

Red Rose Tea

"is good tea"

Use a package and you will not be satisfied with any other tea.

Prices—25, 30, 35, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per lb. in lead packets

T. H. ESTABROOKS, ST. JOHN, N. B. WINNIPEG, TORONTO, & WELLINGTON ST., E.

Always Remember the Full Name Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.

C. H. Brown on Box. 25c.

LATEST DESIGNS IN MONUMENTS

WE ARE CONSTANTLY securing new patterns and can give you a choice of dozens of designs at moderate prices. Write for particulars.

T. RICE, - - Bear River

Don't Neglect A Cough

Many a case of chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia and even drenched Consumption itself, may be traced directly to "only a cough." When the first cold comes, start in on GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

NOW IS THE TIME

to leave your order for a heavy Suit or Overcoat. Work guaranteed and prices right at

I. M. OTTERSON, - MERCHANT TAILOR BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Red Rose Tea



"is good Tea"

Has a Rich, Fruity Flavor

We have tried them all and it's claim "is good tea" is endorsed by my customers and ourselves as "the best" we having sold and drunk all other kinds put together this year

C. L. Piggott.

BRIDGETOWN BOOT AND SHOE STORE

Heavy Grain Bals and Rubber Boots for the farmers.

E.A. COCHRAN Farmers

Who Wish To

IMPROVE their Stock, ENLARGE their Orchards, IMPROVE their Homes or buildings, Etc.

CAN BORROW MONEY FROM ME ON VERY EASY TERMS.

F. W. Harris, Agent, - Annapolis, N. S.

The Christmas of Baby Ann.

The visitor jumped the baby up and down, to the consternation of Mr. and Mrs. Merion. When parents are trying to bring up a child scientifically it is disconcerting, to say the least to have friends interfere. Mrs. Merion knew the rule by heart: "Never jostle or jump babies. It is bad for their nervous systems."

"You are tired," she finally remarked to Mrs. Wemple—mother of five. "Let me take her."

"Oh, she's all right," complacently answered Mrs. Wemple, ignoring the mother's outstretched arms, as the baby gave a cry of delight.

But Mrs. Merion persisted and took her baby. Whereupon, the motion-sickness, Baby Ann set up a prolonged howl, which caused Marj, fresh from the best training school for nurses, to rush in and carry Baby Ann from the room.

"To think that it is almost Christmas time," said Mrs. Wemple. "I suppose you dear children will have too much getting baby's Christmas tree ready."

Mrs. Merion looked at her husband and he looked at her.

"Of course," continued Mrs. Wemple. "You'll have a tree?"

"But she's only five months old," protested Grant Merion. "She would not notice it."

"Bless your hearts," said Mrs. Wemple, who had known three ago when the girls were making mud pies, "that's not the point. It's the fun you two will have—the joy of getting ready."

I had a Christmas tree for my first when he was only three months old. The lights made him blink, and we said that he was a remarkably smart child. He noticed everything and cried for the Star of Bethlehem—wanted to grab it, you know. His father and I both thought he would surely be a minister.

"Christmas isn't Christmas until the children come. If you think it is for the babies that parents do all the fussing, you're mistaken. They're only the excuse. If you like, I'll send you my trimmings for a tree."

Mrs. Merion again stole a glance at her husband. He shook his head.

"No, thank you, Mrs. Wemple," he said, as he bent down to put a fresh log on the fire. "Elita and I don't approve of such notions. It would be a waste of money, which had better be put by for Ann's education."

"What's the use," interposed Mrs. Wemple, as she rose to go, "to both of us about the education of a five-month-old baby, when you've had a few more, some of your scientific ideas will vanish. Give the little ones pleasure, and the morrow will take care of itself. That's my motto. Children should look back on happiness. It's other folk's business to give it to them. Later, God knows, they make or mar their own lives."

Grant returned from escorting Mrs. Wemple to the door.

"Do you think," Elita, he asked, "we had better have one?"

"What?"

"A tree."

"It's utter nonsense—utter nonsense," said the college-bred mother. "A baby five months old should have no nervous excitement."

Baby Ann had been born to parents who had definite plans for her bringing up. She was to have no frills. Even her name must be sensible. But Baby Ann early developed a will of her own. In spite of all theories, she would not wait the prescribed time between meals. A series of wailings would rend the air. The next door neighbor would kindly inquire whether she could do anything. Baby Ann had won the day.

"The rights of our neighbors," Mrs. Merion had meekly said, "must be respected."

Short days and long evenings now betokened the approach of the short-ous Christmas tide. The streets, in the gathering dusk, were filled with happy, bundle-laden people. Mrs. Merion was among the late shoppers. Theoretically she disapproved of Christmas gifts. The custom had degenerated into give-and-take, unenriched by the original spirit of good will to all. Still, she was not strong enough to live quite up to her theories. That would require a person very strong minded or very eccentric.

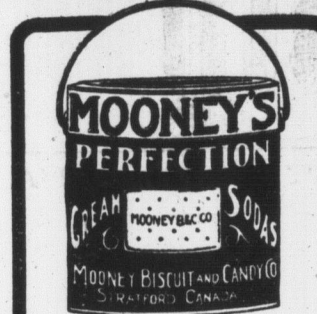
"It was mortifying," she confessed, "to have Sallo give you a gift and you not have one for Sallo." So she did a little sensible shopping, for this

"Yes'm, sung as a brace. I'll set it up for you. Then you, ma'am. A merry Christmas to ye."

"You haven't been down in a long time, Elita, and I thought you might enjoy seeing the crowds and helping me select mother's present."

She could not refuse, although it was with some reluctance she left her unfinished task.

"You're looking so pretty and happy," observed Grant, as they sat at a table beneath the palms, listening to the music in one of those delightful bits of summerland, found in large



This is the pail that takes the place of a bakery of your own. When you open the pail, the biscuits are as fresh and crisp as at the door of the ovens. There is dainty eating for every meal, in one of these popular lunch pails. Get one.

Christmas, queen of festivals, dawned bright, clear and cold. Its religious significance Elita had always been taught to observe. That their thoughts might not be distracted through the beautiful service, the distribution of gifts was postponed until their return from church.

Elita's father and mother and sister came to dine with them. Before dinner was quite over, Elita, ostensibly to get Baby Ann, slipped away.

"I should say," remarked the impatient grandmother, "that she was a long time getting that child."

"Come into the den," called Elita's cheery voice, with an air of mystery.

There, on the table, brilliantly illuminated with tiny candles, strings of gold and silver tinsel, snowy white popcorn, waxes angels and over all the Star of Bethlehem, stood a Christmas tree. All but Grant uttered exclamations of delight.

"What's the matter, dear?" anxiously asked Elita, as she held Ann to ward him. "Don't you like it? I simply couldn't resist!"

"But how did you find out?" disapprovingly manifested in his voice. "I meant it as a surprise. I was going to get it myself in a moment."

"Why how did you know anything about it? I trimmed it myself, last evening in the sewing-room."

Grant made a dive for the closed door. From its shadowy depths he pulled forth a second Christmas tree. From it, too, hung tinsel, Cupids and the Star of Bethlehem.

In the midst of exclamations and explanations, no one heard the door being opened.

"Carefully," a voice was saying, "be careful, don't break it. Where are you all? Come here."

Recognizing Mrs. Wemple's voice, Mrs. Merion hurried to greet her. There on the parlor floor, was a third Christmas tree.

"I thought," began Mrs. Wemple, "that it was a shame Ann shouldn't have a tree. So in spite of her education—"

Mrs. Merion cut her short, choking with laughter she took her guest to the "den."

Baby Ann crowded and laughed and cried for all the Stars of Bethlehem. "She will be a saint," said her father.

"She shall begin now," said her grandmother. "She shall send her superfluous toys to the children's ward."

"Next year," observed Mrs. Wemple, "you two had better plan on one together."

cities in the depth of winter. Only the fur-trimmed garments of the women suggested that snow-covered streets lay without.

"I am happy," replied Elita. "I really believe I'm beginning to feel 'Christmasy!'"

It was late when they reached home, so it was not until after dinner that Elita found time to go to the sewing room.

"I have a few isolated gifts to wrap up," she remarked to Grant, "so excuse me, dear."

To her surprise he made no remonstrance, though he had always claimed her evenings.

"All right," he replied. "I have an important letter to write. So take your time."

"A business letter," said Elita, "and on Christmas eve? We certainly are a sensible couple!"

Was that a guilty flash on Grant's face when, from economical habit, he turned to extinguish one of the dining-room lights?

Later, when Elita went to his den, she found the door locked.

"All right, Elita, in a minute," Grant cried in answer to her summons. There was a sound of scurrying the closet door banged, and Grant let her in.

"I thought," observed Elita drily, as she gazed around at the excelsior which littered the otherwise neat den, "you had an important business letter to write."

Christmas, queen of festivals, dawned bright, clear and cold. Its religious significance Elita had always been taught to observe. That their thoughts might not be distracted through the beautiful service, the distribution of gifts was postponed until their return from church.

Elita's father and mother and sister came to dine with them. Before dinner was quite over, Elita, ostensibly to get Baby Ann, slipped away.

"I should say," remarked the impatient grandmother, "that she was a long time getting that child."

"Come into the den," called Elita's cheery voice, with an air of mystery.

There, on the table, brilliantly illuminated with tiny candles, strings of gold and silver tinsel, snowy white popcorn, waxes angels and over all the Star of Bethlehem, stood a Christmas tree. All but Grant uttered exclamations of delight.

"What's the matter, dear?" anxiously asked Elita, as she held Ann to ward him. "Don't you like it? I simply couldn't resist!"

"But how did you find out?" disapprovingly manifested in his voice. "I meant it as a surprise. I was going to get it myself in a moment."

"Why how did you know anything about it? I trimmed it myself, last evening in the sewing-room."

Grant made a dive for the closed door. From its shadowy depths he pulled forth a second Christmas tree. From it, too, hung tinsel, Cupids and the Star of Bethlehem.

In the midst of exclamations and explanations, no one heard the door being opened.

"Carefully," a voice was saying, "be careful, don't break it. Where are you all? Come here."

Recognizing Mrs. Wemple's voice, Mrs. Merion hurried to greet her. There on the parlor floor, was a third Christmas tree.

"I thought," began Mrs. Wemple, "that it was a shame Ann shouldn't have a tree. So in spite of her education—"

Mrs. Merion cut her short, choking with laughter she took her guest to the "den."

Baby Ann crowded and laughed and cried for all the Stars of Bethlehem. "She will be a saint," said her father.

"She shall begin now," said her grandmother. "She shall send her superfluous toys to the children's ward."

"Next year," observed Mrs. Wemple, "you two had better plan on one together."



Maple Leaf Rubbers

Light and pliable, because no wear-destroying adulterants are mixed with the finest Para gum. Conform to the shape of the shoe—give a glove-like, accurate, stylish fit. Stay in shape. Wear long.

Professional Cards.

Leslie R. Fairn, ARCHITECT. AYLESFORD, N. S.

J. B. WHITMAN, LAND SURVEYOR, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.

JOHN IRVIN, Barrister and Solicitor, Notary Public.

OFFICE—Shaffer's Building, Queen Street, Bridgetown, Annapolis Co., Nova Scotia.

J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER & NOTARY PUBLIC, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

Will be at his office in Martine's Block, MIDDLETON, EVERY THURSDAY.

Agent for Nova Scotia Building Society. Money to loan at 5% on Real Estate security.

J. J. RITCHIE, K. C., Keith Building, Halifax.

Mr. Ritchie will continue to attend his sittings of the Courts in the County. All communications from Annapolis Co. clients addressed to him at Halifax, will receive his personal attention.

O. S. MILLER, Barrister, & C. Real Estate Agent, etc. SHAFNER BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and all other professional business.

O. T. Daniels, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. UNION BANK BUILDING.

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

Undertaking and We do Undertaking in all its branches.

J. H. Hicks & Son, Queen Street, Bridgetown. TELEPHONE 46.

Dr. Saunders, DENTIST, Crown & Bridge Work a specialty. PAINLESS EXTRACTION.

OFFICE—Young's Building, Queen St. Monday and Tuesday of each week.

ARTHUR S. BURNS, B.A., M.D.C.M., Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur.

DR. F. S. ANDERSON, Graduate of the University Maryland. Crown and Bridge Work a specialty. Office: Queen street, Bridgetown. Hours: 9 to 5.

The cords in my neck were severely swollen for three days and three nights. I was in great pain. One application of the celebrated

EMPIRE LINIMENT relieved me and less than a bottle completely cured me. I feel it my duty to recommend it to every family and every traveller should carry a bottle in his grip.

N. R. NEILEY, Proprietor of the St. James Hotel, Bridgetown, Annapolis County, N. S. Bridgetown, May 2, 1906.

Quince and Cranberries

Write for quotations, we get the highest prices.

J. G. WILLETT, St. John, N. B.

NEVER

In the 39 years of the history of the college have opportunities for young men and women been as great as now. For male stenographers especially, the demand is urgent and the salaries offered are large.

Now is the time to begin preparation for situations to be filled next spring. Send for new catalogue.

S. KERR & SON, Old Fellow's Hall.

A. W. ALLEN & SON, WOODWORKERS.

We make and handle all kinds of Building Material and Finish.

A complete stock of Doors, Sash, Mouldings, Scaffolding, Flooring, Siding, etc., always on hand.

Church, Store and Office Fixings a specialty.

Write for Illustrated Book and prices in BOX 18, MIDDLETON, N. S.

SUPPLY and DEMAND

are both greater than ever before for MARITIME TRAINED.

We shall require during next ten months, at least, 100 YOUNG MEN

in addition to present enrollment to supply our clients.

Individual instruction here, hence students are admitted any time to MARITIME BUSINESS COLLEGE HALIFAX, N. S.

KAU LBACH & SCHURM A CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

At Private Sale

About seven acres of good land, with a young orchard in fruit coming into bearing, near the Bridgetown station of the M. & V. B. Railway. A good chance for investment.

Apply to JOHN IRVIN

Halifax & South Western Ry. Time Table Oct. 15th 1906

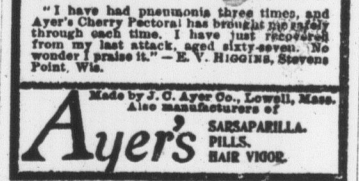
Monday, Wednesday, Friday	STATIONS	Monday, Wednesday, Friday
Read Down		Read Up
11:00	L. Middleton	A. 11:30
11:20	L. Clarence	A. 11:50
11:40	L. Bridgetown	A. 12:10
12:00	L. Granville Centre	A. 12:30
12:20	L. Granville Ferry	A. 12:50
12:40	L. Karlova	A. 1:10
1:00	L. Victoria Beach	A. 1:30
		A. 1:50

Connection at Middleton with trains for Bridgewater and Lunenburg.

B. MOONEY, District Freight & Passenger Agent, HALIFAX

For Coughs and Colds

There is a remedy over sixty years old—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Of course you have heard of it, probably have used it. Once in the family, it stays; the one household remedy for coughs and hard colds on the chest. Ask your doctor about it.



Ayer's Pills increase the activity of the liver, and thus aid recovery.

FINEST and FRESHEST Meat & Fish

always in stock. Wm. I. Troop

Children will catch cold and trouble mother no matter what care she takes.

A remedy that children like and is a quick cure for coughs and colds is

Simson's Flaxseed Emulsion

A simple preparation that will not disagree with the most delicate stomach. Price 25c. All druggists. THE NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED, HALIFAX.