Only a Baby.

Something to live for came to the place,
Something to die for, maybe,
Something to give even sorrow a grace—
And yet it was only a baby!

Cooing and laughter and gurgles and cries,
Dimples for tenderest kisses,
Chaos of hopes and of raptures and sighs,
Chaos of fear and of blisses.

Last year, like all years, the rose and the thorn;
This year a wilderness, maybe;
But heaven stooped under the roof on the morn
That it brought there only a baby.

—*Selected.*

Grandma Gray's Way of Bothering.

(Susan Teall Perry, in "The Evangelist.")

"The oven is too hot to bake your cake now, Polly. You'd better put a basin of cold water in it, or take off one of the stove lids. If it bakes too quickly, it will be done on the outside, but raw in the middle."

Grandma Gray gave this bit of advice as she passed through the kitchen.

"I don't see why old folks are always interfering," said Polly, indignantly. "Just as if you and I didn't know enough to bake a loaf of cake, Em!"

"Yes, it is the strangest thing in the world," rejoined Emma. "I can't see why old folks want to be mixed up in everying that is going on."

"If I live to be as old as grandma," said Polly, "I know I shan't want to be bothering around. I shall sit down in the easy chair in the corner and read my Bible, and be sweet and pleasant to every one who comes into my room, but I shall not go out of it to trouble myself with housekeeping affairs."

Emma Goodell had come over to help Polly make cake, for Polly had just received word that Kate Hamilton and her brother, Max were coming to spend the evening. Kate was one of her dearest friends, and Max, although she would not have said it out loud for the world, was another.

Polly and Emma had had little experience in cake making, but now was Polly's time to show what she could do. Polly's mother was spending a few days at her brother's, and Bridget had been called away that very morning, her sister's child having been taken suddenly ill.

Grandma Gray heard through the open door what the girls said about the proper behavior of old folks. But she did not make a grievance of it; she only smiled. She had travelled a good many miles on the road of life from where those girls stood. She did not call it "the down hill of life," for Grandma Gray always congratulated herself as she grew older that she was getting uphill towards the Father's house. But she had not forgotten the way back to girlhood. Though she was old, she had become aware of the fact by a process of reflection; but not as a conscious experience. If those girls lived long enough, those two dear girls, they would be what they termed, "old folks," too. And they would come to that period of life just as she had, much sooner than they had thought possible. She wondered if they would be content to sit in an easy chair in the corner and do nothing to help the world of young folks along. Grandma Gray loved to read the Bible, it was her greatest comfort in life. It had been her stay through many a shadowy pass on the journey, but she could not have been happy without some interest in the daily round of life. She had always been full of activity in her household and in helping her friends and neighbors, and she did not want "to be shelved," so long as her faculties were left to her to use.

As she moved about dusting the furniture in the parlor, which Polly so often forgot to do, making it presentable for Polly's guests, she smelled the cake. It was scorching. But why should she go back to the kitchen and say: "Polly, your cake is burning!" Polly would not thank her for the information. Polly knew enough to bake a cake, of course.

An hour later Polly and her friend went out to invite two other guests to meet the Hamiltons. Then Grandma Gray, the kitchen coast being clear, went out to see about that cake. "It has fallen. It isn't baked in the middle and Polly has filled the settled places with frosting and covered up the scorched places with it. But when she cuts that cake she will be very much mortified, Polly will." Grandma Gray, having come to this conclusion, went right about making another cake. Polly would be gone over an hour, certainly. She stirred up the batter as quickly as she had ever done in those young days, when she was by common consent called, "the best cake-maker in the neighborhood." It came out of the oven in as good condition as any she ever made. She frosted it and ornamented it as she used to "fix off" company cake when she was in the thick of the fray of housekeeping, in what Polly would call, "the prime of life." She hid the cake under a milk-pan, and with great curiosity awaited results.

The company came and Polly and Emma received them with warm welcome. It could not be imagined that an old person like Grandma Gray could possibly care to see young folks, so she was left to sit in her easy chair in her own room, reading her evening chapter in the Bible.

Strange to say, Polly came rushing in about nine o'clock, saying: "Oh, grandma, what shall I do? My cake is not fit to eat. It is all raw in the middle. I don't know what to do. The stores are closed, and I can't get a thing. Besides I told them all that Em and I had made a cake."

Grandma had felt sure that Polly would come to her in the emergency and she quietly rose from her chair, and followed Polly to the pantry, where Emma stood with "confusion of face." With a look of kindly triumph on her face, grandma lifted the milk pan and brought out her cake.

"Oh, you dear, sweet grandma!" exclaimed Polly, as she threw her arms about the good old lady's neck. "How good you are! We never can thank you enough for making such a beautiful cake and helping us out of this horrid mess we made."

"Ah!" said Grandma Gray, laughing heartily, "supposing I had kept sitting in my easy chair all the afternoon reading my Bible, what then?"

What Girls Hate in Men.

In a recent issue of a London weekly its readers were invited to give an opinion as to what ten characteristics were considered to be the most hateful in men, and it was announced that the competition should be decided by the votes recorded. A very large number submitted opinions on the subject. The bad features of character in men, judging from the lists sent in, were many and varied, but after a careful checking, it has been found that according to the votes of readers the following were the ten characteristics considered most hateful:

1. Drunkenness. 2. Cowardice. 3. Selfishness. 4. Conceit. 5. Meanness. 6. Laziness. 7. Deceit. 8 Untruthfulness. 9. Gambling. 10. Cruelty.

Sure, Safe and Painless.

What a world of meaning this statement embodies. Just what you are looking for, is it not? Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—the great sure pop cure—acts in this way. It makes no sore spots; safe, sure speedily and with certainty, sure and mildly, without inflaming the parts; painlessly. Do not be imposed upon by imitations and substitutes.

—The odor of cloves is very unpleasant to red ants, and if whole cloves are scattered in the places where the ants are found they will disappear.

If I Were a Girl.

If I were a girl, but warned and guided by the knowledge of life that comes with maturer years, there are some things frequently done by well-intentioned girls in this year of grace, that I would try to leave undone, and some other things neglected by them that I would try to do, says a writer in Missionary Tidings.

If I were a girl, I would determine to have, if possible, a sound, healthy, well-knit body. I would not ruin my digestion by eating caramels, nor my nerves by keeping late hours, nor my lungs by breathing bad air and wearing uncomfortable clothing. I would have my regular hours of eating and sleeping, and not be tempted from them oftener than once or twice a year. I would have my own ideas of what was sensible, economical and appropriate in dress, and never be tempted from them on any occasion.

If I were a girl I would learn, as early as possible, to do the homely duties which come to the vast majority of women sooner or later. I would learn to make and mend my own clothes, to sweep, and dust, and iron, and cook, and do all these things so easily and well that the doing could never be a drudgery.

If I were a girl I would not make a confidential friend of a new acquaintance. I would know just as many pleasant people as it was possible to know, but I would try them for a long, long time before I began to share my innermost thoughts and feelings with them.

If I were a girl I would try very hard to keep my lips clear of slang, hasty words and stupid gossip. I would not seek a reputation for vivacity and "smartness" at the expense of candor and kindness. I would resolve, and resolve with all my might, to say what I meant and mean what I said.

If I were a girl I would learn some things about the events and the prominent characters and questions of the day. I would learn to place the central figures of history—to know whether Socrates was a Greek or a Roman, and how and where Joan of Arc achieved immortality. I would not go through life tortured by an ignorance which may be remedied wherever the British language is known and a public library is accessible.

If I were a girl I would not spend hours in reading light novels—even harmless ones—when the same time wisely used would give me a lifelong acquaintance with Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Scott, Thackeray, Macaulay, Dickens, George Eliot, Hawthorne, the Brownings, Tennyson, Longfellow, and still others of the masters of literature.

If I were a girl I would be a christian, and I would not be ashamed to own that I bore the name. If I could not be a wise, mature and influential christian, I would be content to be an honest christian girl, and wait for time and training to do the rest. I would try not to make myself and my religion offensive by cant and "goodishness," but I would try to have it understood which side I was on and why I was there.

To put it briefly, if I were a girl, and if youth could look forward as easily as latter life can look backward, I would begin to be in girlhood what I shall wish in old age I had become.

For the achievement it is necessary but to speak and live up to a resolute "I will."

Tale-Bearing a Demoralizing Vice.

The worst gossip I have the misery of knowing declares loudly when she begins to open her pack, that she "isn't one to talk of neighbour's affairs." She thinks it low, and mean, and unchristian. It is as much as she can do to mind her own business. This preliminary over, she backbites right and left, buzzing over reputations with the ghoulish relish of the blue-bottle fly from which, if there be any truth in Darwin, she was evolved.

I caught one of the creatures once as he plied his trade—for it is occasionally of the masculine gender—and pinned him down under the magnifying glass.

A telegram was brought to my house by him in his capacity as general messenger. Lingering upon the veranda he heard in the hall an exclamation from one servant to the other that "Mrs Wilson had died that morning." Mrs. Willis, a dear kinswoman of my own, had gone to town on an early train that day. In less than an hour a stream of callers and a rain of messages poured in upon my astonished self, expressing all degrees of brief and sympathy. Mrs. Willis had been killed on the way to the city—it was thought by a misstep from the cars. She had burst a blood vessel in the train. She had died quietly of heart disease, sitting in her place in the car, and the event was not known until she got to Jersey City. She had been run over, after reaching town, by a cable car—or maybe an express wagon.

Amaziah Board was responsible for each of these versions of something that had never happened. When I drove Mrs Willis home from the afternoon train, the public stopped short, with dropping jaw and startling eyeballs, at every corner to stare at us.

"Why," I demanded of Amaziah, meeting him outside my gate as we turned in, "why did you spread all those stories through the neighborhood, and not a word of truth in one of them?"

Nought abashed he stood and delivered this plea:

"I thought the girl said 'Mrs. Willis,' the names being so much alike, and she must a-died some sudden way, seeing, she was alive an' well 't 9 o'clock this morning. So I jes' guessed how it mought 'a happened—don't you see?—in any o' them likely ways one of em was pretty sure to be right. I said that I thought that was how it was. I didn't say it was for certain."

"Why need you say anything about her? It was none of your business."

He gaped at me in amazement, then laughed outright at my simplicity.

"A fool for the truth!" The same fierce lust for carrying tales and making them grow on the way consumes thefellow-tattlers, who can puff their second-hand wares grammatically and who have art to cloak their motives.

The trade is unspeakably mean throughout, and inevitably vulgarizes any one who follows it. The carrion fly grows greedy by what she fattens upon and taints whatever she touches. I ask no better test of the refinement of any individual or coterie than the attitude assumed, in daily talk, toward this vice, than which none other is more contagious.—*Marion Harland.*

—The entries for the presidential race are probably not yet complete, but they make a formidable list. Here they are:

Republican, William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt.

Democratic, William J. Bryan and A. E. Stevenson.

Populist, William J. Bryan and Charles A. Towne.

Silver Republican, William J. Bryan and A. E. Stevenson.

Prohibition, John G. Woolsey of Illinois, and H. B. Metcalf of Rhode Island.

Populist (middle of the road), Wharton Barker of Pennsylvania, and Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota.

United Christian, Rev. F. E. Clark of Massachusetts, and Rev. Charles M. Sheldon of Kansas.

Socialist Labor Job. Harriman of California, and Max S. Hayes of Ohio.

Social Democrat, Eugene V. Debs of Indiana, and Job Harriman of California.

De Leon socialist, J. F. Maloney of Massachusetts, and Valentine Remmill of Pennsylvania.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

To Preserve Eggs.

For the preservation of eggs it is stated that the method which calls for the employment of water gloss is the most successful. This water gloss is known as "sodium silicate" and can be purchased for a small amount in any drug store. About six pounds dissolved in eight gallons of water is sufficient to treat fifty dozen eggs. First ascertain that there are no cracks in the eggs, then place on a sieve and dip them with warm melted lard. Remove from the sieve, allow the lard to cool and then submerge in the water gloss solution. The *Baker's Helper* records the result of a series of experiments made in egg preservation by Dr. W. H. Morse, of Westfield, N. J. On the 6th July, 1899, forty-eight eggs, freshly laid, were prepared according to sixteen different methods (three eggs for each method.) On February 7th, 1900, after seven months of preservation, the eggs were opened for use. The results were as follows:

1. Eggs packed in bran; all bad.
2. Eggs packed in salt; not bad, but uneatable.
3. Eggs wrapped in cotton; 80 per cent. bad.
4. Eggs kept submerged in glycerine; 80 per cent. bad.
5. Eggs varnished with glycerine; 70 per cent. bad.
6. Eggs paraffin-coated; 70 per cent. bad.
7. Eggs dipped in alum solution; 50 per cent. bad.
8. Eggs in a solution of salicylic acid; 50 per cent. bad.
9. Eggs varnished with isinglass; 40 per cent. bad.
10. Eggs covered with lac; 40 per cent. bad.
11. Eggs preserved in wood ashes; 20 per cent. bad.
12. Eggs dipped in collodion; 20 per cent. bad.
13. Eggs dipped in boric acid; 20 per cent. bad.
14. Eggs treated with manganate of potassae; 20 per cent. bad.
15. Eggs varnished with vaseline; all good.
16. Eggs preserved in lime water; all good.

Thus it appears that eggs preserved in lime water or varnished with vaseline are best preserved. We do not find that preservation in lime water imparts any disagreeable odor or taste to the eggs; though this is not impossible. Varnishing with vaseline is a process that requires too much time, but the results are excellent. In fact this seems to be very nearly perfect preservation—the three eggs having a specific gravity of 1.0942 when put on the table for varnishing, and 1.0784 when removed seven months later.

Eating Meat.

Those persons who object to eating meat have many strong arguments to support their case. In *Health Culture*, one writer says it has been estimated if only meat from strictly healthy animals were marketed, meat could not be bought for less than $1 a pound. At least seven-tenths of the world's population never eat flesh meat.

In India, China, Japan and adjacent countries are about 400,000,0000 people, strong, active and long lived, who eat no meat. The Turkish porter on a daily ration of rice and dates will jog along with bent back under a load that would crush a Western man. Darwin tells us that the Andean natives do a day's work of 400 foot tons, nearly twice the work of an ordinary laborer, on a diet of bananas.

Among the Japanese, the rikisha men, with muscles like steel bands, will whirl their seated passengers over the ground at the speed of a horse's trot, 40 miles a day, for days together. Their diet consists of rice, vegetables, and occasionally a little fish. The Lascars, on a similar diet make the best seamen in the world.

Peasants of Russia may live upon thin vegetable soup, sauerkraut, rye bread and oil. The Scotch Highlander, whose courage and hardiness is proverbial, seldom touches meat, living mainly upon oatmeal, vegetables and buttermilk. Among the most active and vital people of the world are the Irish peasants, whose diet consists almost entirely of potatoes and buttermilk. The farmers of Corsica live all winter upon dried fruit, mainly dates and polenta (chestnut) meal. During the Middle Ages the Moors used to provision their fortified cities with chestnuts and olive oil. Chestnuts provide almost a perfect food, and, in fact, they constitute a staple article of diet among the peasantry of certain portions of Italy.

In his epoch-making work, "Physical Education," Dr. Felix L. Oswald says: "The strongest men of the three manliest races in the present world are non-flesh eating—the Turanian mountaineer, the Mandigo tribes of Senegambia and the Schleswig-Holstein Bauern, who furnish the heaviest soldiers for the German army and the ablest seamen for the Hamburg navy. Nor is it true that flesh is an indispensable, or even the best, brain food. Pythagoras, Plato, Seneca, Paracelsus, Spinoza, Peter Boyle and Shelley were vegetarians. So were Franklin and Lord Byron in their best years." And so is Tolstoi.

The Baneful Cigarette.

In Canada we are in our infancy in combating this great evil. The use of tobacco by growing boys is universally condemed by physicians because prejudicial to physical strength and development and moral culture. The cigarette is the most pernicious form of manufactured tobacco and yet is widely and increasingly used by the boys of the Dominion.

A little lad, ten years of age, who attended the public school in ward—, London, was a wreck from the use of cigarettes. He came from a large family and had several brothers not much older than himself who were also hard smokers. The child's teacher found him unable to grasp even the simplest kind of instruction and on discovering the cause felt it her duty to break the sad news to his mother. The mother listened indifferently. She was neither shocked nor pained. Her reply was: "Cigarettes, did you say? Oh! that's all right. He doesn't pay anything for them. His brother works in a cigar factory and gets them for nothing!" Since that interview two members of the family have died as a direct result, so said the doctor, of their indulgence in this deadly habit.

A pretty society girl in the same city confided to her bosom friend that she "had been so much troubled about dear Jack. He would persist in smoking and she was sure it was undermining his constitution, but after much coaxing he had consented to give up the horrid cigars and pipe and take instead those nice little harmless cigarettes!"

These are two incidents out of many that might be quoted.

A PILL A DAY

One of Parson's Pills every day for a week will do more to cure Biliousness, Sick Headache and Constipation, and all Liver and Bowel Complaints, than a whole box of irritating, drastic pills or remedies.

Put up in glass phials, boxed, 25c.

I. S. JOHNSON & CO. Boston, Mass.

—Have you a son or a daughter? Have you a friend over whom you have influence? Would you do such child of yours or such friend of yours, irreparable harm? Then cultivate the cynic's gift of doubt and scorn. Believe in your boy if you want him to believe in himself. Trust him if you would not have him distrusted. Seek not so much to put him on a platform of your building, as to inspire in him a faith growing with his growth. Inspire him to open his eyes not to the deformity, of which there is so much in the world, but to the duty and the beauty of God's universe. Half the children in the world die of want of courage, suffer constant loss because no one takes them by the hand and gives them a word of cheer, a word of direction that imparts a consciousness that there is divine mission for every son and daughter of God. Hundreds of discouraged Peters in this world are crying because they are sinking. And none comes to show them how to swim. They perish not because four-fifths of the elemental world is unmitted to their capacity, but because none has directed and inspired them how to make opportunity into service, how to transfigure service into honor and life. One man who helps a child to become great, thereby himself becomes a child of God, a Son of heaven, disciple of that greatest of the Builders whom we call the Son of the Carpenter. I remember once, many years ago in crossing the old bridge spanning the Androscoggin at Lewiston, a saint of God met me as I was starting for the freshman year in college, thrust his palm into my hand and said with a tremolo in his voice that was both inspiration and songs without words that have been ringing in my ears ever since, "I pray you acquit yourself, boy as you are, as though you were a man." The moisture gathered in his eyes. He said no more. We separated. He needed to say no more. Those words were like sweet bells tinkling in the Empyrean of my life. Long sermons, many and profound, have I heard since that hour. Exhortations, sincere and intelligent, have been uttered in my hearing. But that one sentence, punctuated with the texture of Parson Drummond's life, has been a Christian song to me ever since and life has been larger and better for me because of those kindly words which fell from the good man's lips, not because he was paid for uttering them, but because his heart would have broken if he had not uttered them. If you want your boy to believe in himself, be sure, first, that you have faith enough to have faith in him.

Things in General.

In preparing a house to be closed for the summer, the simple expedient of putting a few drops of oil of lavender on the shelves of the bookcase will protect the books from mould.

Unsightly marks caused by the dropping of water in marble basins may be removed by rubbing with a cloth or an old tooth-brush dipped in pulverized chalk or ammonia.

To clear the air of a room, put a lump of camphor in a saucer and apply a very hot poker to it. This will cause strong fumes which cleanse the air very speedily, and at the same time acts as a powerful disinfectant.

Leather bags, when old and worn looking may be revived by being rubbed over with the white of an egg. Apply it with a piece of soft rag. It will revive the leather without in any way injuring it.

Cans of milk or butter can be kept perfectly cold by being wrapped in a cloth and set in a deep dish containing some water, where air is circulating. As the cloth absorbs the water, cold is produced by evaporation.

A smoking lamp is an exceedingly unpleasant thing, and is very often caused by the wick not being in proper order. It is a good plan to soak new wicks in vinegar, and allow them to dry thoroughly before being used.

A good way to discover the presence of moths, and also to destroy them, is to place a lighted candle in a basin of water; the moths will be attracted by the flame, and will drop into the water. The burning of camphor or sulphur will destroy the insects. The basin of water is always necessary as a safeguard against fire.

—I am but one, but I am one. I cannot do everything, but I can do something. What I can do, I should do. What I should do, by the help of God I will do.—*Mrs Geo. H. Lees' Hamilton.*

"A word to the wise is sufficient." Wise people keep their blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla and make sure of health.

Haying Tools

Scythes, Snaths,
Rakes, Forks,
Whet Stones,
Fork Handles, &c.,

Just arrived and for sale at bottom prices.

Flour, Meal & Feed

Five Roses, Hungarian,
Tilson's Pilgrim,
Tilson's Pride,
Delight, White Coat and Puritan,

At Market Prices.

CLOTHING
CLOTHING

Men's Black Serge Suits, $10.00.
Other Suits from $5.00 to $12.00.
Men's Pants from $1.00 to $3.00.
Overalls, Jumpers, Top Shirts,
Underclothing, &c.

JOSEPH I. FOSTER
June 27th, 1900. Bridgetown.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE

ALL persons having any legal claims against the estate of BURPEE R. BALCOM, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate, will please make immediate payment to either of the undersigned.

EDGAR BENT,
NORMAN LONGLEY, } *Executors.*
Paradise, Aug. 1st, 1899. 20 tf

NOTICE

ALL persons having legal claims against the estate of the late WILLIAM BEALS, of Clarence, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within three months from date, and all persons indebted to the said estate are notified to make immediate payment to

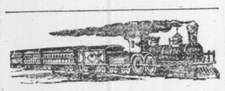
MRS. RUTH BEALS,
Executrix.
Clarence, July 18th, 1900.—3m

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Is the best of all the preparations of Cod Liver Oil. It is pure, palatable and effectual.

Readily taken by children.

Always get **Puttner's**, it is the **Original** and **Best.**



DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY
—AND—
Steamship Lines
—TO—
St. John via Digby
—AND—
Boston via Yarmouth.

"Land of Evangeline" Route

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 25TH, 1900, the Steamship and Train Service of this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):—

Trains will Arrive at Bridgetown:

Express from Halifax	11.14 a.m
Express from Yarmouth	1.07 p.m
Accom. from Richmond	4.20 p.m
Accom. from Annapolis	6.20 a.m
Express from Halifax, Friday & Saturday	8.08 p.m
Express from Annapolis, Saturday and Monday	4.16 a.m

Trains will Leave Bridgetown:

Express for Yarmouth	11.14 a.m
Express for Halifax	1.07 p.m
Accom. for Halifax	6.20 a.m
Accom. for Annapolis	4.20 p.m
Express for Annapolis, Friday & Saturday	8.08 p.m
Express for Halifax, Saturday & Monday	4.16 a.m

BOSTON SERVICE:
S. S. "Prince George" and "Prince Arthur,"
2,400 Gross Tonnage; 7,000 Horse Power.
by far the finest and fastest steamers plying out of Boston, leave Yarmouth, N.S., Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning, leave Long Wharf, Boston, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic R'y steamers.

Royal Mail S. S. 'Prince Rupert,'
1,200 Gross Tonnage; 3,000 Horse Power.
ST. JOHN and DIGBY,
Daily Service (Sunday excepted.)

Leaves St. John	7.00 a.m
Arrives in Digby	10.00 a.m
Leaves Digby	12.50 p.m
Arrives in St. John	3.35 p.m

Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on Express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.
S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips between Kingsport and Parrsboro.
Trains and Steamers are run on Eastern Standard Time.

P. GIFKINS,
Gen'l Manager,
Kentville, N. S.

CANADA'S
INTERNATIONAL ... EXHIBITION
St. John. N. B.
Opens Sept. 10th,
Closes Sept. 10th.

Additions have been made to the Live Stock prizes and a Buttermaking Competition and exhibit of Cheese making provided for.

AMUSEMENTS will, this year, be more than ever a prominent feature, including many unique and startling novelties.

VERY CHEAP FARES and special excursions on all railways and steamers. Exhibits on several of the main lines will be carried practically free. Full particulars advertised later.

EXHIBITORS desiring space in the buildings or on grounds should make early enquiry, and for sales and special privileges immediate application should be made.

Premium lists and entry forms will be sent on application to

CHAS. A. EVERETT,
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APPLES A SPECIALTY

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N. MAYNRIGHT-MEYER & CO

6 and 7 CROSS LANE, LONDON, E. C.

accept and finance consignments of APPLES, HAY, BUTTER and CANNED GOODS, etc.

Highest market prices with lowest charges guaranteed. For full information apply to their representative

JAMES R. DE WITT,
Bridgetown, N. S.

NOTICE

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of EDWARD E. BENT, late of Bentville, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to

ANNIE C. BENT, Administratrix.
REGINALD J. BISHOP, Administrator.
Tupperville, Annapolis County, N. S.
April 3rd, 1900. —6m

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JAMES WILSON, late of Centreville, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby required to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

O. S. MILLER,
Executor.
Bridgetown, June 26th, 1900.—14 tf

Some cough mixtures smother the cough. But the next breeze fans it into life again.

Better put the cough out. That is, better go deeper and smother the fires of inflammation. Troches cannot do this. Neither can plain cod-liver oil.

But Scott's Emulsion can. The glycerine soothes and makes comfortable; the hypophosphites give power and stability to the nerves; and the oil feeds and strengthens the weakened tissues.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

GRANITE IRON

Having bought a large assortment of Granite Iron for cash before the rise, I am prepared to give extra bargains.

CREAMERY WORK
will receive my special attention.

PLUMBING
in all the latest sanitations a specialty.

R. ALLEN CROWE.

We are showing for the first time
TWO LINES OF
DOWN CUSHIONS!
Size 20x20 inch, at 75c and 90c.
Size 22x22 inch, at 95c and $1.15.

Feather Pillows
at $3 50, $4 50, $5 00, $5 25 and $5 50.
Wool and Fibre Pillows made to order.

MATTRESSES
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The subscriber offers for sale at the new store on Court Street, Bridgetown.
Choie Home-made Bread, Biscuits, Pastry, &c.
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We will make a specialty of Lunches at all hours, consisting of Baked Beans and Brown Bread at 10c. Satisfaction guaranteed, and lowest prices.
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Caskets of all grades, and a full line of funeral furnishings constantly on hand.
Cabinet Work also attended to.
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THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs that may be desired.
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Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 991y

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'BARGAIN' BOOT AND SHOE STORE
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A full line of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Women's, Misses' and Children's Fine and Coarse Boots.
Boots and Shoes made and Repaired.
Special attention given to Repairing
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Old brass Andirons, Candlesticks, Trays and Snuffers; old Mahogany Furniture. Also old Postage Stamps used before 1870—worth most on the envelopes; old blue Dishes and China. Grandfather clocks. Good prices paid.
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VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE
That well-known and valuable farm situate near Bridgetown and formerly owned and occupied by the late T. W. CHESLEY. A portion of the purchase money may remain on mortgage. For terms, etc., apply on the premises to Mrs. Shaw. 49 t

N. E. CHUTE,
Licensed Auctioneer
BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

The Household.

Hints on Cake-making.

Experience has taught me some lessons which I gladly embody in the following hints for those who are beginning their experience as cooks in their own homes:

If your ingredients are scattered, bring them near at hand before beginning your cake. Measure your sugar into the dish you are to mix your cake in, and add the correct amount of butter, slightly warmed.

Mix well the butter and sugar; break the eggs into a bowl, and, after beating lightly add them, and beat the whole briskly, add milk, then measure flour into the sifter, add cream tartar and saleratus, or their equivalent, sift into the embryo cake and beat vigorously.

It is well to have greased your tins before beginning your cake; now fill them and put into the oven.

If it is a layer cake, and you are using wood for baking, you should have made a brisk fire, and when it is about cooling down, your oven, if a quick heater, will be ready for the cake, which will bake quickly.

If it is a loaf cake, the oven should have been more gradually heated, so that after a second firing is burning well the cake can be put in. Adding fresh fuel while a cake is in the oven is a bad plan, unless just at the last it seems to be baking too slowly, then a little light wood may be put in to finish.

Cakes with molasses require a cooler, slower oven than those with sugar, and to the baking of a molasses fruit-cake time and attention must be given. An earthen dish is better than tin for a fruit cake, and a new tin should not be used, as it burns more easily than the old.

Fruit cakes require a little more flour in proportion than others, else the weight of the fruit will cause it to settle. Soft molasses cake is often spoiled by too much flour and this same fault exists in much of the cake that is made.

A cake of any kind should have just enough flour to cause it to rise and stand evenly across the top. If it puffs up in the middle, too much has been used. If on the contrary, there is a depression, it needs more flour.

The amount of flour can not be given with exactness in any recipe, because of the difference in the different brands.

A bit of advice to the novice is to bake little "try cakes" until experience teaches the amount of flour necessary for the cake, and what the heat of the oven should be.

If the "try cake" settles, and if after adding flour it is still heavy, beat another egg and add to the batter, and unless you have omitted some essential ingredient or too much sugar has been used, the fault will be generally remedied. Plain cake batter if baked in patty pans, and if the cake is salted a little, will have a better flavor.

The young cook with one recipe that never fails her, and the busy one who has no time to try new recipes, may vary their "never-fails" by different fillings and frosting. The plain boiled frosting may be varied in many ways. The addition of grated chocolate to the hot frosting gives a fine chocolate filling for the layer cake, or a top and side frosting for loaf cake. With it may be used figs, dates, raisins, any candied fruit; nuts or cocoanut.

Bed-Time Stories.

To send children happily to bed should be one of the mother's most ordinary tasks, no little one should dread the bed-time hour, nor fear the dark, nor be allowed to go to rest under a sense of disgrace or alienation from the household love. Whatever the child's daytime naughtiness may have been, at nightfall he should be forgiven, and go to rest with the mother's kiss on his lips, and her tender voice in his ears.

Hardly anything can be worse for a young child than to be scolded or punished at bed-time. The mother does well to be blind to some things, remembering that a good deal of childish culpability is superficial only, and and washes off almost as easily as does the dirt which the evening bath removes from the skin.

The main thing with children is to have them well-started with good principles, which they will carry through life. Obedience, truth, unselfishness, purity, are essentials, and these can all be lovingly cultivated, and will flourish in the right home atmosphere.

When the nursery brood is undressed for bed, the lights turned low, the room quiet for the night, the mother, or nurse, or elder sister, or the kind auntie, who is still to be found in fortunate houses, should have a little fund of stories on which to draw for the small listener's pleasure before they embark on the train for dreamland.

Fairy stories are always enjoyed by the children, and the literature of fairyland is not far to seek. Imagination is very active in little children, and occasionally one meets a mother who does not understand the child's world, having forgotten her own early days and their illusions, or who is afraid that fancy and its imageries will lead her her child into deceit. While the most exact and rigid truthfulness should be practiced in our dealings with children, and they themselves should be taught to shun equivocation and every form of lying, still we need not fear to let imagination give them pleasure.

They early learn to discriminate between the false and the true—or perhaps it would be better to say, that they learn to find the truth wrapped up in the husk of the story. Our fairy lore is older than civilization. The same stories, with variations, have in all ages and climes been taught and told to children, and they have their origin in the needs and the heart of the race. Children thrive on fairy stories, and are the better able to grasp other literature, if early fed on these.

—*Washington Star.*

Corn Recipes.

CORN SOUP.—Simmer for twenty-five minutes a can of corn in two cupfuls of boiling water. Rub the corn through a sieve. Add two cupfuls of hot milk to the corn and one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour; add pepper and salt. Complete with a garnish of whipped cream.

Corn Omelet.—To three well beaten eggs, add four tablespoonfuls rich milk, pepper and salt, one half cupful of corn chopped fine. Use a very hot frying pan, brown carefully, roll, serve immediately.

Corn and Potatoes—Mix a cupful of cold chopped potatoes with one pint of corn, fry.

Corn Fritters.—Mix one level teaspoonful of baking powder with one-half cupful flour; add one-half cupful of milk, two cupfuls of corn, grated, two eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, pepper and celery salt. Drop by spoonfuls into boiling lard.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

HOOD'S PILLS

Rouse the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Joker's Corner.

Perfectly Cool.

The guests at the hotel were aroused by the ringing of the fire alarm.

Mr. Smart sprang out of bed and lit the gas. "Don't be alarmed, Penelope," he said, to the frightened Mrs. Smart; "keep perfectly cool, perfectly cool. That's the only thing to do in a case of this kind. Dress yourself, my dear, and I will pack the valises."

Mrs. Smart rose and tremblingly proceeded to do as she was bid. Her husband hurried to the window and looked out. A crowd was gathering in the street below, and the engines were arriving.

"There is no immediate danger," he said; "the one thing to do is, as I said before, to keep perfectly cool. You attend to your dressing, and I will look out for everything else."

Mrs. Smart bustled about jamming garments into the valise and carefully looking through each drawer in the dresser to see that nothing had been forgotten. There was a great hubbub and screaming in the halls outside.

"Idiots!" ejaculated Mr. Smart. "I would be willing to bet that two thirds of the guests in this hotel will rush out without saving a single item of their property, besides making spectacles of themselves. I have always said, that should occasion arise, I would endeavor to preserve both propriety and dignity by keeping perfectly cool, perfect-ly cool. 'All ready, Penelope?' he inquired.

"Yes, Mortimer."

Here Mr. Smart threw open the hall door.

"But, Mortimer——" said Mrs. Smart.

"Well, what is it, my dear? Anything you've left behind?"

"No-o; but Mortimer, don't you think we would appear more dignified if you had remembered to dress yourself?"—*Bazar.*

Reminded Him of Home.

The burglar had entered the house as quietly as possible, but his shoes were not padded, and they made some noise.

He had just reached the door of the bedroom when he heard someone moving in the bed as if about to get up, and he paused.

The sound of a woman's voice floated to his ears.

"If you don't take off your boots when you come into this house," it said, "there's going to be trouble, and a whole lot of it. Here it's been raining for three hours, and you dare to tramp over my carpets with your muddy boots on. Go downstairs and take them off."

He went downstairs without a word, but he didn't take off his boots. Instead he went out into the night again, and the "pal" who was waiting for him saw a tear glisten in his eye.

"I can't rob that house," he said. "It reminds me of home."

—Pat was a fresh arrival, and had obtained a situation in a hotel as a sort of man of all work. "Now, Pat," said the landlord, "you see that sign, 'Gentlemen must use the spittoons.' If you notice any of the guests violating that rule, I want you to report the matter to me." "Oi wull, sor." Pat kept a sharp eye out, and after watching a gentleman for half an hour, he went to him and said, "D'ye moind the sign forninst the wall, sor?" "Yes." "Why don't you observe it, thin?" "I am not spitting on the carpet," said the gentleman, rather astonished. "Oi knaw yer not, an' yer not usin' the spettune naythe. Spet ye thafe, or el'll report yez."

The New Professor.

The students who attended the lectures in biology planned a little joke on