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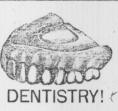
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Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

J. B. WHITMAN, Land Surveyor, ROUND HILL, N. S.

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Yarmouth, N. S.—N. R. Burrows, "
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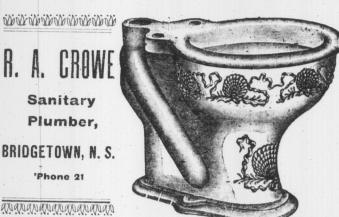
SPECIAL ORDERS.

..IN.. Wedding

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20, 1902.

No. 21



Poetry.

TELL HIM SO. If you have a word of cheer That may light the pathway drea Of a brother pilgrim here, Let him know. Show him you appreciate
What he does; and do not wait
Till the heavy hand of Fate
Lays him low.
If your heart contains a thought
That will brighter make his lot, Then, in mercy, hide it not; Tell him so.

RESIGNATION.

You kin talk about yoh sorrow You kin kick about your grief; But it ain' no use to borrow Trouble. Dat won' bring relief. You mus face de changin' seasons;

De winter's mighty chilly An' de summer's mighty hot, be roads is lone and hilly An' der ain' no restin' spot, sut honey, don' be tearfu. Jes' let you heaht be stout, You might as well be cheerful

DESTINY. ever the self-same path for two In the woods of Day and Morrow! Each hews for himself through the underbrush;
'Tis a craven heart will borrow he axe of another to clear his way,

them. "Come, Aunt Maria," she said, "let us leave Tom to his work."
Joe in the meantime, crossed the misty moors to the village, and, passing down the dark street, went into a brightly lighted building, marked by a huge sign. "Omnivering Store." y a huge sign, "Omnivarious Store." oe had made his way in this "great or he had left school.

"I am not built to be a bookworm,"
he had said to his uncle. "I know the
arithmetic from cover to cover.
That's all I need, to go into trade.
I'll do my best to go hat be ledden."

That's all I need, to go into trade. I'll do my best to go up the ladder."
That speech had gone far to win the affection of the old speculator.
"The boy has the right stuff in him. I made my money by trade," he said.
"There's a modest confidence about him, very different from the explast. im, very different from the everlast Joe had earned his success. He had keen relish for the work. He liked begt an old farmer and his wife om North Beach into the store and

cajole them into buying a rusty saw or some shopworn cloth. He was so polite, so deferential, that even his victims praised his skill.

"He's an able, sharp one!" was the "Joe will make his

the motioned him aside and took his blace. Mr. Fareham glanced up from his paper and smiled significantly at a as paper and smiled significantly at a dapper little man with red hair and mustache, who was sitting by the Watch, Crawford. Turner will make

"Watch, Crawford. Turner will make the old man buy a worse hat for more money." he whispered.

Crawford was a commercial man who came to the village now and then, to sell shoes. He fixed his light eyes on Joe and listened intently, until a hat was sold to the squire.—a poorer hat and higher in price than the first.

Farcham laughed. "I told you so! Clever boy, that!"
"Yes." Crawford said yawning. He nodded over his pipe, until Farcham had put on his hat and gone home. Then Crawford roused suddenly and Leckoned Joe to come to the stove. There had been for some time a certain intimacy between the young men.

This man of the world had recognized aim as one of his own kind. With his eleverness, and Crawford's friends incieverness, and Crawford's friends inside of the ring, why should they not "clean out Wall Street," and make their millions like the Goulds or the Rockefellers. If he only had the land on which to borrow money, he could make the whole family rich. But, if Tom got the farm, he would take to drinking sooner or later, and would

"Why, what's the matter with you" asked Tom, staring at him.
"Nothing!" His hand shook as he lifted his candle, and his chin quiverer. "I'm trying to do what's right." Jenny followed him to his room. "Joey, you're not well," she said, taking his hot hand in her cool, firm fingers. "You need sleep, hut you must not make mistakes. It is Aunt Maria and Tom who do the work on the farm for us. The money you make you kep, not a penny goes to anybody but yourself."

Joe shook her off. "What are you her cakes Aunt Maria?"

What was Fareham's niggardly salary to that?

He took his seat noisely. "Hello, fish again! No hot cakes Aunt Maria?"

Tom suddenly walked to the window and knelt reverently, looking up into the Kockefeliers. If he only had the land on which to borrow money, he could make the whole family rich. But, it to make the whole family rich. But, it to make the whole family rich. But, it to to drinking, sooner or later, and would waste it all. Sometime he surely would drink. It was it the blood.

Joe walked on through the drifting mist, his head bent, shivering, not could, but with a strange passion which crept through him. It was a newcome er into his soul, cruel and relentless he did not know hinelst with it the area that evening. It was, perhaps, the first time in his life that he had prayer he had been taught as a child, but that land, and Tom who had clutched the land from him.

It was a dark night. The nearing sough of the seas advere word, was the would be a drunkard within three years?

Joe stopped short; his breath came the first time in his fire that he had prayer he had been taught as a child, and waste the land, sometime. If he should be a drunkard within three years?

Joe came in for his supper a little be mise, then,—legally mine.

Joe came in for his supper a little would all be mine, then,—legally mine.

Joe came in for his supper a little would all be mine, then,—legally mine.

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Joe came in for his supper a little would all be mine, then,—legally min

self."

Joe shook her off. "What are you talking to me like that for? I'm trying to do my duty. I tell you."

"I've no doubt of it; but don't make mistakes, Joe. Keep things clear to yourself, that's all."

Joe turned his back until she was gone. He could not bear her honest eyes. Didn't he see things clearly enough? If Tom got the farm, it would, at last go to the rum shops. If Tom began to drink within three years the farm would come to himself. "And, with it, I'll make us all millionaires!—even that poor sot Tom. I'm only do-

men in the water of the control of t



money, and a backing of land, and my knowledge of stock-dealing, we could go in the middle of the room, and stood in the middle of the room, staring at the books. He knew it was a good thing he was trying to do,—to it's late. Good-night, partner!" Then nodding gaily, he swung out of the door, and went down the dark street whistling.

Joe covered the fire and closed the store, and then walked slowly home through the mist.

Crawford had called him "partner!"
This man of the world had recognized bim as one of his own kind. With his cleverness, and Crawford's friends in
toked round as if expecting somebody to stretch out a helping hand to him,—to speak a kind word,—but the room pleased and smiling. "Joe brought is hat and put to stretch out a helping hand to him,—to speak a kind word,—but the room pleased and smiling. "No. I,—I went for a tonic for Tom.

You said he ought to have it to tell do your best—you can do no more. Remember what the negro said when his through the nizht. Else it to him.

I'd rather you'd give it to him.

He shut the door quickly, with ut list. Into down the road.

"He really needs something to brace him up," he said, "and Squire Logue will see him in the morning—I'll manage that." He tried to laugh, but the laugh scared his guilty soul and do your best—you can do no more.

Remember what the negro said when list. List it is a question of life and death. You will do your best—you said ho ought to have it to tell do your best—you said ho ought to have it to tell.

I'd rather you'd give it to him.

He shut the door quickly, with ut list. Into the nizhe nizh

the one great crisis of his me,
then, would mean ruin forever. He
looked round as if expecting somebody
to stretch out a helping hand to him,
—to speak a kind word,—but the room
was dark and silent.

Tom suddenly walked to the window
and knelt reverently, looking up into
and knelt reverently, looking up into
the manual light.

Tom," she said. "It will help you
through the night. Be sure to take it.
Joey has a good heart,—at the bottom."

ton the mantle-shelf, moth-

Joe stopped short; his breath came thick, his heart throbbed. "It would all be mine, then,—legally mine. I could go into Wall street with Crawford."

Joe trembled as if a breath of death had passed through him. He was but a boy, after all, and not depraved at heart.

A few minutes later, Aunt Maria opened the door. "I thought I heard a step," she said. "Why, how pale you are Joey! Come in, child!"

"Let me alone," he said roughly, "I'm going to bed. I toil and slave until late at night to keep you all, and you sit here and amuse yourselves. Oh, that's all right. Some must work and some must play, in this world."

"Why, what's the matter with you? asked Tom, staring at him.

"Nothing!" His hand shook as he lifted his candle, and his chin quiverer. "Tim trying to do what's right."

Jenny followed him to his room." Joey, you're not well," she said, taking his hot hand in her cool, firm fingers. "You need sleep, but you must not make mistakes. It is Aunt Maria opened the mine, then, legally mine. I at the late at night to keep you all, and you sit here and amuse yourselves. Oh, that's all right. Some must work and some must play, in this world."

"The tide was carefully dressed in a cheap, fashionably cut suit, and carried him. These new graces and signs of prossile feect with a swagger which he conceived to be the bearing of a city man. These new graces and signs of prossile feect with a swagger which he conceived to be the bearing of a city man. These new graces and signs of prossile feect with a swagger which he conceived to be the bearing of a city man. These new graces and signs of prossile feect with a swagger which he conceived to be the bearing of a city man. These new graces and signs of prossile feect with a swagger which he conceived to be the bearing of a city man. These new graces and signs of prossile feect with a swagger which he conceived to be the bearing of a city man. These new graces and signs of prossile feect with a swagger which he conceived to be the bearing of a city man. The sense we grace Back into the shadow of the porch a figure cowered suddenly into the deeper darkness. It was Joe, who had watched all night for the outcome of his scheme. The red light of the lamp showed him Tom's haggard face at the window. The lad's eyes were nearly closed; he gaped wearnly. As he turned from the window, he caught sight of the bottle which Joe had brought. The yellow liquor glittered cheerfully The yellow liquor glittered cheerfully in the lamplight. "Hey, this is what I need!" he said

aloud; and, taking it up, he uncorked it and poured all the liquor into a As he lifted it to his mouth, a sudden splashing sound came from the window. One of his crabs was plungwindow. One of his crans was plung-ing through the tub, wakened by the light. Tom laughed as if an old friend had suddenly came in at the door. "Hello, old fellow, what do you want?" he called, and ran to the tub.

with shaking hands, trying to laugh with shaking hands, trying to laugh.

"Make your jump, my son," she said,
"and perhaps you will be taken
through."

"Yes, mother," Tom said in a low
voice. He remembered what he had

between Cape Breton and the mainland of Nova Scotia is to be undertaken at once. The task is an immense one, involving great engineering difficulties and an outlay of about \$5,000,000. J. A. L. Waddell, of Kansas City, has been engaged to oversee the work. He is a Canadian, and a graduate of McGill, and has been knighted by the Emperor of Japan, where he was at one time professor of civil engineering ongest in the world, and have a height of 58 feet c.ear above high water. The enced in crossing this strait.

It is said that the Canadian Pacific Railway is behind the project, which is preliminary to the establishment of a fast steamship line on the Atlantic.