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BREAD, CAKES and BISCUIT fresh from A heavy stock of Flour, Feed and Meal in Popular Brands. T. J. EAGLESON.

Weekly



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BRIDGETOWN, N. S. VOL. 28.

Nothing in the construction of the Cleveland

Bicycles is left to chance. In the smallest detail

of the making, in the littlest part of its mechan-

ism, perfection is the aim. You'll find this

favorite machine for 1900 "goes the past one

better" in improvements, new features and

Cleveland Bicycles.

We carry a full line of chain and

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The fast and popular Steel Steamer "BOSTON" leaves Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNSDAY and SATURDAY EVENING after arrival of the Express trains from Hallfax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, eyery TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 2 p. m., Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, eyery TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 2 p. m.,

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U. S. and Royal mail carried on this steamer.

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Through tickets to all points in Canada and to New York via rail and sound lines.

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Having purchased the Tailoring business

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Up-to-date Tailoring Establishment.

All our work will be guaranteed as to fit and work-

manship. Call and inspect our new stock. Tyke and

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We also have some big bargains in other makes, both

the hardened block pin which prevents

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Having bought a large assort-

will receive my special

attention.

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Licensed Auctioneer

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Every unconfessed sin breeds anoth

Each knave thinks that he will never

Conscience is the soul's compass and

There is no smoke without some fire

Dr. A. K. Fisher of Washington uses

be caught.

right is its pole star.

greatest smoke.

the latest sanitations a

to give extra bargains.

the chain from wearing.

the dust-proof skeleton gear case.

the improved ball-head spokes.

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Agents,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1900.

content that long without coming down to Poetry. cast his eye up and down the road.'

The Song of the Woman.

Frank L. Stanton, in The Saturday Evening Post.)
They'll never have done with the fightin' on land an' over sea;
Government—Government, what does it care
—what does it care for me?
Bugles must blow an' flags must wave, an' the muffled drums must beat,
An' what to a lass is a lover when they lay last night," said I.

They'll never have done with the fightin'.

Forward the columns sweep:

Forward the columns sweep;
I hear the shout o' the Captains as I tend
the hearth an' weep.
Far off an' faint—but I hear it, an' a white,
dead face I see
Under the sod in the grave that God an'

Bible they've got for battles: For men have fought an' died -Ere the Prince of Peace said strife should cease—the Prince that they crucified. Though a woman's tears bedew the years,

must part;
But what is a star of glory to a woman's flash. wrong must righted be. Give the lass then to her lover—an' my dead love back to me;

Don't Let the Song go out of Your Life. Don't let the song go out of your life Though it chance sometimes to flow In a minor strain; it will blend again With the major tone, you know.

skies.

And hide for a time the sun;
They sconer will lift and reveal the rift,
If you let the melody run. Don't let the song go out of your life; Though your voice may have lost its thrill; Though the tremulous notes should die in the

What though shadows rise to obscure life'

Let it sing ia your spirit still: gain,
And never a cup of rue
So bitter to sup but what in the cup
Lurks a measure of sweetness, too

Don't let the song go out of your life,
And, it never would need to go,
If with thought more true, and a broader We looked at this life below

Oh, why should we moan that life's Springtime has flown, Or sigh for the fair Summer time! The Autumn hath days filled with reans o praise, And the Winter hath bells that chime.

Don't let the song go out of your life,
Let it ring in the soul while here.
And when you go home it shall follow you And sing on in another sphere. Then do not despond, and say that the fond Sweet songs of your life have flown, For if ever you knew a song that was true, It's music is still your own.

Select Ziterature.

A Station Master's Story.

ment of Granite Iron for eash Across two fields I could see the little station peeping through the crimson and before the rise, I am prepared gold of the maples, half a mile away. I had no idea as to whether I should come near to train time: I had not been living by the clock for a month past. But of one thing I CREAMERY WORK was certain; I was not going to spoil this last day of my vacation by hurrying after a

train that might have no existence.
So I loitered along, drinking in the glorious October air, lounging beside fences, and now and then stopping to add another view to those which were later to provide me with an illustrated record of my outing, and finally came out upon the platform, to find to my satisfaction, that there had been no train for three hours and would be none

going my way for two more. I was not in the least discomposed by this latter information. On the contrary, nothing could have been more to my mind. I should thus waste none of this splendid day, and should be able to "take" several of the eautiful bits by which the station was sur-

"I think I never saw a finer piece of road," ip my camera, nodding down the line that stretched away in magnificent perspective, straight as a die for five miles, with a perfeet arch, which carried over it an intersecting road, to frame it in. "You're right, sir," he replied, with evident pleasure at my appreciation; "there

isn't another such bit for thirty miles." "That straight run together with one of the bravest men God ever made, saved a lot of lives a while back," he added a moment but the smallest fires often make the "Why, this was something like! I seated

myself on a truck, clasped my hands about "Let us do evil that good may come" my knee, gave one comprehensive glance is the bait which Satan uses to catch over the lovely landscape upon which the western sun was casting long shadows, then turned to my companion. It is far better to fight life's battle and earn your board, than to sit in the

"Go on," I said.
"Well, sir," he said, tilting back the box unshine and eat off the bread-fruit on which he was sitting, and folding his hands behind his head against the side of the baggage-room, "well, sir, it was this way. It was just about such a day as this, and wives might belong to the upper crust of wives might belong to the upper crust of just about this time of the day, strange to society. Now, with a tenth of that say. I was in the baggage-room, here, looknumber he can not even get into Con- ing over some little matter, when Jim Pollock, a great chum of mine, and one of the finest engineers on the road, came strol-ling along up the platform.

"I laughed to myself when I saw him coming, for I knew in a minute it wasn't bisulphide of carbon against clothes moths. He has a wooden chest in me he wanted a sight of, but that line there. Jim was a funny fellow in which he stores away his clothes. In the cover of the chest he has a large some ways. As clean and straight a chap as auger hole, with a sponge tied immediately below it. In midsummer he pours a few drops of bisulphide of carbon through the auger hole upon the sponge and closes the hole with a cork.

Le states that by virtue of this trust. We states that by virtue of this treatment he has never had any moths in his clothes.

Sponge and closes the noise with a cork.

Bless you if I don't think he was almost as much in love with the sight of a track or the smell of an engine's smoke! I used to plague Nanny about it, but she didn't ob--Why don't both sides of the At-ic follow the lead of the progress-as he, and I believe she did. Anyway,

ive Japanese, and pass a law, that no youth under twenty be allowed to smoke tobacco, under penalty of a heavy fine. As the Japs do not chew by fine. As the Japs do not chew co, they are clear of the noxious up to that time.

"She lived there, up the hill yonder, and as he had a day off, Jim had come up to append it with her. And yet he couldn't be A Ghost I Met.

main road.

Inchter returna

"Hello Jim!" I yelled out, "come down to see if I was all right? Well, I am." "That's it Harley," he answered, but then he laughed. He couldn't help it for he knew that I knew what I was up to. "How's Nanny? I haven't seen her since

"She's all right." But at that his face sort of clouded over and he sat down on the edge of the platform yonder, and looked away down the line. "It wasn't like Jim to look glum. He

was the cheerfullest, most good-natured fel-low I ever came across. So I couldn't but wonder what was up, and presently I asked "Well, it seemed that he and Nanny had

Under the sod in the grave that God an' Government made for me!

been counting on getting married soon; but through helping out his sister's husband, he'd lost a lot of money he had saved up to His hair was like the raven's wing (1 joy that my lips have prest, As it fell in its flowing beauty, this dark lock on my breast!

As it fell in its flowing beauty, this dark lock on my breast!

As it fell in its flowing beauty, this dark lock on my breast!

As it fell in its flowing beauty, this dark lock on my breast!

Something laid by for a rainy day, he'd just been telling her they'd have to wait a little longer.

"I was just going to tell him that I was dreadfully sorry to hear that, but that I guessed Nanny wasn't the girl to find any fault, when I saw Jim suddenly give a great

"I had been standing with my back to the in the dark—and it was dark in there. "I had been standing with my back to the track, but at that I wheeled around like a flash.

One night I heard some animal crashing through the underbrush above me, and keeping near me until I reached the creek. The

"A train !" I cried; but what train, Jim?" "He didn't answer, only made a bound for the ticket office, snatched a glass from the shelf and was back in a twinkling. One glance was all he needed.

"Dan," says he, still in that strange voice, 'Dan, it's a run-away engine, coming up backward at sixty miles an hour! Good God! think what will happen if she isn't

"I knew well enough what he meant, and my blood grew cold, I knew he was thinking about the four o'clock accommodation would be hauling in at the Junction-the Junction is two miles up, round the curve, sir-just then, and that the runaway would catch it up and smash it as sure as fate. And besides that, the track all along after leaving here would be covered with school children; for they know, as well as we, just the time for every train, and couldn't see the

somewhere about, and dashed away with i down toward the arch, to that post there, with the whips hanging to warn freight hands to look out for the bridge.

"For an instant I couldn't make out what he was about, but then it all flashed upon me, and racing after him I cried or ::-"For God's sake, Jim don't do that! Think

"Now wasn't I worse than a fool to say a thing like that? As if I'd be apt to think of Napny before he did !

"He had the ladder against the post and was up it before I got there, but as he hoisted himself along the arm he just glanced down at me and never till my dying day will I forget the look in his face. There wasn't

a bit of himself in it—not a mite of fear at the thought that he might not have two minutes to live in this world, or dread of what was coming to him after, and he didn't need to have, for if ever a man lived ready to face his Maker, that man was Jim Pollock. No, his one and only thought was for

avoid it. "Be good to my little girl if—if I shouldn't calculate right, Dav," says he, and give her all the love of my heart. She will know there was something else for me to do," and after that he looked up again and-waited. that was it, to take the one chance out of a hundred of dropping on the cab roof as she passed under him! If he made no mistake —dropped at the right instant and was able the bottom were so white that by compara—trooper's haunted dead sycamore."

Trooper's haunted dead sycamore."

It take it that you were the ghost," said L. as I began to assure myself, against my con

He stoutly denied the accusation, and I passed under him! If he made he histand was able to hold on, the rest would be easy enough, the climbing in at the window and stopping the climbing in at

Of course under ordinary circumstance if she had been coming head on, I mean, the risk would not have been great, for if he missed, most likely he would have fallen be hind, getting little more than a good shaking up and a few bruises. But as it was-! I can tell you, sir, that though four minutes could not have passed from the time Jim first sighted her, till she came dashing up, it seemed an eternity; and as I watched her thundering on I was as though turned to zing by with my hands before my face to shut out-what ? "But hardly for a second could I have stood that way; I must know what had happened to him. Bringing all my strength to bear, I glanced after the dy-

cannot understand. I certainly felt the bristling sensation that made me want to "Thank God? there he was, but not yet pull down my hat. out of danger, for he was clinging to the roof of the cab by the end of his fingers; I do not like to be thought a coward, yet Could he hold on ? Was it possible for him gued that it was not a ghost because it could to draw himself up and get his legs inside not be, the answer was indubitable that it was something, and if not a ghost, it anthe window before he was shaken off?"

"But I ought to have known those iron nuscles better than to have feared for him; he could always make his arms rigid as steel and he did it then.
"Yes, that is all. He stopped her before he curve was reached, and saved, no man knows how many lives. "And the company ? Well, Jim did not

have to wait to marry Nanny after all." If you your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
If whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar. Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greates menacers to health of the present day

O. T. DANIELS, BARRISTER

NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.

(BANDOLPH'S BLOCK.) Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class

horse was my final resort for retreat, and I still did not know what object I was facing,

backing.

I have heard that all men are cowards in the dark, and I partly believe it. Still I also

I back, till he stands alone in the dark and hear their noiseless tread and feel their de-lightful literary shudder in books and stories I gained upon the ghost. At the las not a few. But once I met a ghost and he minute he got tangled in his own ghostliness was less pleasant in life than in a book.

It was the second year of my teaching school in the mountains of Kentucky. I had come to feel much at home, and had ridden and struck flesh behind; and the ghost

far and wide in the hills. Horses were at my disposal, but I broke a mule to the saddle and rode him through Cumberland Gap ped; but two skulking figures ran away, and

dle and rode him through Cumberland Gap into Virginia and back, a hundred miles or more. I came to prefer a mule for long rides over the hills, but on shorter rides I more frequently rode a clay-bank pony.

Early in the second year I formed the habit of spending an evening each week with the teacher in an adjacent district, and this gave me regularly a ride home of several the second that he second the second that the second results a ride home of several the second these he was an such this gave me regularly a ride home of several As soon as he heard these he was as much miles in the dark. It was made at least a afraid to be alone with me as I had been to

mile longer by the angle which the road made be alone with him; and I took courage from lown to the ford.

This extra mile I grudged most of all and ghost was not past feeling the pain of a when the water was not too high, I took a wrenched elbow. short cut through the woods, striking the I made another grab at him, and got him

mere bridle path, which led through an old but I held the cloth, and he disengaged himstart and fix his eyes like a cat away down the road, and the next instant he was saying in a hoarse whisper, "God help us, Dan, what's that?"

Indeed and along a ridge, and then through a half-mile of low-growing beech trees, where one had to ride carefully to keep on his horse two other pistol shots came from his com-

next week I heard near at hand the pathetic, too dark for anything like certain aim, and fearsome, half-human and half-fiendish cry I had no real idea that they wanted to hit of a panther. And so I took to carrying a me. It was their warning that I was not to revolver with me, and for a time kept the follow them farther.

main road.

But a moonlight night brought me back to my short cut again, and I kept it thenceforth, even if once or twice the water was high enough to set my horse to swimming.

I had no thought of following them. I turned to inspect my capture. It was made of two sheets and some light poles. The two main sticks were crossed, and the upper part made the horns, while the lower part But the longer road, I dare say, would have was either held by, or fastened to, the chief sometimes proved the shorter way home.
At least, there was one time when it would have saved me a fright and delay. There tween the horns was frightful out of all prowas only one house on the short cut road, if I may call it a road. It was the deserted the arms were worked by the two assistants, cabin belonging to the old fields, and it stood but of this I was not sure. Their presence not far from the highway. A disagreeable story was told about it, and uncomfortable support.

things were alleged to have been seen there. I tried to take my prize home, but I could These associated themselves not only with not get it near my horse. So I threw it into the house, which stood with gaping door the creek, remounted, shouted a somewhat upon them.

"Well, it's taken a lot longer telling this than it was all happening. The moment he had flung down that glass, Jim made a jump and caught up a light ladder which was lying somewhere about a pad decided in the fork of the path below the house.

In truth, the tree looked fearsome enough and rode off.

gallows like and so menacing, that it alone the ridge, I saw another white obje might well have been an object of fear. A proaching me, moving to right and left as ghost of a tree it was—rooted in its own
grave, a bleak, white tombstone of a tree.
I looked at it as I rode under it, with a certain half-expectation of seeing some alarm
tain half-expectation of seeing some alarm tain half-expectation of seeing some alarming thing happen there.

It came one chill, drizzly night. There were occasional angry spits of rain, with long separated and far-distant glows of lightning. It was a shivering, creeping night, with a touch of something in the air that led turned with a bellow and fided down the light of the control of the c one to anticipate trouble. I distinctly remember that my friend said to me as I left: time he would not have startled me at all,

-" This is the very night to see a ghost." but after the experience at the sycamore-tree I think I really expected to see something that night. The shudder of it was in the white that night. bones of things in general, and I could feel it Even so, I am certain many people, in creeping into my own. And I never doubted their nervous excitement, invest has that the place to see it was the dead syca- objects seen at night and under unusual cir-

more tree. Yet there was a certain fascination in the prospect that made me take the short cut. I did not want to see what was there, yet I could not bring myself to ghost; but I did not have to wait long to learn the truth. I reflected that if I told no So the tree came in sight, and at the view one about it, and came to hear of it, the I started. There it stood, white against the background of the haunted house, but— from the ghost or his friends.

I must be must be mistaken, yet I could not Sure enough, within a fortnight a young be-the trunk was unusually white to night! man from the other district said to me; "I "You understand the plan, sir? Yes, I cast my eye along it. The eight feet at heered that you seed a ghost down by Bill

something there.

I got my horse around to face the situal learned the animus of the ghost. There was tion, and as calmly as I could, considering my own feelings and those of the horse, in spected the frightful object ahead. It was and was fond of her, thought my frequent certainly a hideous thing.

The figure was about eight feet high. It lady-love. He devised this plan to discourhad white horns and a neckless head, that bobbed about in a menacing way. It had his friends to assist so worthy an enterprise. arms which made threatening gestures, and That is the whole story, except that he is it moved out into the path as I looked and married now to the girl whom he loved and stood clear of the tree. I held my horse with my left hand, and passed my right the ghost of an idea of proving his rival. hand through my hair to see if it stood erect.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK. -The lazy are never lovely. -It takes time to punish crime

I took courage from the fact that it did not;

although why it did not I could not and

I am not at all disposed to claim that I was unmoved by the object before me. If I ar -The right thing should be done in the -Half done is still undone. -The human race needs heavenly grace. -When a church becomes carnal it ceases swered the description of one. If it was not to be Chris

-Earth influences us more than heaven a ghost, it was apparently something quite -God's page is the best page. as formidable.

Indeed, had I known that it was a ghost
I might almost have felt relief. Still I held
my horse with face to the front, and urged
him on with my heels. The hill rose abruptlimited by the service of t

ly on one side; a deep ravine on the other. There was only the alternative of going ahead or turning back, and I could not quite Accepting published figures on the fire So, striking in my spurs, I dashed by the loss of the United States and Canada for

ghost, which made a lunge at me as we April and the four months ending with that passed that caused my horse to shy danger-ously. On I rode a little way up the ridge, at first congratulating myself that I was safely by. Then—was it courage, or curiosty, or cowardice lest I seem to myself a court of conflagrations. Thus we find that the total loss in April amounted to \$25,727, 000, an increase of 172 2 per cent. over the ity, or cowardice test I seem to mysel a coward?—I turned my unwilling horse and figures of April, 1899.

The most important fire

The most important fire was, of course, the Ottawa-Hull configuration, which came somewhat near, renewed its hostile gesticulation and approach. My horse, which had barely got by when headed towards home, would go no farther when facing away from home. At length I dismounted, and, holding my bridle in my left hand, holding my bridle in my left hand, the distance of the public, as well as the insurance under make.

age enough, at a pinch, to face the ghost, I

ed, and, holding my bridle in my left hand, approached the ghost. The ghost ceased to come toward me, and seeing me still coming on, began slowly to retreat, still waving me back with his flapping arms, and his broken neck and bobbing head.

I would have advanced more rapidly, now that it was retreating, but my advance was impeded by the pulling back of my horse. I may as well confess that while I had course are anough, at a pinch, to face the ghost, I.

Hood's Pills are non-irritating,