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Notwithstanding that war conditions have caused some advance in prices, we were fortunate in securing deliveries of our Foreign shipments and are prepared to execute all orders without advancing prices.

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Samples submitted of any of the above goods on request. All Mail Orders delivered to your Post Office or nearest Railway Station FREE.

Yours Truly

CLARKE BROS.

Bear River, N. S., June 3rd, 1915

DEEP BROOK.

June 7.
 Mrs. Wallace has given her cottage a new coat of paint.
 Mrs. J. S. McEwen and children are in New Brunswick for a few weeks.
 Summer here came upon us suddenly last Saturday and continues.
 Charles Smith of Truro, spent Sunday with his sister, Miss Mary Smith.
 Miss Clara Finchney, who spent the winter in Windsor returned home last week.
 Major Purdy and E. V. Hutchinson left this (Monday) morning, for a week's fishing.
 The Plus Ultra Sunday School class and friends enjoyed an all-day woods' picnic June 3rd.
 The Woman's Mission Aid meeting is to be held on Tuesday, 8th inst, with Mrs. John Nichols.
 Stanley McClelland of Saskatchewan spent part of last week with relatives here leaving on Thursday.
 Rev. Wm. Archibald of Wolfville, was in Deep Brook last week, preparatory to spending July here.

KARSDALE.

June 7.
 Alfred Young has gone to Lynn to attend the wedding reception of his daughter, Bessie, who was married to Mr. Wright in that city a few days ago. We extend congratulations.
 We were pleased to read in the Lynn Evening News of the 29th of May that a reorganization of the Lynn Fire and Police Notification Company has taken place and one of our Karsdale boys, Mr. Geo. P. Covert, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Covert becomes president of the company. Our young friend has filled several responsible positions in Lynn and has passed a very successful examination for the Lynn Police Department. His relative, Mr. Archibald C. Hicks, formerly of Bridgetown, is one of the directors of the new company of which Mr. Covert is the head, and is also very popular in business circles.

LOWER GRANVILLE.

June 7.
 Mr. B. Rice of Bear River, is visiting his brother, Mr. James E. Rice.
 Mrs. Albert Angers and daughter spent the week-end with friends in Bridgetown and Paradise.
 Mr. Freeman Corbitt and family motored from Clarence and spent Sunday with their sister, Mrs. H. M. Johnson.
 Schooner Onward, Capt. G. Johnson, took a load of deal from Thorne's Cove, for Mr. James F. Morrison to St. John, N. B., and is now chartered to carry a load of lumber from there to Boston.

JUNE WEDDINGS.

HENSHAW-ELLIS.
 A happy event took place at the Methodist Parsonage, Digby, Wednesday, when Rev. Robert McArthur, pastor of the church, united in marriage Mr. Walter Henshaw, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Henshaw, of Bear River, to Greta Leah, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Ellis, Shore Road. The bride, who was unattended, was prettily dressed in navy blue with hat to match. The happy couple boarded the west bound express enroute to Hartford, Connecticut, where they will in future reside. A large number of friends were at the railway station to extend congratulations and best wishes for a long, happy and prosperous wedded career.—Courier.

GORMLY-BERRY.

A very pretty wedding took place at Clements' parsonage on Wednesday evening, June 2nd, at 8:30 o'clock, when Miss Viola Berry of Annapolis Royal, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wallace Berry of Clements, was joined in the bonds of holy wedlock to Frederick Curtis Gormly of Annapolis. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John S. McPadden, pastor of the Baptist Church in the presence of the immediate relatives of the families. The bride looked charming in her wedding dress of white silk marquisette, and was given away by her brother-in-law, W. S. Cummings. They were unattended. After the ceremony they drove to Annapolis, and will take a driving tour of the Annapolis Valley. The bride's travelling dress is of battle grey broadcloth with hat to match. The young couple who have many friends were the recipients of numerous costly presents. They will reside in Annapolis Royal.—Spectator.

In the hospitals in France magnets have been developed that will draw fragments of shrapnel to the surface from the depth in the flesh of even six inches, and steel jacketed bullets have been drawn out from a depth of more than two inches.

Mirard's Liniment used by physicians

AN ENGINEER'S CATS.

I have known visitors to drive out the five miles from St. Peter Port merely to see our cats, while other visitors after inspecting our valuable and antique lighthouse and fog signal and machinery with indifferent attention have given way to the enthusiasm on seeing our pussies. Muzzer is a common tortoise-shell, and Kitty a common tabby, who, however, have gained local fame because they catch fish as other cats catch mice. I have known Muzzer bring home half a dozen fish in one night, these being usually the smooth blenny, found in rock pools and growing up to seven inches in length, sometimes butter fish, and once Kitty brought home an eel fifteen inches long.
 These fish are always alive, and the cats seem to take pride in showing their captures. Often as not Muzzer gives her prey to Kitty.
 I have known Muzzer bring in fish one after another on a perfectly dark night in thick fog, while she brings them home equally in bright sunshine.
 I have seen Kitty spring on a fish and then put his head five inches under sea water to seize it in his mouth!

Often as have I followed Muzzer, I have never once witnessed her catch a fish; she will not fish so long as she is being watched.
 Both cats habitually follow any of us down to the beach, and have at times followed us for nearly a mile across the common, and but for the presence of dogs in the neighborhood would do so oftener.
 Although our cats find their own fish, they loved to be helped in their quest, and at the word "fish" they are all eagerness to be taken down to the beach.
 On reading the account of the miracle of the loaves and fishes, at each mention of the word "fish" our cats will look up, thus showing that, within the limits of their understanding, they are attentive listeners to the Bible reading!

Our cats are affectionate, and Kitty often springs up on me and, with a paw on each shoulder, will rub my face.
 Walking round the house on a dark night when nothing is visible but the far-away flashing of the Casquets light or the nearer flash from Platte Fougere, as I stand for a moment in perfect silence, sometimes the moving of a pebble tells me I am not alone; then if I bend down and call "Muzzer, Muzzer, Kitty, Kitty," if Muzzer is there she rubs against my legs, but if it is Kitty he stretches up on his hind legs to rub his head against my face.

Once when my eyes were troubling me and I had them bandaged Kitty jumped up and rubbed my face, finally pulling at the strings until my bandage fell off.
 Cats quickly learn and profit by experience; thus the first time I placed a mirror in front of Muzzer she bristled and spat, but she then investigated, and on finding the image was allusion she could never again be deceived with a mirror.
 The first time Muzzer heard the band playing in Casdie Park, by telephone, she fled from the house in terror, but on subsequent occasions she paid no heed.

Unlike a cat I know, who made his home in a depot of the Edinburg Tramways Company, our cats are terrified by the noise in the engine room when fog compels the machinery to be at work, but Kitty will sit for hours a few yards away from the engine-room door, so that he can watch me at work within.
 Kitty will empty a milk jug by dipping his paw in, and licking it, although he was never taught to do this.
 Muzzer, on the other hand, will sit beside Kitty and lick up any drops that fall to the ground, but she seems unable to learn to take milk from the jug in the same way.

The cats have a little shelf at the foot of our front door, on which they stand when they wish to be admitted. This causes the electric buzzer to sound. Muzzer jumps on the shelf to sound the buzzer for a moment, and then jumps off, while Kitty stands on the shelf keeping the buzzer going until he is admitted.

EDWIN O. CATFORD,
 Engineer-in-charge
 Platte Fougere Lighthouse
 Guernsey.

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WEAVER, The Druggist, Bridgetown, N. S. Dr. L. R. MORSE, La wrencetown, N. S.

Twin Prodigals

CHAPTER VIII. (By Mrs. P. H. Saunders)

The whistle stops suddenly, as Percy hears the fateful words "Gentleman Jim, you are under arrest!" He stops short and looks straight into the eyes of the Boston Chief of Police Martel. It was hard, just as he thought his trousers over to see his castle tumbling round him. He did some rapid thinking.
 "I am not your man," he said at last, "but—"
 "Now no more of that," replies the officer, producing a pair of hand-cuffs, "you are far too slippery a customer, and have too glib a tongue for me to waste my time listening to your stories."

Percy seeing the utter uselessness of further arguing, and not caring to have a scene on the street, says: "I will go with you officer; but please do not put on the bracelets, as I shall not try to escape."
 "You better not, or it will be worse for you. But I think we will get a cab and ride to the station." Hailing one they are soon inside. They do not go very far before the cab comes to a stop. The usual reason—a jam at a crossing. There is nothing to do but wait. They have stopped just opposite a street light. Percy suddenly thinks of Nora's letter and the description she gives of the difference between himself and Jim Parish. Now is his time to try to convince Martel. That officer is watching him, as he thinks, "fishy prisoner, for possible attempts to get away, and as Percy starts to put his hand in his pocket to get the letter, which he knows will help him; he is ordered to "Quit that, if you attempt to shoot, remember two can play that game."

But he was somewhat taken back to hear Percy say, "Very well, but if you will be so kind as to put your hand in my pocket, you will find nothing more friendly than a letter which I think if you will take the trouble to read, perhaps you may be willing to listen to my explanation."

Martel, who is rather puzzled at the quiet tone, and the unresisting manner which he has assumed, does as requested, and is rather astonished at finding what he feared to be a gun, a harmless letter. Handing it to Percy he commands him to "read it."
 "I will; and if you will kindly listen attentively, and note the difference in the description given there, perhaps you will be willing to listen to my story."

As we already know its contents, it will not be necessary to read it again. As Martel watches closely the face of the young man before him as he reads the letter are read in his hearing, he can see he is mistaken; for he has seen Jim Parish once or twice close enough to note the difference now, and giving his hand to Percy, asks his pardon. And Percy, who, knowing of the wonderful likeness between himself and Jim Parish, accepts the proffered hand of Martel, and offers to help him locate the villain, (as Nora styles him.) How little she knew when she wrote that letter that it would play such a part in helping to get Percy out of a pretty tight place.

"I feel sure he will stay at my father's house just as long as he thinks I am safely out of the way. But I was on my way to get some clothes and fix up a bit tonight ready for a start tomorrow in that 9:45 for New York when you stopped me," explained Percy after telling of Maudie's timely help in lending him the money. "And I am very glad indeed I have been able by the help of that letter to convince you I am not Jim Parish but Percival Van Ness of Fifth Avenue, N. Y."

As the cab seemed to be stationary

and the crash as great as ever, Percy proposed getting out, as they were near the curb, and going to a cafe and seeking a quiet corner where they could kill two birds with one stone by eating, and talking at the same time. After paying for the dinner, Martel and Percy pass down the street and enter a cafe, and are fortunate in finding the quiet corner they want, and ordered supper. Percy began at the beginning, making a clean breast of his doings previous to leaving home, and ending with, "I intend, if I am spared, to get home again, to turn over a new leaf, and try to be a man—and prove my sincerity by going to work."
 After the good supper, which has put new life into Percy, he has been paid for by Martel, and they have finished making their plans. Percy rises from the table and says: "I will meet you at the South Station in the morning, and we will leave on the 9:45 train for New York," and bidding each other good-night depart each his different way.

Percy goes at once to a large department store where he is soon fitted out with a neat business suit and also a new suit case. Leaving the store he goes to a lodging house, and engaging a room is soon sleeping the sleep of a clear conscience. He was very tired after the exciting events of the evening, and did not wake till broad daylight. With a start, he jumps up; has he overslept? For as he has no watch he does not know the hour. Hastily dressing he goes out and down stairs to find the clock points to a quarter of eight. With a sigh of relief he leaves the lodging house. He paid for his room in advance so does not have to waste any time. As he proceeds to a restaurant and orders rolls and coffee and a juicy steak. Hurriedly he swallows his breakfast, and is soon on his way to South Station, where he arrives in good time. Martel is nowhere to be seen; and he is beginning to wonder where he can be, when he hears a whisper. "Here I am," and turning quickly, looks into the smiling face of Martel.

"You gave me quite a scare."
 "I beg your pardon, but I could not resist the temptation to see you jump."
 "It is all right," Percy replies, "and now you are here I feel better, for to tell you the truth, I think I feel safer with you than I do alone." And laughing they go toward the wicket, where each purchases a ticket for New York. And when the gate swings open they both pass through and are soon on board the train; and in five or six hours are entering the Grand Central.

As they leave the train, and pass through the gate and out through the big station and out into the street, Percy says: "Suppose we walk a bit. We might get a glimpse of my other self."

"That is so," replies Martel, "but I had thought of going directly to your father's office, as you say he is usually in at this hour, and it is now between three and four. He might be able to give me some points."
 "Yes, perhaps that would be best," replies Percy. And as they are waiting near a crowded corner for a chance to cross the street, two fashionably dressed young men come round the corner. On seeing Percy and Martel standing beside him, the taller of the two grips the arm of his comrade and then rushes headlong among the street cars, and enters an empty taxicab and is whirled away. The runaway is none other than Jim Parish who has recognized the Boston Chief of Police Martel. The grin on that officer's face, changes to one of keen disappointment at seeing his prey escaping. But he is obliged

(Continued on page seven.)

SATAN'S WANTS.
 John son, the drunkard, is dying today. With traces of sin on his face; He'll be missed at the club, at the bar, at the play.
 Wanted—A boy in his place.
 Simmons, the gambler, was killed in a fight; He died without pardon or grace; Some one must train for his burden and blight.
 Wanted—A boy in his place.
 The scoffer, the convict, the idler, the thief, Are lost; and, without any noise, Make it known there must come to my instant relief.
 Some thousand or more of the boys.
 Boys from the fireside, boys from the farm, Boys from the home and the school, Come, leave your misgivings, there can be no harm,
 Where "drink and be merry" is the rule.
 Wanted—For every lost servant of mine, Some one to live, without grace, Some one to die without pardon divine,
 Will you be the boy for the place? —Baptist Banner.
 Half the joy in life is in little things taken on the run.—David Starr Jordan.

BARB MADE OF STRAW.
 Professor Friedenthal, an eminent Berlin physician, has added to his fame by discovering valuable nutritive properties in straw and hay. That cat-meal has been reserved for the great Berlin doctor to discover that human beings may derive considerable benefit from bread in which a large percentage of straw has been mixed. At a largely attended meeting of Berlin medical men Professor Friedenthal produced specimens of his straw bread, some of it in the form of dainty looking tarts. It was passed round to the medical men, who gravely masticated the puer mixture, but refrained from precipitate judgment until they were certain of its effects. Friedenthal admits that his straw flour (the flour must be ground very fine) contains substances which taken by themselves, are regarded as highly indigestible; but he reminds us that all our food has a residuum of matter of this character, and that the human digestive organs—and, for that matter, the digestive organs of all animals—call out for such substances as aids and stimulants. No human being, declares Friedenthal could live on food that did not contain indigestible matter. We are not told the final opinion of the doctors, but it appears that a committee of them has been appointed to discuss straw bread with the Prussian Health Office and the Ministry of the Interior.
 Ask for Minard's and take no other.

WISE WORDS.
 Silence is a great peacemaker.—Longfellow.
 We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up tomorrow.—Henry Ward Beecher.
 Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand.—Quarles.
 No work is worth doing badly; he who puts his best into every task will surely outstrip the man who waits for a great opportunity before he endeavors to exert himself.—J. Chamberlain.
 Those are most to be envied who soonest learn to expect nothing for which they have not worked hard, and who never acquire the habit of pitying themselves overmuch, even if in after life they happen to work in vain.—Lord Macaulay.
 Because a fellow has failed once or twice, or a dozen times, you don't want to set him down as a failure—unless he takes falling too easy. No man's a failure till he's dead or loses his courage, and that's the same thing.—Old Gorgon Graham.

K O O D A K S A F E T Y L M +