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CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

A DREAM OF FLIGHT.

Soon shall the frequent bicycles And roaring motor-car Be quiet as rare as icicles In summer solstice are.

Yet nervous folk will cavilling At this mode, find full soon The safest way of traveling By steerable balloon.

Then quite intent on gaining it, And one in heart and mind, When we go aeroplaning it, The Heaven, my own, we'll find.

A STATESMAN JUDGE. Dr. Loudon Tells Some Unpublished History of Northwest Rebellion.

A finely appreciative and illuminating review of the life and work of the late Mr. Justice Street is contributed to the current issue of The University of Toronto Monthly by ex-President London.

The mission of the commission was to make lists of persons entitled to land grants in compensation for their dispossession at law by the Dominion when it assumed ownership in 1870.

A farmer's boy asked permission of his father to go to the circus. The father replied, "My son, you may go if first you go to the orchard through the three gates and get a number of apples, so that on returning you can give half of what you have and half leave half of what you have and half of what you have left and half an apple more at the third gate, without cutting any, and then have one whole apple left. How many apples would he have to get?"

At the next session of the commission after much difficulty one of the half-breed women was persuaded to accept scrip for her land claim. The scrip was immediately turned into money by sale to the agent of a Winnipeg banker.

So successful says Dr. Loudon, was the whole mission that it deserved the name of the Peace Commission, and its achievements are entitled to take rank with those of the military forces under General Middleton.

Dr. Loudon also narrates a few incidents from the story of the commission's work illustrative of the diplomacy and good judgment of the agent in dealing with the half-breeds at a time when lack of caution, firmness or knowledge of the Indian character would have had very serious results in fomenting further trouble.

Mr. Lowe stated that there would be found to be a good deal of land fit for settlement in parts of Keewatin where there was nothing now but trappers.

For two months each year there was absolutely no ice to interfere with navigation, and for two months more navigation could be carried on by vessels adapted to the route.

Keep Houses Tight and Clean. See that houses have tight roofs and are clean. Given a clean house, the roof of which does not leak, and much may be done with it.

Bowel Troubles

Liver pills, cathartics, mineral waters, often make Constipation worse. They merely irritate the bowels and force them to move—stop taking purgatives and the bowels become "tight" again.

"Fruit-a-tives" are the one certain cure for Constipation because their action is upon the liver. "Fruit-a-tives" are a liver tonic. They stimulate the secretions of bile by the liver, this bile causes the bowels to move in the natural, regular way and completely cures Constipation.

"Fruit-a-tives" are fruit juices with tonics and antiseptics added. In "Fruit-a-tives" one atom of bitter replaces one atom of sweet in the fruit juices, forming a new compound which is many times more active, medicinally, than the fruit juices could possibly be.

50c. a box—\$1.50 for 6 boxes. At all druggists.

Fruit-a-tives (FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.)

PUZZLE CORNER.

CHARADE. A turkey, or a goose or hen, Behaved me and I mightly soon, Behave me and I mightly soon, Nor do not mutilate me more.

WHICH HORN? Teddy had never seen a cow, being a city boy. While on a visit to the country he walked out across the fields with his granpa. There they saw a cow, and a lanky curiosity was greatly excited.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY IS BOTH AGREEABLE AND EFFECTIVE. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has no superior for coughs, colds and croup, and the fact that it is pleasant to take and contains nothing in any way injurious has made it a favorite with mothers.

THE MALE OPERA HAT. Why It Rises Superior to Any Fashion. Men generally protest against the changes of style in hats, and one of the sex has written to the New York Mail this complaint: "Why attack as a 'collapsible, many named pretender' the opera hat, or cheapeau de claque?"

A Dog Habit. Have you ever thought why it is that a dog turns around and around when he jumps up on his cumbler or starts to settle himself anywhere for a nap? Now that you are reminded you can recall that you have seen a dog do it many times, can't you? This habit is about all that is left to our tame little doggies of the days long ago, when they were a race of wild animals and lived in the woods.

A Bond of Sympathy. While the new maid tidied the room the busy woman kept on writing. "Do you make that all out of your own head?" asked Jane. "Yes," said the woman dependently. "Oh, Jane, I haven't an ounce of brains."

Wisdom provides things necessary, not superfluous. Father—Young Upperton is going to propose for your hand soon. Daughter—How do you know? Father—I hear he has been making inquiries as to my financial standing.

Jokes

A JOKE ON THE CITY FELLOW. "Did you ever notice," asked the necktie clerk, "how the average city fellow looks it over the country boy?"

"You see, my old man bought a farm down in Kansas, and I went down there to run affairs. I was pie for the rules. Course I couldn't milk a cow, and that ticked them to death. But I learned to milk on the quiet, you know, and figured on turning the laugh. I got so I could play a regular tune in the past and thought I was on to everything. I was a fool, too."

"Well, one Saturday the boys held an outdoor entertainment in a pasture. Everything was allowed but biting and scratching. Of course I got the brunt of the rustic wit, and it wasn't half bad either. But when it was passed around that I couldn't milk a cow I just smiled.

"Anyone want to bet?" I asked, thinking of some easy money. "They figured for a few minutes and then scratched up ten dollars, and I covered it.

"Tut he out," I says, feeling kind of guilty. They didn't know about my private lessons. "Well," continued the necktie clerk, arranging his stock on the table, "they trotted her out—the cow, you know—and I settled beside her on a one-legged stool and went after the milk. But nothing came, and everybody guffawed. I couldn't coax any milk out of that critter for love or money. The cow stood my abuses for ten minutes and never said a word. She was a model of patience."

"I quit. It's all yours, gentlemen," I says. On the way home I confided my troubles to an old farmer who had witnessed the struggle. "No more farming for me," said I. "Trouble is with you city chaps you never learn," replied the old man. "Those boys sicked you on a dead issue."

"Explain, neighbor," I said. "Why, the old boy himself couldn't milk that cow. She's been dry for two months."—Kansas City Star.

NOT HIS LEGS. A Russian peasant journeyed to the nearest town to buy himself a pair of new boots, and after profiting by the occasion to imbibe plenty of vodka started homeward, but soon fell asleep on the road where he was relieved of his new boots by a passing thief. About an hour afterward a cart came along and the cartier, arousing him, called out: "Take the legs of yours out of the new boots, can't you?"

The Russian staggered to his feet, and, regarding his legs gravely, said: "Those legs aren't mine. Mine has new boots on."—Bon Vivant.

A POINT FOR THE NEW ASSESSOR. A Montgomery county man objected to the action of the assessors of his town in assessing a coat he owned at twenty-five dollars. He claimed that a goat was not "real" property in the legal sense of the word, and ought not to be assessed. One of the assessors very obligingly agreed to look over the rules and regulations regarding taxes when the man called on him to offer his objections. After reading in several books for a quarter of an hour the assessor asked the man: "Does your goat run loose on the road?"

"Yes, sometimes," replied the taxpayer, wondering what the penalty for that offense could be. "Does he butt?" queried the assessor. "Well, yes," answered the taxpayer, "he butts."

"I don't see how we assessors can do anything for you. Here is a rule we have to go by, and it says we must tax 'all property running and abutting on the highway.' We cannot change the rules."

What We Claim for Ferrol

FERROL is an Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, and if it were nothing more it would take front rank because of the quality and quantity of the oil used and the scientific method of preparation. But FERROL has special claims which take it out of the ordinary class of Emulsion altogether. For instance:

FERROL combines Iron and Phosphorus with the oil, and no other emulsion contains these ingredients, although it is well known that they should always be administered together, as each is the complement of the other.

FERROL is so scientifically prepared that the first processes of digestion are actually performed in the process of manufacture, and the emulsion is ready for instant absorption into the blood. This is of the utmost importance to persons with delicate stomachs.

FERROL

unlike other emulsions, is positively palatable, and not one in a thousand find any difficulty in taking it. FERROL contains the three essentials of life, viz: Fat, Iron, and Phosphorus—they have never been combined before.

FERROL holds the record for increasing the weight. FERROL has received more endorsements from medical men than any other preparation on the market.

FERROL will cure any case of Consumption that is capable of cure. FERROL is an absolute specific for Colds, Croup, Bronchitis and all kindred troubles.

FERROL is an unfailing remedy for nervous prostration, Chronic Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Finally, the formula is freely published, and in taking FERROL you "Know what you take."

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NO SENSE OF HUMOR.

A Scientist's Criticism of a Comic Book For Children. Charles Monselet, a Frenchman of letters, published a comic "scientific dictionary" for the benefit of children, who found no little amusement in his odd accounts of things in the animal world which were perfectly familiar to them, but which were described in a rather fantastic way in M. Monselet's book.

The editor of a certain scientific journal, however, was much surprised and shocked at M. Monselet's ignorance when he took up the book, and he wrote an article about it in his paper, which ran as follows: "A certain M. Monselet has published a dictionary for the use of children, which contains definitions showing the most extraordinary ignorance, such as the following: 'Gardine: A little fish without any head which lives in oil.' 'Another definition: 'Parrot—A bird somewhat resembling the pigeon, generally green when it is not red or yellow or blue. Cockatoos sometimes live to be a hundred years old, except when they are studied, and then there is no limit to the length of their life.' 'Now, it happens that the parrot is not a pigeon at all and never has the colors that M. Monselet gives to him, and, in short, this M. Monselet knows no more of natural history than he has grains of common sense.'"

Why It Rises Superior to Any Fashion. Men generally protest against the changes of style in hats, and one of the sex has written to the New York Mail this complaint: "Why attack as a 'collapsible, many named pretender' the opera hat, or cheapeau de claque?"

I have such a hat and also a silk hat, in which respect I think I differ from most Gothamites. Whenever I have an opinion I wear the opera rather than the other. It's more convenient. At the theater or opera you can carry it better on your between the arms (remembered). If there is no rack for your hat under the seat you can tuck it in your overcoat and put it on the door under you without destroying it, as you would do with a silk hat. If you put your hat in the rack under your seat and then rise and stand close to it to permit a late comer to pass an opera hat suffers no damage. A silk hat would be either ruffled or crushed.

The opera hat looks as well at all times as the silk hat and requires much less care. Indeed, I think it looks better. The glossy surface of a stiff white shirt, is an uncomfortable survival of the time when men wore polished helmets and breastplates. There is so much reason in the opera hat that men of discrimination will continue to wear it, the style of the moment regardless.

An Inference. Father—Young Upperton is going to propose for your hand soon. Daughter—How do you know? Father—I hear he has been making inquiries as to my financial standing.

Wisdom provides things necessary, not superfluous.

"PAGE FENCES" WEAR BEST. Made of High Carbon Wire—will prove it to you. COILED, not crimped. This makes it still stronger in service. If you are tired of buying heavy fences, get the PAGE WIRE FENCE COMPANY, LIMITED. Walkerville, Toronto, Montreal, St. John, Winnipeg