The Lynching at Rockbridge

(Continued from first page.)

No letter she had ever received had given Anna Harte as much pleasure as did this misspelled and poorly written sheet of foolscap from the fugitive whose life she had saved. The letter was cautiously worded, so that if it came into other hands than hers it might betray nothing definite. It told of his having regular work at a saw-mill, where he hauled the big logs from the pine woods.

"Jea' whst I like," he wrote. "I allers did take to oxens, and they takes to me. I make fair wages, and I try to save it. I send you five dollars—part of what you was so good as to loan me. I ain't forgotten my promise to you—that I would start a new row and hoe it strate. I think of it whenever I'm tempted to drink or gamble or be lazy, and it keeps me right. Give my love to inquiring friends—two of them in particular. Tell them I think of them all the time, and hope to see them before long. I send them a dollar. I will send more soon. I had to get some shirts and a pare of shoes."

Miss Harte gave both the bills to the old people, and read the letter aloud to them, but did not leave it with them, as a measure of caution. It had been mailed on a train, and bore no postmark or address; but at the bottom was a really ingenious postscript, which said:

"Tell Susan Ray's mother, in Macon, that she is livin' at Red Lake, Georgia."

Miss Harte interpreted this message, and accordingly wrote to "Jim Thomas," at Red Lake, giving loving messages from "inquirin' friends," signing no name. Going to Macon, one Saturday, she mailed the letter there with her own hand.

Two weeks later Squire Woodbridge, who was glancing over a Macon paper that his son had just brought from the post-office, exclaimed excitedly:

"Listen to this!" and then read aloud a paragraph headed:—

"MURDERER OF WILKES BROWN FOUND.

"AL. JONES CONFESSES TO HAVING KILLED THE SHIPLEY MERCHANT.

"Al. Jones, the man who was stabbed in Hunt's liquor saloon on Friday is said to be in a dying condition. Last night he made a voluntary confession to the chief of police, which shows him to be an offender of the deepest dye. Among other crimes he acknowledged having killed Wilkes Brown, a merchant of Shipley, Georgia, who was found in his store with his throat cut about two months ago. Jones had proof of this crime on this person in a gold watch with the initials W. B. engraved on the case inside, also a jewelled pin engraved with the same letters. Both these articles had been described to the police as having belonged to Wilkes Brown and been worn by him at the time he was murdered. Al. Jones said he did the bloody deed with a knife he had borrowed from Dick Boyle that day, when Boyle was fishing in the creek. He dropped the knife on the floor beside the body in order that Dick might be accused of the crime. Boyle was believed to be the murderer, and he would have been lynched had he not made his escape. It is only his flight that saved the would-be-lynchers from the guilt and remorse of having hanged an innocent man."

"What did I tell you?" ejaculated Mr. Woodbridge, when he had finished reading the paragraph.

His son did not reply. He was seemingly shading his eyes from the rays of the sitting sun that streamed in at the window. Had his father looked at the young man as he rose to go out of the room he would have seen that his face was ghastly. Strong anguish was stamped upon it.

Harley did not come to breakfast the following morning, nor did he leave his room that day. He had 'a severe headache—just one of his old bilious attacks,' he told his mother. But when he came down the next morning, silently drank a cup of coffee, and went about his work in a weary, spiritless way, his face belied the light manner in which he had spoken of his malady.

Squire Woodbridge chanced to walk with the teacher and the girls a part of the way to the schoolhouse this morning. While walking beside Miss Harte he said:

"Well, I wonder if the Boyles have yet heard of their son's innocence?"

Then, catching the surprised look of his companion, he remembered that she had not been in the room when he read aloud the newspaper paragraph. He took the paper from his pocket and gave it to her, turning off into another path before she had finished reading it. She carried the paper home to Mrs. Boyle as soon as school was out, and cried in sympathy with the old mother, who sobbed out her thanks to God on her knees.

After promising to write to Dick that night, and tell him the great news that he was free to face the world once more, the young school mistress went home with a light heart and a step that kept time to it. Her bright spirits received a check when she entered the house. She was met by Mrs. Woodbridge, whose pale, tear stained face and swollen eyes told of some deep distress. The cause of it came out under Miss Harte's sympathizing look. Harley was going away. He was going to Florida to join a party of filibusters, who would go on a vessel to Cuba to aid the insurgents. Harley, her only son, going away from her for the first time—going to danger and death—it would break her heart.

An idea came to Anna.

"Mrs. Woodbridge," she said, 'let me see your son a few minutes. It may be I can persuade him to stay."

"Oh, if you could, I would bless you forever!" returned the poor mother, looking wistfully at the girl. She had before this surmised that Harley's sudden fit of unhappiness was caused by his having addressed Miss Harte and been refused by her. She did not suspect the truth.

She went at once to her son and told him that Anna wished to see him; then she gave strict orders to the children that they were not to go near the parlor.

When Harley entered the room, Miss Harte motioned him to sit down near her, and, looking at him steadily, she said:

"Your mother has told me you are going away. I cannot yet believe that you will grieve her so and leave your pleasant home where you are so well loved."

"I must," he burst out. "I can't stay. I am too miserable. I must go where there is stir and danger to put things out of my mind. If I don't, I'll go mad!"

"What is the matter? Tell me; it may be I can help you."

"No, no: you can't help me. Nobody can help me. It's done, and can't be undone. Miss Harte, I am a murderer!"

"No, no—" she began.

"Yes," he interrupted. "I am a murderer. I was one of the party that hanged Dick Boyle, and he was innocent. Some time ago six of us boys formed ourselves into a kind of band and took an oath to stand by each other in everything. It was the dullness here, and the craving for excitement that made us do this foolish thing. We played cards and drank a little, and got into a few scrapes, but did nothing bad until this lynching. I was against it. I tried to stop the boys after they had found Dick guilty, but they were drinking. I had drunk a little too, and there was no stopping them. I was pledged to go with them, so I took hold of the rope and helped to hang him. My God! it kills me to think of it! I have never seen a happy moment since. And now, to know the man was innocent—why, it drives me crazy!" He stopped, his voice choking. "It has crushed the dearest hope of my soul," he went on in a dreary, hopeless tone. "Miss Harte, I had loved you from the first time I saw you. I had dared to hope you might care for me. All that is over. I'll never ask you to touch a hand stained with innocent blood."

He was looking down while he said the last words. He lifted his eyes and saw to his amazement, that Miss Harte was holding out her hand to him.

"I can take your hand, Harley," she said. "It is not the hand of a murderer. God has interposed to save you from that. Dick Boyle is alive!"

"Alive!" He looked at her with sad unbelief. That can't be! We left him bound and hanging, the rope around his neck."

"He was not dead when you left him. Help arrived the moment after; he was cut down and restored. He is alive and doing well. Here is a letter from him; an assumed name is signed, but Dick Boyle wrote it."

He took the sheet of paper she handed to him and devoured it with his eyes.

"He thanks you," he said, "He returns money you lent him. What does it mean?

Miss Harte, is it possible that you—"

"It was I who rescued Dick Boyle," she replied. "Luckily—providentially, rather—I took a wrong road coming here. It led me to the old Wilby house just as your party rode away. I saw the man hanging; he was still alive, and I saved him."

"My God, I thank thee!"

He dropped his face in his hands, and his form shook with sobs. Then kneeling down by Miss Harte, he took her hand and kissed it reverently.

* * * * *

Harley Woodbridge did not go to Cuba. Instead of enlisting under the lone-star flag of the insurgents, he enlisted under the double-star banner of matrimony.

Dick Boyle was at the wedding. Dressed in a handsome suit of clothes—the gift of the bridegroom—he presented a very good appearance. He had come back to get his old parents and take them to a new home, where they might find friends. To his surprise, he found himself cordially welcomed by the people of the neighborhood, who were bent on making amends for the wrong they had done him. The tide had turned. The reaction lifted him on the wave of favor. He is now the best-paid and most trusted of the men who work for Squire Woodbridge in his new cottonseed-oil mills on Woodbridge Creek.

Named by a Pirate.

What long forgotten happening prompted the following strange action, which we quote from the *Boston Herald*, will forever remain a mystery.

In July, 1720, James Wilson and his young wife sailed from Londonderry, Ire., to join a colony of the same name in New Hampshire. But the vessel in which they sailed was slow and badly armed, so one day it was overhauled and captured by a pirate ship. No attempt was made at resistance, as that would have been useless, and would only have maddened the pirates to a bloody vengeance.

The rough pirate crew swarmed aboard, secured all the valuables, and tied up the male passengers and the men of the ship. Finally the pirate captain went into a cabin where Mrs. Wilson lay on a berth.

"Why are you there?" he demanded.

For answer the woman uncovered the face of a tiny babe.

The captain's manner changed. "Is it a boy or girl?" he asked in a hushed voice.

"A girl."

"Have you christened her?"

"No."

"Then," said the man gently, "let me name her, and I will unbind your men and leave you ship unharmed. It shall be a good name. May I name the girl."

"Yes."

There were tears in the rough captain's eyes as he took the baby's tiny hand and whispered "Mary," and added some other words which Mrs. Wilson did not hear. Then he and his men returned to their own ship.

Soon, however, the captain returned alone, carrying a roll of beautiful silk, which he laid on the berth at little Mary's side. "Let her wear this on her wedding day," he said, and was gone before Mrs. Wilson could thank him.

"Ocean Mary," as she was called, was married in 1740 to Thomas Wallace. She wore the pirate's silk at the wedding, as her grand-daughter and great-grand daughter did after her at theirs. She lived to be ninety-four years old, and her grave is still shown at Henniker, N. H.

Glazed Paper Ruins Eyes.

Women who are nervous about microbes and go in for washable draperies, sanitary wall papers and unupholstered furniture should be interested in hygienic note paper recommended by the solemn German doctors, who know everything. According to these gentlemen—ophthalmologists they are!—the use of glazed paper is accountable for the continuous increase of myopia during the last 50 years.

Most modern books are printed on smooth, brilliant paper with luminous reflections that were absent from the rough surface of the paper used years years ago, when a soft, light easily brought out in relief the characters which were printed in heavy, black type. Now, with the glazed surface the light is all the more reflected, because the characters themselves are finer and less pronounced, thus giving rise to a play of light and shade most fatiguing to the eyes.

To prove this it suffices to take an old edition of the last century and one of the modern magazines printed artistically and compare the effect produced on the eyes after half an hour's reading, says the New York Commercial *Advertiser*. For this reason the hygienists recommend dull surfaced paper for school use and gray or blue in preference to white.

As rough surfaced gray and blue papers are very smart and pretty, the hygienic woman will not find her duty very hard to perform when she replenishes her stationery in accordance with latest ophthalmological notions.

—A lady in Cincinnatti was poisoned by the ink which is used on typewriter ribbons. Her fingers were stained by the blue ink used on the typewriter ribbon, and in trying to break a small blister on her lip she placed the stained finger on it, and very soon she felt a slight pain in her face. This was followed in a short time by a slight swelling. The pain then became almost unendurable, and her lip began to swell badly and turn black. Everything that medical skill could do was done, but she got rapidly worse, and died in great agony. The poisoned lip had swollen to gigantic proportions and nothing could reduce it.

—One of the latest remedies for preventing pitting in small-pox is the application to the pustules of an ointment containing ten parts of ichthyol and eighty parts of vaseline. The pustules dry rapidly and fall off, and there is not left behind any inflammatory charges of the skin. The application of this ointment greatly relieves the itching of the skin.

"One good turn deserves another." Those who have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla are glad to tell others about it.

They Would Write.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

A most amusing manuscript could be made from extracts from manuscripts, received and declined by editors of literary and other periodicals. And if there could be added to the volume some of the letters sent with the manuscripts, the volume would be still more amusing.

The writers of some most pretentious stories and poems must be singularly deficient in the sense of humor, or the absurdity of their compositions would be apparent to them. What could be more laughable than the following verse from a poem entitled "Old Ocean," written by an aspiring genius, who said that it was the "crowning effort" of his life:

"Thou mighty ocean, grand and deep,
In which great whales and fishes sleep,
And dead men's bones are whitening
While naiads dance and mermaids sing,
And o'er thy breast great ships do pass,
And some are sunk—alas! alas!
The diver goes down into thee
And wondrous things he there doth see,
So great his danger none can tell,
When whales eat up his diving-bell."

A young novelist, describing the heroine of her story, says: "She had large, sky-blue eyes, between which her fine nose reated like a tiny white cloud, and above which her golden hair hung in bewitching little bangs, which were nature's gift unaided by the curling tongs. She had a cherry mouth full of pearly teeth, and dainty pink ears. Dainty dimples gave piquancy to an otherwise mobile face, in which there was a constant play of emotions changing from grave to gay. And yet Sybil Ethelwynd Hetherington was not what could be called beautiful."

Another writer says of her heroine:—"When she first heard that her false lover was married to another she was collapsed with grief, but her womanly nature soon asserted itself, and she began a desperate flirtation with another gent."

The somewhat dazzling career of the heroine of another story was described in these words: "Married at sixteen, widowed at seventeen, remarried at eighteen, widowed again at nineteen, the career of Geraldine St. De Courcy had been unlike that of most girls."

We are told later in the story that Geraldine finally weds a "count of noble birth," who presents her at court with the following surprising result: "When, arrayed in her gown of scarlet cloth of gold, with her train borne by eight pages in scarlet and gold, and blazing with real diamonds, Geraldine was ushered into the presence of Queen Victoria, that good lady was taken completely by surprise, and, departing from her usual custom, she embraced and kissed the young countess, and, taking a valuable real diamond necklace from her own neck, she clasped it around the neck of Geraldine, saying, as she did so, 'Beautiful maiden, take this, and if ever you are in trouble send it back to me, and I will come to you at once.'"

An aspiring young poet informed the editor of a metaphysical magazine that he had "poems for sale on any topic at prices to suit. Also poems wrote to order at short notice," and he hopes that the editor will "give me a trial."

The writer of an article describing a descent to the bottom of a gold mine, says: "It was with a sigh of relief that we again stood on vice versa."

More laughable still was the description of an elegant party written by a young authoress, who evidently wished to air her French: "All of the eclat of the city was present, besides some not really belonging to the eclat, but yet eclatish enough to be thought worthy of an invitation to even a party of the rechercheness of this party, which was really the piece de resistance of the season in even that city of brilliant fetes and faux pas!"

The writer of an essay on "True Nobility" makes the following surprising statement: "The man with grimy hands, dirty finger-nails, uncombed hair and unshaven face, may have beneath his dirt-begrimed jacket and unwashed shirt as noble a soul as that which beats in the breast of the exquisite fresh from his violet-water bath, Shall the bath-tub be the criterion of true nobility? Perish the thought!"

"I desire to become a writer for your valuable sheet," wrote an ambitious and not altogether modest young man to the editor of a popular magazine. "I am of deeply intellectshual cast; in fact, my brains is mostly intelleck, and I am unfit for the work of the tannery in which I am now ingaged. Let me know what you think about me coming on there and going into literairy pursoots."

He was advised not to "come on there," but to stick to the tannery and leave the "literairy pursoots" to others.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

—When Lincoln became a lawyer he carried the bar his habitual honesty. His associates were often surprised by his utter disregard of self-interest, while they could but admire his conscientious defence of what he considered right. One day a stranger called to secure his services.

"State your case," said Lincoln.

A history of the case was given, when Lincoln astonished him by saying:

"I cannot serve you, for you are wrong, and the other party is right."

"That is none of your business, if I hire and pay you for taking the case," retorted the man.

"Not my business!" exclaimed Lincoln. "My business is never to defend wrong, if I am a lawyer. I never undertake a case that is manifestly wrong."

"Well, you can make trouble for the fellow," added the applicant.

"Yes," replied Lincoln, fully aroused, "there is no doubt but that I can gain the case for you, and set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads. I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children and thereby get for you $600 which rightly belongs as much to the woman and her children as it does to you; but I won't do it."

"Not for any amount of pay?" continued the stranger.

"Not for all you are worth," replied Lincoln. "You must remember that some things which are legally right are not morally right. I shall not take the case."

"I don't care a snap whether you do or not!" exclaimed the man angrily, starting to go.

"I will give you a piece of advice without charge," added Lincoln. "You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; I would advise you to make $600 some other way."

Consumers and merchants should combine for the suppression of all gift-prize and lottery schemes in connection with the sale of articles of merchandise. These schemes are not only demoralizing to legitimate business and to the morals of the community, but in the extent to which they are being carried in the sale of articles of food, have become a source of danger to the public health.

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box.

Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Orchard Work.

DESTROYING INSECT EGGS, CUTTING OUT DEAD LIMBS, ETC.

There is plenty of orchard work in the winter if one has many trees. There are the borers to hunt for, and if they are found and killed it will be time well spent. If none is found the owner may consider himself so very fortunate that he need not regret the loss of the time. There are the bunches of eggs of the tent caterpillar in a little silvery looking ring around the small twigs near the ends of the branches. They show very plainly when the sun is shining on them, and if they are cut off and burned now there will be fewer foes to fight next spring. Then there are dead limbs, leaves, weeds and piles of rubbish which may be harboring insects or their eggs or the germs of fungous diseases which should be collected together and burned as soon as they are dry enough, and last, but not least, before the leaf buds open spray every tree and every branch of the tree so as to wet it well with the strong copper sulphate solution, using one pound of the sulphate to 15 gallons of water for all but the peach, for which use one pound to 25 gallons. Do not fail to do this if you would be free from blight, scab or cracked fruit or from anthracnose or rust on the blackberry and raspberry or the grapevines. This is, however, proper work for early spring.

The *American Cultivator*, in which the foregoing occurs, also says: We fully agree with the theory that the best time to trim fruit trees is in May or early June, as the bark will immediately begin to grow over the wound, so as to cover the space between bark and hard wood if it does not entirely cover the scar. We do not like to cut anything but dead limbs in winter, while if pruning is done in early spring, when the sap is thin, it will bled too much, causing bark and wood to separate. We do not know so well about the shade trees, excepting that we would not trim a maple in the spring or any coniferous evergreen at any time excepting early winter.

We have, however, cut limbs from apple trees in both fall and winter, leaving a stump about a foot long to be taken off in May. We always cut large limbs to leave such a stump, and at the second cut we can handle that so that it will not split back beyond the cut, as it sometimes does when a heavy limb is sawed off. By making this first amputation at a leisure time we had much less to do in May, when we wanted to be planting or sowing seed, and if the branches cut in winter were taken away it was little work to carry off the pieces a foot long. If limbs to be taken off were not larger than a man's thumb, we cut them at any time, though it might be better to do it in May.

Water For Cows.

How many dairymen appreciate the amount of water their cows need, both to digest their food and to furnish that needed for their milk supply? A cow cannot work over her food nor supply milk without water and plenty of it. It takes four pounds, or half a gallon of water for every pound of dry matter in the food; this means nearly one hundred pounds of water for a cow receiving dry food alone. If the food contains water, as in silage or roots, of course the amount required is less.

The Geneva station found that cows in full milk required four and three-fifths pounds of water for every pound of milk. Thus a cow would need in her food and for drinking ninety-two pounds of water for every twenty pounds of milk. Now, if a cow is in a cold barn with cold food and ice water to drink, is she going to chill herself with a hundred pounds of cold water merely to keep up her milk flow? The Indiana station found that the milk fell off 8 per cent. when the temperature fell from 79 degrees F. to 38 degrees F., and a cow is not suffering at 38 degrees F. If she is so sensitive to a comparatively small reduction in temperature, what may the dairyman expect when the thermometer is 10 to 20 degrees below zero? The man who can't afford to take time to weigh his milk would save the price of many scales and also prevent many dollars from getting away if he knew a little, or a great deal, more about the animals he is feeding. Feed is high this year, and bran, hay, corn, etc., are high priced fuels to heat water, cows and stables with. Yet there are going to be many tons used this winter for just that purpose, and the users will be unanimously of the opinion that "dairying don't pay."

—An antigossip society has been organized in Springfield, Mo. At an afternoon card club the other day the idea was suggested by Mrs. Mosher. The members pledged themselves to speak no evil word of any other woman. The membership is unlimited, and every woman in Springfield, regardless of condition or denomination, is most cordially invited to join, and all members are urged and expected to do all in their power to bring others into this new society. There are to be no dues, no officers, no regular meetings; nothing but the simple pledge. The idea was received by all those present in the most responsive manner, all signifyng their most hearty approval and promising their warmest co operation. It will be known as the "Woman's Self Elevating Society," and its existence is to continue forever.

—During frosty weather bits should be warmed either by dipping in warm water for a few minutes or by rubbing between the mitten-covered hands before being put in horses' mouths. The shoes should be roughed to avoid slipping. When horses are to remain standing out of doors, blankets should be laid under the harness. Ashes or sand should be scattered on steep, slippery roads to prevent the animals from falling.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

LIFE LASTS LONGER

If Puttner's Emulsion be taken regularly by Consumptives and all weak and ailing people.

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

GO TO THE 'BARGAIN' BOOT AND SHOE STORE

(Opposite the Post Office.)

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

D. R. CUMMINGS, Agent.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

"Land of Evangeline" Route

On and after MONDAY, JANUARY 15th, 1899, the Steamship and Train Service of this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):—

Trains will Arrive at Bridgetown:

Express from Halifax	11.06 a.m
Express from Yarmouth	1.17 p.m
Accom. from Richmond	4.35 p.m
Accom. from Annapolis	6.20 a.m

Trains will Leave Bridgetown:

Express for Yarmouth	11.06 a.m
Express for Halifax	1.17 p.m
Accom. for Halifax	6.20 a.m
Accom. for Annapolis	4.53 p.m

BOSTON SERVICE:

S. S. "Prince George,"

2,400 Gross Tonnage; 7,000 Horse Power, by far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston, leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday and Saturday, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning, leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday and Friday, at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers.

Royal Mail S.S. "Prince Rupert,"

1,250 Gross Tonnage; 3,000 Horse Power.

ST. JOHN and DIGBY.

Leaves St. John, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday	7.00 a.m
Arrives in Digby	10.00 a.m
Leaves Digby, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday	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.

Trains and Steamers are run on Eastern Standard Time.

P. GIFKINS, Superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

THE **NEWPORT NURSERY COMPANY** Newport, N. S.

We desire to call the attention of Fruit Growers to the large stock of Fruit Trees of our own growing. Below are a few of the many testimonials we have received in regard to the stock we delivered last Spring:

CANNING, N. S., June 14th. 1899.
The Newport Nursery Co., Newport, N. S.
Gentlemen,—This spring we received from you 2,000 Pear Trees. The stock was the finest we have ever seen, and we are pleased to find a Nova Scotia firm who are so competent to supply the growing needs of this country in the nursery line.
(Signed) THE R. W. KINSMAN CO., Ld'd. R. W. KINSMAN, President.

PORT WILLIAMS, Kings Co., June 9th, 1899.
Gentlemen,—The stock sent me was very fine. I can procure you a number of orders among my neighbors. (Signed) HARRY W. O'KEY.

KENTVILLE, N. S., June 14th. 1899.
The Newport Nursery Co., Newport, N. S.:
Gentlemen,—Last winter I ordered of your Mr. Salter six hundred Apple Trees, which were delivered in good condition last month. The trees were thrifty and healthy, with well formed tops and excellent roots, and were the finest stock ever delivered in this part of Kings Co. Mr. John Burns, and others, who saw the trees, said they were the finest they had ever seen. Of the whole number planted, all have started growing. (Signed) WILLIAM MCKITTRICK.

GRAND PRE, June 23rd, 1899.
Gentlemen,—This spring I received from you 300 Apple Trees, and although I have been planting trees for a number of years, and from different nurseries, your stock was the finest I have ever had. My neighbors, who have seen my trees, say they will place their orders with you for next spring. If you will send me order blanks I can secure you a large number of orders in this section. (Signed) W. C. HAMILTON.

Although we have done well by our customers this year we will be in a position to do still better next year, and have to deliver

OVER 50,000 TREES

of our own growing, which will be as fine stock as was ever grown on this continent, and of the choicest varieties.

Warranted True to Name.

Aug. 29th, 1899. tf

BRIDGETOWN **MARBLE WORKS**

The above works, for many years conducted by the late THOS. DEARNESS, will be carried on under the management of MR. JOHN DEARNESS, who will continue the manufacture of

Monuments,

in Marble, Red Granite, Gray Granite and Freestone,

Tablets, Headstones, &c

All orders promptly attended to.

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

APPLES A SPECIALTY

For Export to English Markets

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.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

All persons having any legal claims against the estate of JOHN HICKS, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, Farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within three months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate, either by notes or accounts, will please call and acknowledge the same or make immediate payment to the undersigned.

CHARLES E. HICKS, ELNORA HICKS, } *Executors.*

Bridgetown, Jan. 8th, 1900. 3m

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

WANTED

Old brass Andirons, Candlesticks, Trays and Snuffers; old Mahogany Furniture. Also old Postage Stamps used before 1870—worth most on the envelope; old blue Dishes and China. Grandfather clocks. Good prices paid.

Address W. A. KAIN, 116 Germain Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

If there is a history of weak lungs in your family, take Scott's Emulsion.

It nourishes and invigorates.

It enables you to resist the disease. Even if your lungs are already affected, and if besides the cough you have fever and emaciation, there is still a strong probability of a cure.

The oil in the Emulsion feeds; the hypophosphites give power to the nerves; and the glycerine soothes and heals.

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

FALL, - - 1899

STOVES STOVES

Go to CROWE'S tinshop to get your Stoves.

Large stock and better Bargains this Fall than ever.

$28.00 "Faultless" for **$14.00**

and other Stoves accordingly.

Hot Air Furnaces for Coal and Wood at bottom prices.

Plumbing and Job Work promptly attended to.

R. ALLEN CROWE

Telephone 21. Queen Street.

HANDSOME RESIDENCE FOR SALE!

The Homestead of GEORGE B. MURDOCH, Esq., late of Bridgetown, is now offered for sale.

The aforesaid property consists of six acres of land under a high state of cultivation, and has on it about two hundred and twenty-five apple trees, all in bearing and capable of yielding annually two hundred and fifty barrels of the best marketable varieties, besides plum, pear and cherry trees, with small fruits.

It has on it a large and well-built brick dwelling house, containing eleven commodious rooms, besides halls, closets, pantry and porches. Also a large barn, coach-house and other outbuildings.

The property is beautifully situated on the main street leading out of Bridgetown to Annapolis. It is about sixty rods from the railway station, and five minutes' walk from the post office and commercial centre of the town.

The property has a broad frontage on the street, adorned with beautiful shrubbery and ornamental shade trees, and is capable of being divided into several building lots if desired.

For price and further particulars apply to

ALVENIA MURDOCH AND BESSIE B. MURDOCH, } *Executrices.*

NEW BAKERY!

COURT STREET.

The subscriber offers for sale at the new store on Court Street, Bridgetown.

Choice Home-made Bread, Biscuits, Pastry, &c.

Also Milk and Cream.

We will make a specialty of Lunches at all hours, consisting of Baked Beans and Brown Bread at 10c. Satisfaction guaranteed, and lowest prices.

Ice Cream served every Saturday evening.

J. M. KENDALL.

REMEMBER THE PLACE: Two doors north of Iron Foundry. J. M. K.

PALFREY'S **CARRIAGE SHOP** —AND— **REPAIR ROOMS.**

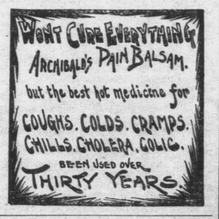
Corner Queen and Water Sts.

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs that may be desired.

Best of Stock used in all classes of work. Painting, Repairing and Varnishing executed in a first-class manner.

ARTHUR PALFREY.

Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1899. 26tf



OYSTER and LUNCH COUNTER

OYSTER STEWS AND LUNCHES SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

Oysters sold by the peck or half peck, or on half shell.

BREAD, CAKES and BISCUIT fresh from first-class bakery always on hand.

T. J. EAGLESON, QUEEN ST., BRIDGETOWN

36 tf

FOR SALE OR TO LET!

The property situated in Kingston Village and known as the William H. Jackson place, containing 19 acres of land, with a nice young orchard of 100 trees, 60 trees in bearing. Also plum and cherry trees. A nice cottage house containing ten rooms; barn and outbuildings; all in good repair. Immediate possession given. Apply to

GEORGE I. BALCOM.

Paradise West, Annapolis County. 4 april 5th, 1899. 3 tf

NOTICE

PERSONS indebted to the estate of Milledge Munro, late of Bridgetown, deceased, are hereby requested to communicate with Mr. E. Ruggles, Solicitor, to whom I have given a power of attorney in this behalf.

C. H. EASSON, *Executor.*

Bridgetown, March 10th, A. D. 1899—52 tf

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of Milledge Munro, farmer, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, deceased, are required to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the same estate are requested to make immediate payment to

C. H. EASSON, *Sole Executor.*

Bridgetown, Jany. 20th, 1899.

The Household.

Simple Amusements for Children.

Having a 6-year-old girl, an only child, on a New Hampshire farm, during the long "blizzardy" winter, we have used our wits to provide home made games which would teach as well as amuse, and I have thought that my experience might prove of use to some other mother. Toothpicks costing 5 cents for a box containing 1,000 were used to make letters, stars, houses with yards, and fields and many other forms. An apple with four legs, horns and tail of toothpicks was a cow. Another stuck full of them was a porcupine. Tiny splinters of wood or pieces cut from little twigs of bushes would do as well.

Dominos are good to teach addition and can be made of pasteboard. Inch squares are cut from pasteboard boxes and on them are pasted, with starch or flour paste, letters from advertisements in newspapers and figures from old calendars. Sets of letters and figures have been made for smaller children, and some have been reserved for next Christmas, teaching our girl to be thoughtful for others.

A cup of beans has helped in studying arithmetic. A slate and pencil or tablets of paper with pencil and rubber are cheap and can be made instructive. The paper used for wrapping around butter brought at a grocer's for a few cents makes nice tracing paper. A package of soft tissue toilet paper was used to cut doll patterns which looked almost like "really ones" when pinned on Miss Dolly. A paper of cheap pins and some pieces of print aid in doll dressmaking. Round pieces of cardboard of different sizes, marked with the value of each coin, serve as money, teaching the little one to make change. Blowing soap bubbles with a clay pipe and a dish of warm water is always enjoyed for a change.

Of course the little girl must learn to sew, but don't give too big a task. A doll's quilt or a holder will be more readily undertaken, because it can be quickly done. Sewing over edge is more easily learned. A new thimble makes the work more attractive. Braiding bright colored old print in three strands was easily learned, and even the sewing into a small rug was accomplished with a little help from mamma.—*Lizzie Linwood in House Keeper.*

Killed by Kindness.

IT WAS OF THE WRONG SORT—DOCTOR WAS DISOBEYED.

(Brooklyn Times).

In a recent death of a young lady not far from Union Course, that came under the Observer's notice, the old rule that a patient must not be awakened to administer a dose of medicine was allowed to prevail, with the result that the patient died while a stimulant was at hand that might have tided her over the critical period. When the attending physician left, he told the patient's mother that he had given the young woman a certain tablet and the additional tablets were to be administered, one each hour for four hours. When the hour came around the patient was in a condition of semi-coma, but the mother refrained from arousing her, saying: "She is sleeping, and sleep is nature own restorer and better than medicine." Deeper and deeper into oblivion sank the patient, while the mother patiently sat by her bedside waiting for a sign of awakening, when she would give the medicine. When the doctor returned all hope had departed. He was startled at the mother's neglect of his instructions, but the poor woman will never know that while she sat at her dear one's bedside she was dying all the while for want of the stimulant that she failed to administer. The doctor who attended the case says that just as critical a case some distance away was the only reason that kept him from the young woman's bedside. Death might have followed, even after the administration of the medicine ordered, but he says it was a case that should warn everyone against disobedience of a doctor's orders, even on the strength of old-fashioned wisdom.

A Cup of Tea.

If anyone can make a good cup of tea, it is the clever demonstrator who gets a large salary from one of the large tea companies for showing just how the fragrant leaf should be brewed to active perfection. "Scald your earthen teapot," says this woman, suiting the deed to the word, "just so, and never, never use a tin teapot under any circumstances. Measure out the tea, allowing a half teaspoonful for each cup of boiling water, reducing the proportions when several cups are required or increasing them if the tea used is not up to the standard or if the tea drinker prefers it extra strong. Have fresh water that has just come to a boil for the first time. Put the tea in a cloth strainer and pour on the bubbling boiling water. Cover closely with a tea cosy and let the tea brew on the back of the range or at the table from three to five minutes. If the tea is to stand for some time, remove the strainer with tea leaves, else the fragrant aroma is wasted and the tannin extracted."

The Modern Mother.

"I always smile to myself," said a sweet old lady the other day, "when I hear old fashioned folk pooh pooh the ways of the modern mother. I just wish I had known as much when the stork brought my first little one. Did I have a thermometer to test the water of his bath? No, indeed, and there's no telling how often the little cherub was nearly parboiled. And those dreadful long tubed nursing bottles! I understand that the present day mother would as soon give her little blossom a dose of poison. I don't wonder at it. The milk always did sour quickly in them, and of course it never occurred to me to boil the paraphernalia. Another thing that I've noticed is that this generation of women make such sensible mothers. They read up to date books on baby training, and they know such a lot about pulse beats and temperatures and things of that sort that we always relied up on the family doctor to tell us about.

—Canned fruits and vegetables should be removed from the cans as soon as they are opened.

Condensed milk should be taken from the cans as soon as opened and kept in little white covered jars such as fancy cheeses come in.

Silver can be kept clean without weekly cleaning with whiting if carefully washed in hot suds every time it is used.

A bit of pumice stone kept in a convenient place in the bath-room will be handy for removing ink and berry stains from the fingers.

Clean bamboo furniture with a brush dipped in salt water.

When buying a sirloin of beef avoid the end cut, for it has a round piece of beef on the upper side and the meat is coarser than in the other cuts.

—It very often happens that cruets, toilet bottles and similar articles become coated on the inside with a brown sediment which is impossible to wash out. In such cases eggshells and strong suds will prove very helpful. Shot is very often used for this purpose, but it is apt to scratch the glass and thus mar its beauty.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Joker's Corner.

A Charming Ride.

BUT SOMEHOW IT FAILED TO PLEASE THE PRETTY GIRL.

She (radiantly)—Such a delightful evening for a drive! (mentally) and I am sure the dear fellow only asked me so that he might have an opportunity to ask me something else. (To him)—I am so fond of driving. I've often wished to have a—

He—Whoa, there! Steady! steady!

She—They're a tiny bit wild, aren't they? The lovely things!

He—So-o-o, Dan. Are you nervous?

She—Nervous? I could drive to the end of the world.

He—He'd like to take you to the end of the world.

She (archly)—Who would like to take me to the end of the world?

He (innocently)—Dan would. Once he gets going, you know—

She—This twilight landscape reminds me of the sweetest poem. It is called "The Lovers' Ride."

He—Quiet, Fanny! She's a regular bundle of nerves. There, little lady! there!

She—The lovers were riding at