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## POETRY

## THE BEDTIME TROOP.

A scurry of feet on the bedroom stair  
A titter along the hall—  
And this is the charge of the night  
brigade  
To capture me, heart and all,  
And there is Lieutenant Dream,  
While the only arms of love are theirs  
As into my heart they stream.

A low, little laugh as they form in  
lines,  
Robed in their slumber gowns—  
No armor rude with its harsh in-  
trude.

No helmets that clank and trow;  
They come for the hug and goodnight  
kiss,  
And unto my heart they bring  
The song of the bedtime troops of  
love.

With its old, ineffable ring.  
I sigh as I think of the lonesome folk  
In their fortresses alone,  
Where never the children charge with  
their cheer.

Where the bedtime song's unknown;  
Who sit in their childless room alone  
Nor ever behold at all  
The Sluggish Eyes and the Golden  
Dream.

Come marching down through the  
hall,  
Who never have felt around their  
nocks

Nor ever upon their lips,  
The soft caress of a little arm,  
Or a kiss with its sweet eclipse,  
I do not know what I would do  
Were the bedtime troops away.

And I almost dread the time to come  
When they'll march to the grown-up  
fray.

In single file, to a merry tune,  
Whispering, wild with glee,  
They turn the knob and open the door  
And rush to the heart of me.

Retreat is vain, retreat I won't,  
So on my lap they leap—  
The troops of the night brigade that  
come

For the kiss of the tender sleep.

## STORY

## CYRILLA

Although she was so unhappy, no  
one was unkind to Cyrilla. But the  
farm was a busy place, and there was  
much to be done. And she was a  
thing to the fair-haired little girl  
who braided the mats that no one  
wanted, for Aunt Eunice had a wealth  
of strange and many-colored rugs she  
had made herself.

But Cyrilla longed to be of some  
use, and in the intervals of braiding  
rugs she knitted innumerable socks  
and mittens. She looked almost with  
envy at her cousin Flora, moving  
swiftly here and there all day long,  
for motion like that was impossible  
to Cyrilla, with her lame and crooked  
back.

Her Uncle Nelson had brought her  
home when her mother died, and her  
Aunt Eunice had made her welcome.  
But she knew was an odd bird;  
and she tried eagerly to make the  
burdenless, loving everybody, and de-  
siring feverishly to help her aunt  
about the work, and her uncle, whom  
she adored, about the farm. They  
were fervent prayers she whispered in  
the meeting house, and bitter tears  
she shed at home. Her arms were  
strong; she could beat eggs and chop  
the mince-meat; but on the whole she  
felt she was useless.

The farm lay on the edge of the  
marshes behind the sand-dunes. Some-  
times she heard at night the roar of  
the distant surf, but the loam of the  
breakers and the glow of the light-  
houses were hidden by the dunes. Cy-  
rilla loved the summer odors of the  
deep-green levels melting into violet,  
the mist, the little white sails skim-  
ming through unseen channels, and  
the gundalow with its dark square  
canvas above the load of salt hay  
swinging up the wider stream between  
the multitude of haycocks still wait-  
ing to be brought home.

In the fall she loved the broad  
reaches, rich with reds and browns.  
And in the winter the frosty prime  
twinkled on the stubble. The wide ex-  
panse seemed to Cyrilla full of peace;  
yet nothing more treacherous or more  
cruel than the marsh.

A large part of her uncle's property  
lay in this marsh land, and every  
summer he brought off great loads  
of hay that the teams hauled from  
the landings to the big barns. She  
had gone down with Flora and the  
boys once when the men were cut-

"Papa," asked the eminent sur-  
geon's petted daughter, "what is the  
appendix veriformis good for, any-  
way?"

"My dear," answered the eminent  
surgeon, "the last one I removed was  
good for that—salakin sack you are  
wearing."

ting the sheath that grew twelve feet  
high, and low tides and strong sum-  
mer suns having made it dry under-  
foot. They had carried baskets of peas  
and cake, and all had floated home on  
top of the hay of the big gundalow,  
singing and calling, laughing and sil-  
ent, in the broad moon light. And at  
the landing her uncle had lifted her in  
his arms and carried her home.

This year had been a fine one for  
the grass, and a great deal of what  
on the salt meadows had been left  
stocked on the stables to be hauled  
off when the marsh should freeze over.

"Well, wife," said Uncle Nelson, one  
raw winter night, "I guess we'll be  
going down to the Big Sand tomorrow  
morn'g, and bring off the salt hay."

The cold spell has frozen the  
marsh pretty stiff. There's a couple of  
down stacks waiting there. There's  
been a little more sun today than I

just like, and it's setting in a bank  
of cloud with the wind to the south-  
ward. I guess I shan't be any too  
soon."

"But father, it's going to be melt-  
ing, I don't believe the marsh will  
hold."

"Guess I'll have to risk it. If the  
thaw gets hold, it'll just flood the  
meadow and sweep the hay out to  
sea."

The day dawned mistily. "That  
ain't anything," said Mr. Nelson to  
his men. "We'll get that hay off be-  
fore the thaw gets it off. I should  
sort of hate to see all that hay float-  
ing out into the bay."

And they ate  
their breakfast hurriedly. Cyrilla pump-  
ing the coffee, and her aunt and Flora  
frying the cakes and stopping swiftly  
to wait upon them.

Cyrilla watched them all out of  
sight, the ten yoke of oxen, her uncle,  
the men and boys. As he turned  
his mighty shoulders, she saw his  
smile and the blue flash of his eyes,  
and thought there was no such man  
as he in all the country round.

They made quite a procession round  
the turn of the old marsh road, be-  
hind the meeting house, through the  
off of woods, and out upon the marsh.  
Cyrilla stood by, knitting to the win-  
dow, although she could see nothing  
but the sooty, thickening weather,  
while Flora and her aunt bustled  
about the morning work.

"We'll have a big baking," said  
Aunt Eunice. "They'll be hungry as  
hunters when they get back."

It was still very early in the fore-  
noon when the men and teams reach-  
ed Black Creek, a crooked little  
stream, as it flowed beside the  
main marsh and the upland where  
the hay was stacked. The tide was  
out, and there was only enough water  
to float the ice that rose and fell  
with the ebb and flow. Had the tide  
been full, there would have been black  
water in the way, as it was, the fact  
that the ice was not strong was of no  
consequence.

But Mr. Nelson thought it unwise to  
put his heavier cattle on the ice, and  
he sent over only two yoke of oxen  
with sleds. Then they loaded the sleds  
and by the chains they had stretched  
across, the big oxen on the other  
side pulled over the loads.

"We'll make a go of it, boys!"  
cried Mr. Nelson, working with all  
his might.

They had about half the hay across  
by the time she was flowing in again,  
had so lifted, and broken the ice that  
it would bear no more. "We'll leave  
Billy and Tom, and the sleds with the  
steers," said their father, "and we'll  
eat our lunch and send theirs across  
on the chains. You can make believe  
it's a shipwreck!" he called to the  
boys as he sent the basket across,  
"and this is the likelihood! There's a  
storm coming in, anyway, or I miss  
my guess."

"And a pretty big one," said John  
Downs, "or I miss mine."

"Suppose we can team this hay to  
the landing and he back for the rest  
when the tide falls, before the snow  
gets here?"

"Looks more like rain," said James  
Parks. "But I guess we can fetch it."

"We'll be back for you!" their  
father shouted to the boys.

Mist was now driving in raggedly  
from the sea, and by the time they  
had drawn the last of the hay to the  
landing, it had settled into a fine,  
stinging rain, slanting on a gale that  
had blown up fast and furious.

"Well, I don't like it," said Mr.  
Nelson. "But there's Billy and Tom  
left on the island. And if we don't go  
back for the rest of the hay, some of  
us must go back for them. And the  
steers. I gave 'em my word." And Mr.  
Nelson's word being given, there was

no further question with him, but  
there were the men. "You and Dan  
might take part of the teams and hay  
and get back to the barns," he said.

"Not by a long chalk!" said Parks.  
"I guess we won't leave all that's  
down there to swim out to sea."

"I'll take the boys with it if it  
does," said John.

"I don't know," said Mr. Nelson.  
"It looks now as if the storm was  
bent on mischief. Perhaps it'll need us  
all to get the boys off."

It was still early in the afternoon  
when they reached Black Creek; but  
the gale had brought twilight with it.  
Instead of finding the tide falling, as  
they expected, they found the wind  
blowing it in again at a rate which  
would flood the whole marsh island  
before morning and sweep the hay  
out of sight.

"Since we put our shoulders to the  
plow," said Mr. Nelson, "it doesn't  
seem just the thing to look back."

"Guess we'll have a try at it," said  
Mr. Parks.

The water was running in now like  
a mill-race, and when they had secur-  
ed one load of the hay Mr. Nelson  
stopped. "We'll let the rest go," he  
said. "Just set to with me and get  
the boys and the steers off, and make  
for home while we can see the way!"

I know every foot of this marsh, but  
night and storm make a difference in  
your landmarks."

As soon as the boys had crossed  
the creek, Mr. Nelson and Parks went  
unyoked the steers, and let one of  
them on the heaving ice by the bow.

He was just within reach of the other  
bank when the weight of the creature  
crushed through the ice. Whirling his  
saw to cut a way for the ox, Mr.  
Nelson lost his balance, and found  
himself also in the freezing cold water  
and quite out of his depth. But  
Parks seized the head of the axe he  
held and dragged him ashore, the ox  
drowning after.

There was a dim moon behind the  
cloud, and with the strange outlines of  
the steaming cattle and the men  
leaving the glare through the dark  
and mist, with the big stacks, the  
opening and shutting lines of black  
water, the spits of rain, and the  
crashing and crackling and sobbing of  
the ice, the scene had a certain hor-  
ror. But Mr. Nelson and Parks went  
back together, the other steers in the  
lead of the large stacks, pulled down  
some of the hay about them, and got  
back across the broken ice with some  
difficulty. Then, the rest of the  
even, the party started for home.

By this time the moon had set and  
the darkness was impenetrable. The  
wild blasts blew out the flames of the  
lanterns, and it was impossible to re-  
light them. Heavily closed as the  
sea was, the long gusts of wind and  
sleet cut through them piecemeal.

Parks led the way with the cattle,  
and Downs and Dawn took each a  
boy in charge. Billy was crying, the  
rain and the tears washing his face  
together.

Presently, all came to a stop. There  
was not a glimmer of light to show  
the way. "Wait here!" cried Mr. Nelson.  
"If there's a way to find, I'll find it,  
and he made off to the right, the  
sudden marsh giving way under his  
feet. "I'm nearly played out," he said.  
"But I'll make a way or break it!"

He broke it, for in the next minute  
he had stepped off the icy bank into  
the stream. But with a mighty plunge  
he made the bank again, and got  
back to the others.

"It's hard," he said. "If there was  
only a glimmer to show the way! There's  
nothing to do but stand by  
till morning."

They turned loose the cattle, which  
wandered off huddled together. They  
were in water to their waists,  
and only by main strength kept on  
their feet and supported the faltering  
boys.

"Oh Lord in heaven," cried Mr.  
Nelson, "give us a glimmer of light,  
a sound, a way-mark!"

In the farmhouse the day had closed  
drearly. Aunt Eunice and Flora had  
been busy all the morning with won-  
derful baking, and the house had  
been redolent with the steam of de-  
licious cooking. They had let Cyrilla  
stone the raisins and pick over the  
cranberries, and then she had gone  
back to her window and shivered as  
she saw the grey vapors gather and  
presently drop in rain, slanting be-  
fore the wind, and at last drive by  
a roaring storm.

"They'll get wet," said Cyrilla.

"He should have known better than  
to go out with a thaw threatening,"  
said Mrs. Nelson. "It's bound to cap  
all when it begins easy. And you've  
got to go to the missionary gather-  
ing, Flora, if the sky falls, about  
that box for the Indians. Wrap up  
warm. You might take one of the  
mince pies to Mrs. Duntun—"

But presently Flora, in her water-  
proof and rubber boots, went plod-  
ding along the way, bent double with  
the gale, her umbrella blown inside  
out, but strengthening herself and

# LA GRIPPE

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La Grippe is no respecter of persons; it attacks the young and the old, the rich and the poor with the utmost impartiality.

Except in the cases where Pneumonia develops, La Grippe is seldom directly fatal; the real danger lies in the after effects. Even when the patient has fairly well recovered from an attack and it is very hard to tell just when he has fully recovered, the muscles are relaxed, the nerves unstrung, the heart and lungs weak, the throat and bronchial tubes irritable and tender and the whole system depressed, run-down and in no condition to resist the attack of any other disease to which it may be exposed.

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Two or three bottles of FERROL, taken after the acute stage of La Grippe has passed, will do more to repair damages than can possibly be accomplished in any other way. Try it and see.

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looking back and laughing.

Poor little Cyrilla did not feel like laughing. She would like to go to Mrs. Duntun's, too, but of course that was not to be thought of. She had sent mittens and socks, but it was not because she stayed away that she did not feel like laughing. She thought of her uncle and the boys.

"I don't see what keeps your uncle," her Aunt Eunice said, sitting down at last with her basket of darning. "He ought to be home by now. I hope the marsh hasn't given away anywhere."

"They'll catch awful colds," said Cyrilla.

"They don't catch cold so much," said Mrs. Nelson. "But something must have happened. Why, see how early it's getting dark! And the storm's grown worse instead of better. I declare, I'm worried!"

There was a long silence. It seemed as if the clock had never ticked so loud.

"They'll be chilled to the bone when they do come," said Mrs. Nelson. "I guess I'd better have things hot for them." She built up the fire and then set the teakettle forward. "We may as well get supper early," she said.

"They'll be nearly starved. Where do you suppose they are? There's a light in Mrs. Brown's dairy—they've milked already. We'll have some dip-toast, anyway," she said, hurrying about to diverse her mind. "He likes that. And scrambled eggs—well, I won't scramble them till he comes, but I'll break 'em into the pan, and you might be betting 'em up Cyrilla; your arms are stronger than mine."

And although Cyrilla knew it was only to fill her thoughts for the time being, she beat the eggs with a will. "I declare, I hate to light the lamp," said her aunt. "But I'll have to. The dark shuts down like a dish cover. I can't sit in the dark not knowing what's become of your uncle and the boys this weather. And Billy's chest isn't strong. I know what's happened! They're lost on the marsh! There isn't a light in sight there. They can't tell which way to go."

She fell into her chair and threw her apron over her head, and sobbed aloud.

Cyrilla sobbed, too; but her thoughts were seeking some way to help. If only she knew how to build a bonfire! But no bonfire would burn in these floods of rain, even could one be lighted for the wind. And then her thought touched another point—if they could not have a light to guide them, they might hear a sound that would help them. And she thought of the horn her aunt blew to call the men to dinner; but the storm would blow the sound back, and nothing would be heard.

There was the old string of cow-bells—but that was too absurd; it would be no better than the buzzing of a fly. And then suddenly another thought—if she could—if she dared!

She looked at her aunt. The poor woman racked feebly to and fro, all the strength gone out of her. No, her aunt could not do anything. And Flora was not here. Could she help herself? She found it a labor to get across the room, could she go out into the storm? She edged her way from chair to chair, till she reached the door, got a cloak in the entry, and broomstick handle there for a staff.

The wind rushed in as if it were going to search the house; but she suc-  
ceeded in shutting the outer door be-  
hind her. Planting her staff and bend-  
ing her head as she had seen Flora  
doing—Flora, who was plainly going  
to spend the night with Mrs. Duntun—  
she struggled down the lane.

She was frightened; she had never  
been out on such a night before. The  
darkness was something you could  
touch. But her uncle was out there  
and the boys. It was slow work; she  
could hardly set one foot before the  
other. She fell in the snow that the  
rain had soaked to a sponge. She fell  
repeatedly, and sat till her heart  
would let her go on. She wanted to  
fly and she could only crawl.

She could guess her way, too, by  
nothing but the ruts in the road.  
Never, never, had she been so im-  
patient! Blown here and there, tumbling  
down, scrambling up, losing her  
breath, bruised and drenched, at last  
she fell upon the meeting-house steps,  
and rested.

The door of the old meeting house  
was never locked. Cyrilla pulled her-  
self up, turned the handle of the door,  
and went in. She knew where the rope  
hung down in the middle of the broad  
aisle. She twisted her staff in the rope,  
and bent and pulled with her long  
arms—the only strong thing about  
her—and pulled again, and pulled  
with all her might.

Out on the tongue of the land in  
the middle of the marsh, where Mr.  
Nelson and his men stood shielding  
the young lads, a far, strange sound  
had come singing and swelling on the  
wind.

"The old meeting-house bell!" cried  
Mr. Nelson. "There's a fire somewhere  
I suppose. My land, it never did bet-  
ter work! Don't you hear! Don't you  
hear it from the north-east? If that's  
north-east, we're on Barclay's Point.  
Go, slow boys! Just follow that  
sound—slow—slow—and we'll be safe  
in less than an hour!"

With the sound of the bell leading  
them step by step, they crept on till  
they passed the little wood and came  
upon the highway, and at last they  
stumbled into the woodshed. Aunt  
Eunice, who had recovered strength  
at the sound of the bell, threw open  
the door of the great kitchen.

"Some of you," she said, "must go  
and fetch Cyrilla. She'll be ringing  
that bell till the break of day if you  
don't."

"Cyrilla!" cried her uncle. And ex-  
hausted as he had been the moment  
before, he was now filled with new  
energy, and hastened out and after  
her, although the lonely little church  
on the margin of the marsh never  
seemed so far away.

"Don't you ever say you're of no use  
again, my little dear," said her uncle,  
lifting Cyrilla in his arms. "You've  
saved the lives of four men and two  
boys to-night, and I don't know as  
anybody needs to be more useful than  
that."

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