ash Wednesday, 10 a. m. (Children's service) 7:30 p. m. Friday, 4:30 p. m.—Service of Intercession on behalf of the war. Meeting of the Anglican Young Peoples' Association, 8:30 p. m. practice.

Bridgetown United Baptist Church. Rev. M. S. Richardson, pastor, at day school at 10 a. m. Preaching service at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer and Praise Service Wednesday evening at 7:15; B. Y. P. U. Prayer evening at 7:30. Preaching service at Centreless day afternoon next, Feb. 15th, at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting at Centreless Thursday evening.

Presbyterian Church. Gordon Memorial Church, Centreless. Street. Pastor: Rev. F. C. Simpson. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visitors cordially welcomed at services.

Bridgetown Methodist Church. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.; Epworth League Friday, 7:30 p. m. Service next Sunday, February 17th, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Public worship, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Bentville 3 p. m.

Mt. Hanley Baptist Church. Rev. R. W. Lindsay, pastor. Preaching services next Sunday, Feb. 17th, 11 a. m., 3 p. m., and 7:30 p. m. P. M. MEETINGS. Mt. Hanley, Wednesday evening, 7:30; Port George, Friday evening, 7:30. CONFERENCES AND COMMUNION. Mt. Hanley: Conference, 1st Sunday of every month; Communion, Sunday following. Port George: Conference, 1st Sunday of every month; Communion, Sunday following.

LIKE AN ELECTRIC BATTERY. Tells Why a Corn is so Painful and Says Cutting Makes Them Grow. Press an electric button and you form a contact with a live wire which rings the bell. When you shove your foot against your corn it pushes its sharp roots down upon a sensitive nerve and you get a shock of pain. Instead of trimming your corn, which merely makes them grow, step into any drug store and ask for a quarter of an ounce of freeze.

BIRTHS. JEFFERSON—At Torrboro, Jan. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jefferson, a daughter. ANNIS—At Nictaux Falls, Jan. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Roland Annis, a son. CROSS—At Nictaux South, Jan. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Morton Cross, a son. MARGESON—At Wilmet, Feb. 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Margeson, a daughter.

The Nova Scotia "Lumber Kings" says: "I consider MINARD'S LINDIMENT the BEST LINIMENT in use. I got my foot badly jammed last night and it was as well as ever the next day." Yours very truly, T. G. McMULLEN.

ECONOMY. The economy in the use of Purity Flour lies in the fact that it is a strong flour—a thirsty flour (takes more water) and makes more loaves of beautiful Bread to the barrel. In other words, PURITY FLOUR. More Bread and Better Bread—and Better Pastry, too.

BOVRIL. Aids the Digestion of Food. 218. Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.