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Choice Meats, Fresh and Pickled Fish, Hams and Bacon, Sausages of our own make.

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**Fruit** Peaches, Pears, Plums, Pine-apples, Strawberries, Raspberries, Cherries, Blueberries, etc.

**Vegetables** Corn, Peas, Tomatoes, String Beans, Baked Beans, Squash, Pumpkin, etc. etc.

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## GREAT REDUCTION

We are selling at a great reduction in order to close out certain lines, viz:

Ladies' Underwear and Night Robes, Men's Underwear and Top Shirts, Blankets, Wool Hosiery, Seersucker Muslin, etc.,

### Millinery Department

Miss Wade's New Spring Stock of Millinery has arrived and she is prepared to attend to the needs of customers.

**W. W. WADE,** BEAR RIVER

When answering advertisements please mention this paper

## THE STORY MR. POPKISS TOLD

(By Algernon Blackwood, in the Westminster Gazette.)

'Talking of railway accidents—' 'But we weren't,' interrupted the prig.

'—and of narrow escapes,' continued Mr. Popkiss, ignoring the contradiction, and looking like an offended parrot with its head on one side.

'reminds me of one.' 'Which?' inquired the prig smartly. 'the railway accident or the narrow escape?' He was a small young man, with red eyes and a face like a weasel. He was also a 'psychical student.'

'Both,' said Popkiss, looking at him over the top of his spectacles, and spreading out his coat-tails before the fire, so that he resembled more than ever a parrot, jaunty, yet slightly ruffled, swinging on its perch. 'Let's have the story,' said Brown, in a tone of authority.

And the story began at once: for Brown was 'the intellect' of the little party of newspaper men telling yarns round the club fire-place that deserted Christmas week, when their duties held them in London after everyone else had gone.

'I saved my life, so it was nearly an accident,' continued Mr. Popkiss ambiguously, 'and this is how it happened. Most odd, it was.'

He buttoned his coat tightly, as though conscious that he resembled a bird, and anxious to dissemble the fact. He was a man of fifty, bald, shabby, timid, and kind-hearted—an unsuccessful solicitor.

'It was last year, on the Boxing Day after Christmas,' he began in his high-pitched voice, 'and I was in a third-class carriage, going down into Surrey for the New Year's week. I was alone, sitting by the window. It was after ten o'clock, and I was drowsy, but not asleep. The window streamed with rain. Outside everything was black and raw and miserable—utterly cheerless. Just after leaving Wimbledon Station another train drew up alongside, and I watched it through the window of my corner-seat, trying to work up an interest, and wondering which would win. I imagined the two trains were racing—as one is apt to do at such times—and that all the passengers knew it. But for a long time we both ran an even race, neck and neck, and I remember thinking what a fool our engine driver was not to put on steam and pull ahead.

'Faster and faster we went. It annoyed me that all these stupid passengers in the other train were so close to me, going to other destina-

tions than mine. It seemed so dull and boring for them. You know the kind of foolish thoughts that wander up and down the mind at such times.'

'Quite,' said the psychical student: 'quite!'

'And I was glad the windows were so blurred by rain that they couldn't see into my carriage—when, suddenly, I turned with a start and found that my own window was clear as crystal, and that I could see with the greatest ease into the carriage running close beside me. Something had sponged the windows clean. And in the corner-seat of that other carriage, so close to my elbow that I could have put my hand out and touched him, sat a man, huddled up in overcoats and rugs, just as I was.'

Mr. Popkiss unbuttoned the top button of his coat to allow more freedom for possible gestures. The group of listeners started with keen attention. The mind of the veesl-faced student was already busily searching for flaws by means of which he might tear the story to pieces the moment it was finished.

'Quite inexplicably,' continued Mr. Popkiss, pitching his voice higher in key but lower in tone, 'the figure of this man arrested my attention vividly, almost unpleasantly. The face was hidden by his hand, but there was something about him that made me reflect. It seemed to me that I knew who he was. Like myself, he was alone in an empty compartment. The curious idea entered my head that he was watching me through his fingers over his face; and a mysterious uneasiness I could not account for came over me.'

I made a movement forward to look at him through the middle window—and the man made precisely a similar movement. Through the middle windows of both carriages our eyes met, and in a flash I saw who it was—'

'You recognized him?' asked several voices together. 'I recognized him beyond all question: he was myself!' continued Mr. Popkiss, unfastening the second button of his coat, 'absolutely myself!'

'Another Popkiss!' exclaimed the psychical student. 'You mean a reflection, of course?'

'At first I thought it was a reflection, for the man copied exactly every movement I made—every single movement. I won't bore you with details; but everything I did in my carriage that man did also in his carriage. And yet—Popkiss mopped his forehead and unfastened the last button—there was something about him—something about that peering

face with spectacles—about the silent movements and shadowy appearance—that awoke a nameless terror in me. I began to perspire all over. And something in me, too, began to tremble. Each time I turned to look there he stood, his arms placed precisely as mine were placed, his body in the same attitude exactly, and his spectacled eyes staring straight into my own.'

His voice sank to a whisper as he said this. Everyone listened breathlessly. 'A projection of your own Double,' murmured the student, 'or a condition of hysteria inducing a vision,' but no one paid any attention to him.

'Yes, and this is how it happened,' resumed Popkiss, passing a hand over his bald head, as though the world was so strange a place that it would not have surprised him to find unexpected tufts upon that marble surface, 'and I never can persuade you how dreadfully queer I felt.

'Then, suddenly, an idea came to me just as the two trains were slowing down, still running neck and neck. I opened the window. The other man did the same. We put our heads out. There was no question of reflection then. I had to cling to the window-sides to prevent myself falling, so great was the shock. For, instead of disappearing, as a reflection must have disappeared, the face of this other man suddenly flamed up through the night in most amazing fashion; and, thrusting his head forward so that we almost touched one another, I heard his whispers fly sharply across to me through the darkness. The words came with a sense of most appalling reality, and it seemed to me that a wind of ice and snow passed over my cheeks.

'Leave this train!' he said, above the rattle of the metals. 'Leave this train!'

'And the very next second, before I could answer, or do anything at all, the lights in his carriage were extinguished and the train was running beside me in black darkness.

'But was it running beside me? That was the queer part of it. Was it still keeping up a neck-and-neck race with my own? For when I put my head further out to look, and as soon as my eyes got accustomed to the gloom, lo and behold, there was no train there at all! Both in front and behind the lines were clear. There was no train, and no sign of one. . . . Five minutes later we ran into Woking Junction.'

The psychical student longed to say something, but his mind was so confused with such phrases as 'double personality,' 'veridical dreams,' 'subliminal consciousness,' and the like that before he could squeeze out a word Mr. Popkiss was at it again finishing his story:

'It would be impossible to describe to you how, and why, the whole thing so impressed me,' he explained softly, 'that I actually did leave the train at Woking Junction, although my destination was several stations further on. . . . All I can tell you is that the train itself—my train—ran off the metals before it had gone another mile down the line, and two people were killed outright and a dozen injured terribly. . . . I had to sleep at Woking and go on next day when the debris was cleared away.'

He buttoned up his coat again very quickly, and touched the bell for the waiter.

'Queer, wasn't it?' he observed.

looking round him with a sigh.

Involved discussion followed in a torrent, during the course of which the psychical student gave the group the benefit of much labored explanation. A world in which he could not explain everything by the processes of his own acute little mind was intolerable to him. And when the others, led by Brown, made difficulties, he fell back upon the delightful generalization that to imagine such things at all was a sure sign of mental degeneration. . . .

'What do you think of it yourself?' he asked at length of the story-teller.

'I?' said Popkiss deprecatingly: 'oh I don't think anything at all. It saved my life—and that's enough for me!'

## DOCTOR SAID ONLY ZAM-BUK COULD CURE HER ECZEMA

In view of the numerous cures which Zam-Buk has worked when all else has failed, there is little wonder that in the end the doctor attending Mrs. J. P. St. Denis, of 305 Thompson Street, Winnipeg, should tell her there was nothing but Zam-Buk could cure her. The result showed the far-seeing wisdom of this practitioner, and having been completely cured by Zam-Buk, Mrs. St. Denis gives her experience for the benefit of other sufferers.

She says: "Eczema started on one side of my face and nose. At first my nose felt sore, similar to what one feels when having a bad cold. I paid no attention to this, thinking it would pass away in a day or so, but to my surprise it got worse. The nose then became swollen and hard, and turned a purplish red, as well as part of the cheek on that side of my face. As the disease developed, pimples and ulcers broke out, then the skin cracked in places and peeled off in flakes, leaving my face and nose raw and sore. This condition reacted on my general health, and I became very ill. I could get no sleep at night because of the irritation and the pain, and my face was in such a shocking condition that for two months I did not go out of the house. I applied remedies which were supposed to be good for skin diseases, but in vain. My doctor also treated me, but without effect, until one day he said that the only thing which would now be likely to cure me was Zam-Buk.

"Acting on his advice I procured a supply and found that even the first few applications had a soothing effect on the sores. I left off everything else in favour of this balm, and applied it liberally every day to the affected parts. In a remarkably short time, considering the obstinate nature of my disease, we saw traces of improvement which encouraged us to persevere with the Zam-Buk treatment. Zam-Buk reduced the discoloration, then the hard swelling began to show traces of leaving, the sores seemed to be less angry, and in about three weeks' time most of the sores were healing nicely. To cut a long story short, I continued with the Zam-Buk treatment until my face was cleared completely of all traces of the troublesome and painful eczema."

Zam-Buk is a sure cure for cuts, lacerations, burns, eczema, ringworm, poisoned wounds, festering sores, bad leg, and all skin injuries and diseases. It is also a cure for piles. Druggists and Stores everywhere sell at 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, on receipt of price. You are warned against cheap and harmful imitations sometimes represented as "just as good."

**ON AUTOMOBILING.** (Colchester Sun.) About a year ago the automobile owners in Truro agreed that on certain days of the week they would not travel outside of the town, so that the residents of the county could come freely into town without any fear. This was a very wise course. Now it appears that some are not satisfied with this arrangement and want the Board of Trade to express an opinion upon the matter. What opinion the Board of Trade will express upon it, it is of course difficult to say, but a great many persons with whom The Sun has discussed the question are of the opinion that the Board of Trade had better leave it alone. The automobile owners present at most a dozen; those who object to meeting an automobile on a narrow road unexpectedly number many hundreds. Moreover, those who do not wish an uninvited encounter are patrons of the retail business of Truro, and it behooves the Board of Trade to consider this matter. A ready certain part of Colchester has ceased to trade in Truro for very well known reason. Let not the automobile question drive any other way.

The automobile has come to stay. It is a useful machine as well as an interesting toy, but its general acceptance should not be retarded by foolish opposition to the wishes of the judges if you will—of those who trade with the merchants of Truro.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will ways cure my coughs and colds."

## Military Training

(New Glasgow Chronicle, Liberal.)

The country may soon become used to some such incident in the public schools as this:

Teacher: "John Smith, come up here, sir!"

Johnnie comes up forthwith; his knees what it is to disobe by glancing at the rifles on the rack over the teacher's head.

Teacher: "Explain, sir, how you happened to shoot William Jones on the range at recess?"

Johnnie's explanation can easily be imagined.

Teacher: "After hearing your explanation and as it is obligatory that all the scholars learn to shoot to kill, let this be a lesson to you; but as a penalty must be enforced for the taking of life, you will be confined in the guard room until the school is dismissed. Guard, take him away!"

Johnnie is taken away. Teacher: "The second infantry class will now turn out for drill—no ties to-day as a token of commemoration of the shooting of William Jones by private John Smith."

Parliament went into ecstasies of delight over Lord Strathcona's offer of \$250,000 to establish military training in the public schools,—blood money, it really is.

Is it not awful to have Canada ranged up with consciences fighting nations of Europe? It was the hope of many that Canada would grow up to nationhood an example to the older and bloodthirsty nations of the world; but, alas! it was a pipe dream. In our opinion Lord Strathcona's gift should have been declined with thanks—if courteous reply was necessary. But, no, members of Parliament fell over one another in their loyal acceptance of the gift.

Probably the influence Canada's war-like action will have on the nation to the south of it is the worst feature of the army drum beating. If Canada under the influence of the infernally disposed Tories of Great Britain is arming itself to the teeth, the United States will, also, arm itself. There is nothing surer in the world than, as we sow so shall we reap. As Canada is sowing the seeds of war, she will reap the seeds of war. Ten times better would it be for the future of the Dominion to withdraw altogether from the union with fighting Europe and cultivate the arts of peace and good neighborhood.

## THE CATTY SPIRIT.

That was a piece of excellent advice by the Bishop of London to the girls in a fashionable school in the west end, as reported recently. "Never be cats," he said. "There is the greatest difference in the world between an old maid and an old cat." There is, indeed. The old maid, at her best, is one of the best and finest of human creatures; but the "old cat," she maid, wife or widow, is one of the most despicable. The Bishop of London told his schoolgirl audience that the curse of the fashionable was "the prevalence of a catty spirit." The cat—in some respects an estimable animal—will sit up for hours by a hole, waiting for a mouse. She might be otherwise employed, but she prefers to crouch and watch for some helpless victim. The "old cat" against whom the Bishop of London spoke sits likewise on the watch, intent on tearing her neighbors' reputations to pieces. She may do it crudely, or like the skilful tabby, with a graceful sweep of velvet talon. Yet she is an old cat, nevertheless, deserving always to be reprobated.

**PAINT** wears off floors quickly, and catches dust; carpets wear out and catch dust. Use neither. Cover your floors with the perfect finish—

**Floorglaze**

Ten pleasing shades Dries glass-hard overnight—wear-proof, water-proof, glossy, sanitary. Gallon covers 500 square feet. Ask at the dealer's. Made by Imperial Varnish & Color Co., Ltd., Toronto. Send for free booklet well worth reading.

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Lever Brothers, Toronto, will send you free a cake of their famous Plantol toilet soap, if you mention this paper.

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IF SO, HAVE YOU TRIED

## Atlee's English Bronze Top Turnip Seed?

This seed has been imported by Mr. Atlee from England for the past thirteen years the sales increasing yearly, till they are now sold and grown in Annapolis, Digby, and Yarmouth Counties their name having spread from section to section.

The Turnips grown from this seed are shipped in Carload lots to Boston as late as June bringing the highest prices.

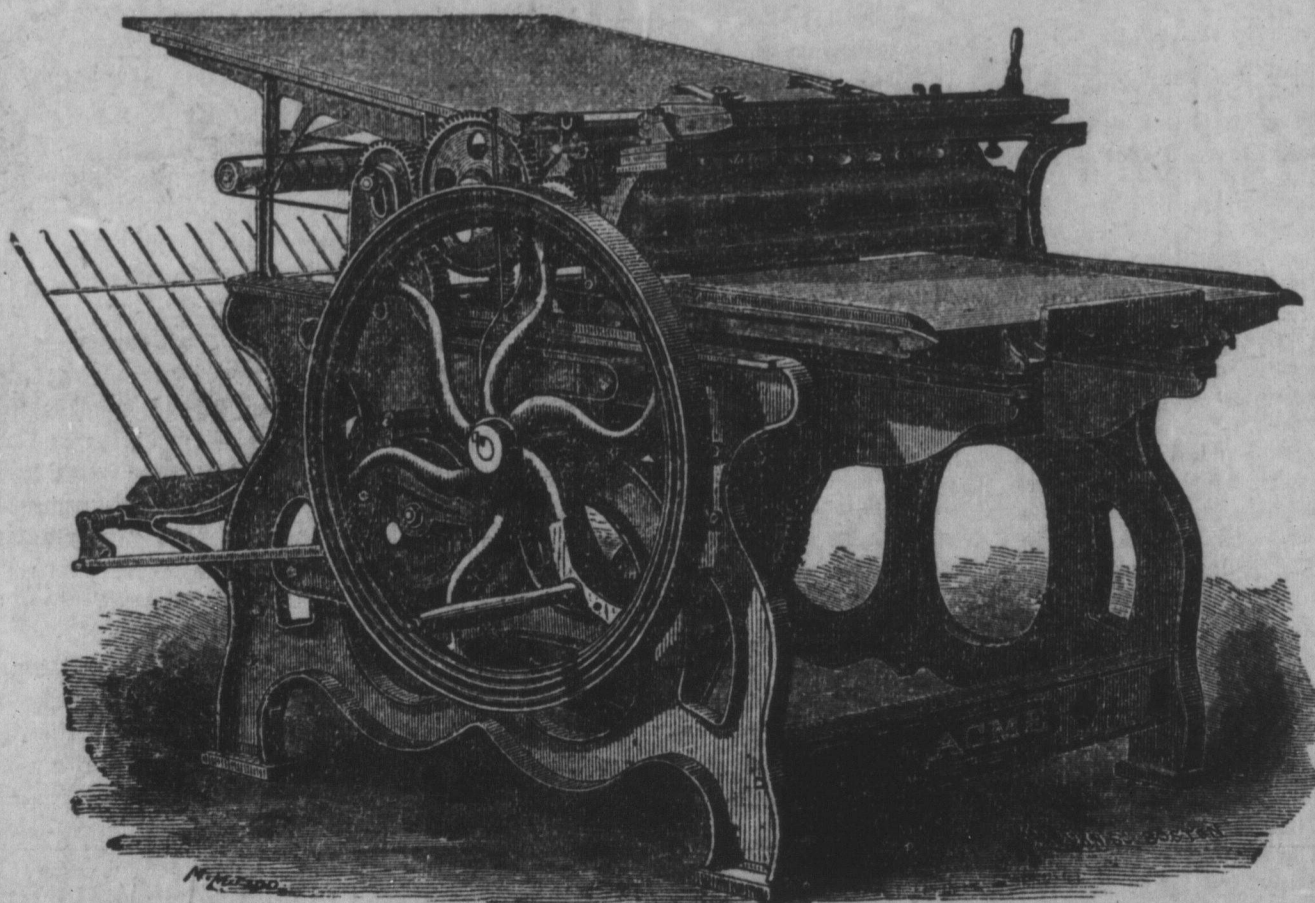
They yield a superior, solid, fine-grained, well flavored turnip, unexcelled for table use. A splendid cropper and good keeper.

PRICE 25c. per lb.

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**Atlee's Drug and Stationery Store, Annapolis, N. S.**

## For Sale at this Office



Acme Press, bed 33 x 42; 8 column folio, with chases, roller corés, etc. This is a snap for a small newspaper office, or for poster work. Will be sold very low to make room. Apply at once.

**M. K. PIPER**