

The Advertiser JOB DEPARTMENT

Our Work is Done Promptly
and in the Neatest Style

Billheads Business Cards
Booklets Visiting Cards
Envelopes Memoranda
Dodgers Post Cards
Books Letterheads
Posters Statements

We make a specialty of Wedding
Invitations and Cards, Appeal Cases,
Church Work and Programs.

Get Our Prices
THE ADVERTISER, KENTVILLE

The Bridgetown Electric Light,
Heat and Power Co. have secured a
contract with the town for lighting
the streets for five years. The con-
tract calls for thirty-five 32 candle
power lights, and for an all night
service and the cost has been fixed
at \$20 per light per year. The con-
tract also fixes a schedule for private
lighting within the town, 16c. p.
house lights up to five lights are
rated at 14c.; five to ten lights 14c.;
and over ten, cost 14c. up to five
and over that, 1 cent per night.
Store lights 16c. will be charged
at 2c. per light up to ten lights and
12c. for more than ten. Church
lights are too cost: not more than
\$1.50 per light per year. The all
night service is to go into effect no
later than August 1st, 1901. Ex.

She Was Pale and Languid

Mrs. E. McLaughlin, 95 Parliament
street, Toronto, states: "My daughter
was pale, weak, languid and very nerv-
ous, her appetite was poor and change-
able; she could scarcely drag herself
about the house, and her nerves were
completely unstrung; she could not
sleep for more than half an hour at a
time without starting up and crying
out in excitement."
"As she was growing weaker and
weaker I became alarmed, and got a
box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. She
used this treatment for some weeks,
and from the first we noticed a decided
improvement. Her appetite became
better, she gained in weight, the color
returned to her face, and she gradu-
ally became strong and well. I can-
not say too much in favor of this won-
derful treatment, since it has proved
such a blessing to my daughter."
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most
effective treatment for the ailments of
weakness of women that is obtainable.
50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Ed-
manston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Patience—What is the sign when a
man kisses a girl on the forehead.
Patience—I should say it was a sign
that he was rattled.

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS. Pond's Extract

Over fifty years a household remedy
for Burns, Sprains, Wounds, Bruises,
Coughs, Colds and all accidents liable
to occur in every home.

CAUTION—There is only one
Pond's Extract. Be
sure you get the genuine,
sold only in sealed bottles
in bull wrappers.

You miserable vagabond! said an
indignant woman in Halifax a few
days ago, with the shawl over her
head. You ought to be ashamed to
go around looking for charity with a
nose like that!

That's where I was vaccinated,
ma'am, replied the tramp.

WANTED.—Capable, reliable person in
every county to represent large company of
solid financial reputation; \$250 salary per
year, payable weekly; \$3 per day absolutely
sure and all expenses; straight bona-fide,
definite salary, no commission; salary paid
each Saturday and expense money advanced
each week. STANDARD HOUSE, 334,
DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO.

for Constipation and Indigestion, no
sickness no pain from using Beach's
Pills. Send 10 cts. to The Baird
Company, Woodstock, N.B., for a
trial sample. Regular size bottle price
25 cents, at all dealers.

this is so sudden,—I misdephina press

The Pan American Exposition was
opened at Buffalo on Wednesday and
will be opened till November 1st.

make renewal before the paper stops.
We save you money as well as the
trouble of remitting to Montreal.
Address "The Advertiser,"
sw ft Kentville, N S

hoves those who have charge of child-
ren to insist upon their early vacca-
nation and re vaccination if necessary,
during the prevalence of the disease
Minard's Lintment Cures Distemper

its apex, or, as it may be termed,
"umbilicated," because it somewhat
resembles the appearance of the navel.
About the sixth or seventh day, after
the vesicles have reached their matu-
rity, the Lintment Cures Distemper

MUSIC

When your heart and brain are weary and you're
tired and sort of blue,
Is there anything like music's spell to make you
feel like new?
Don't it set you to rejecting and drive all your
cares away
When they open the piano and some one begins
to play?

And when the player's lively, and the music's
lively still,
And the notes are bubbling over like a little,
laughing rill,
You just catch the sweet infection, and you're
feeling very nice
As though nothing had gone sideways and the
whole world was in tune.

And your friends are all around you, for they
never went away
As you thought they did when everything went
wrong the other day,
And the world is full of happiness, and all is
bright and fair,
And life is what you want it, when there's music
in the air.

And when the music's low and sweet, and tender
the refrain,
It makes you feel as though there was a halo
for every pain,
And 'twas worth a-trying to be good and make
another start,
And you feel as though a little bird was singing
in your heart.

And the sun is shining brightly, all the clouds
have rolled away,
And there's not a single shadow in the path you
walk today,
For the music's way down in your soul, per-
forming all your life,
And you feel as though a little bird was singing
in your heart.

Oh, this world is filled with music, and we're
members, every one,
Of the orchestra which plays each day from rise
to set of sun,
For we're playing for eternity, and as the ages
roll
We'll find the sweetest music is the music of the
soul.

—Ada M. Pitts.

OLD ROTTWITZ.

From the German of Richard Rathenow.

No, sir, you mustn't think the shooting
has always been so lively here. We do
have a bit of sport, now that the young
master's time is very different. I
remember him no more, sir. He was a
good man, was the old master, God bless
him! But he was no huntsman. He was
too good, too soft hearted. He couldn't
bear to see a beast die, just as if we
don't all have to go sooner or later. Well,
here's my regards, sir! And yet, do you
know, he really was a sportsman at
heart. It was in the blood, you see.
He belonged to the game protection society that
belonged to couldn't take it all out of him.
So he had his sport, but he took it in a
funny way.

For instance, he would go out on our
little lake here and fish all day. No,
there isn't any fishing to speak of, but
still one can get a bite now and then.
Well, the master would take his boat
and rod and line like anybody else, but
never a hook. He would put a piece of
bread on the end of the line, drop it
over and wait until he felt a nibble.
"There's a fine fellow!" he would say,
and then he'd pull up the line and put a
fresh piece of bread on it.

So he simply fed the fish and called it
angling.

But the hunting—that was worse yet.
It was no queer in fact that I'm afraid
you'll hardly believe me.

"Hans," he would say, "we'll see if we
can't knock over a stag today." So I'd
get my gun and take my seat beside him
in the little hunting cart. He never took
a gun, but he always had with him a big
old fashioned walking stick, with a hand-
somer carved ivory handle. It hangs up
in the blue room now over the fireplace.
No doubt you've noticed it, sir. The deer
weren't so wild in those days as now,
and we saw plenty of them. They knew
they were safe, the cunning creatures.

"There's a fine stag, Herr Baron," I'd
warn him.

I used to be mad clear through because
I couldn't take a shot myself. The stag
would generally stand staring at us as
true as a cow. The old man'd pick up
his stick, press the handle tight to his
shoulder, take a long, careful aim and
then "Puff!" he'd say.

Then he'd turn to me and say:
"He's done for. I took him right be-
tween the eyes. Now we will go home.
One is enough today."

Yes, I said you wouldn't believe it, but
it's a fact all the same. And he kept up
this nonsense year in and year out.
He thought a stag was a creature, but
the old Adam in him had to have some-
thing to do. Once this hunting farce
had an ending that he didn't like a bit.

The deer! But she was a pretty girl, and
I have to laugh even yet whenever I
think of the way she punished the old
man for his sentimental folly.

But, by your leave, sir, before I tell the
story Katie must fetch me another half
liter. A man must keep his strength up,
eh, sir?

There was one particular sort of game,
sir, that the old master was fonder of
stalking than any other—I mean the kind
that wears petticoats.

He fed them just as he did the fish,
only it cost more. But he was rich, and
it was nobody's business anyway, for he
had been a widower for years. And he
wanted this sort not only to rise to the
bait, but to swallow the hook and be
caught. They did it all right, too, for he
was a very handsome man, in spite of his
years, and liberal—yes, too liberal by
half. For fish when they are once caught
need no more bait. But with women the
trouble's only just beginning when you
think you've got them.

However, that's neither here nor there,
for the little one I'm speaking of would
not be caught at all. She had black hair
and big black eyes, and a long neck—I
don't mean a foot long, you know, but
what people call a swanlike neck; some-
thing like a Spaniard, I should say. I
never saw a real Spanish woman, but I
always imagined them looking like that.

In one word, she was a beauty, and no

mistake.

Who she was or what she was I
couldn't find out exactly, but I rather
think she was a singer. She was sing-
ing all the time, and after I heard her I
never cared to hear any one else sing,
not even in church. God forgive me. One
day the baron called me up and said that
we were going to have some visitors—
two ladies, who desired to see the woods
and the deer. He was quite worked up
over it and ordered a big dinner, with
everything of the best—and nothing seem-
ed good enough, I remember—and cham-
pagne enough to float a ship.

He ordered the big carriage for 5
o'clock.

"H'm! Two ladies," thinks I to my-
self. "It can't be the old Feltzien and
her daughter-in-law. They wouldn't get
the old man so rattled. Besides, they
know all about the woods and see deer
every day. (The Feltzien estate is only
a few miles from Rottwitz.) Then who
the deuce can it be?" As I was thinking
about it I saw the baron get into the car-
riage and heard him tell the coachman to
drive to the railway station.

"So," I thought; "two ladies from Ber-
lin." For the baron himself had return-
ed from Berlin only two days before.

When the carriage came back and I saw
the beautiful Spanish lady and the love-
like way the master looked and acted, I
knew at once what was in the wind.

If it would come to a marriage, I
couldn't be sure, for the old lady, whom
the little one called "mamma," didn't
seem like a baron's mother-in-law exact-
ly. She didn't hold her head high
enough, you know; there wasn't enough
of that sort of "look-at-me-I'm-the-whole-
show" air about her. On the contrary,
she acted as if she thought that she ought
to apologize for being here at all.

But I suppose there are plenty of tame
things like that, only they're not common
around here, and I wasn't used to them.
I soon heard from old auntie—that was
the old maid, Biescke, who kept the vil-
lage inn, but everybody called her auntie
—that her best rooms had been engaged
and refurbished. The baron had sent
over ever so many lots of other fine
things from the house.

So the Spanish embassy evidently in-
tended to remain with us for some days.
At dinner—I was called in to help with
the waiting—the talk ran on hunting.

The Spanish girl was crazy over the
sport.

"Wait a bit, my lady," thinks I, taking
a second at the old walking stick in the
corner.

The master kept getting more and more
uncomfortable as she went on talking
about shooting and saying that she had
never attended a hunt and that this was
the main reason why she had accepted
his invitation to visit his estate. The
old lady didn't seem to care so much
about hunting and said very little. I
suppose she had come for the sake of the
dinner, and she ate and drank enough
for four.

Well, next day the baron took the girl
out hunting, leaving "mamma" at home.
When the baron came out with a gun,
the young lady seemed surprised, but she
didn't say anything. She saw that I had
a gun, and perhaps she thought I was
only carrying it for the master. As we
drove along the sand road toward the
pines toward the hunting ground I heard
hoof beats behind us. "Who is riding
through our private forest?" I thought,
and, turning, I saw young Feltzien, who
I supposed was with his regiment in Ber-
lin.

He came up and explained that, hav-
ing a few days' furlough, he was spend-
ing them with his mother and that he had
ridden over to Rottwitz to pay the baron
a neighborly call. I saw the left corner
of the master's mouth go down and knew
that he was none too well pleased. He
had counted on having the whole gun
himself. But he couldn't help himself;
he had to present the captain to her and
invite him to go along. He hoped, no
doubt, that the captain would decline and
would say he was afraid his horse would
scare the deer. But, no; the captain, as
if he guessed what the old man was
thinking, accepted the invitation and said
that he would say he was a groom for slipping
through the sand without noise. So he
rode along by our side. I had watched
him and the girl when the baron present-
ed him, and, sir, though I couldn't swear
that he knew her already, I got the idea
that he knew very well what a dainty
creature he would come across in the
Rottwitz woods. One will get such no-
tions, you know, sir.

After awhile I caught sight of a stag
browsing. The little girl saw him at the
same instant, and in her excitement she
clapped her hands. The stag, of course,
ran away, but they were so tame in
those days when some of them had been
shot for years that we soon saw another.
This time the little black eyed puss sat
as still as a cat watching a mouse, but
trembling and panting with excitement
and waiting for the shot.

Well, sir, will you believe it? The
baron picked up the walking stick and
went through the whole performance
the same as usual. You ought to have
seen the girl's face when the old man
said "Puff!" It was an old story to the
captain, but he bit his lips till the blood
came.

The girl asked the baron why in the
world he didn't shoot.

He explained at great length, telling
her that the pleasure in hunting con-
sisted in breathing the pure air of the
forest and in seeing the eagle and in tak-
ing aim at it. The killing was the un-
pleasant part of the business, so he avoid-
ed that, taking the sweet and leaving the
bitter.

Then she exploded. She laughed and
laughed as if she would never stop. But
she did get through at last, and then she
said that one wouldn't get much venison
that way, which showed that she was a
practical young woman. The captain
smiled and said she was quite right.
Hunting was a serious business, and a
man must know enough to fire his shot
at the favorable moment. He looked at
the girl out of the corner of his eye as
he said this, and she had another laugh-
ing fit.

Well, sir, it's getting late, so I'll cut
it short. The girl went away the next
day and the old woman with her, al-
though the baron did everything he could
to induce them to stay longer.

Before she left she handed me a large

envelope and told me to give it to the
baron, but not until he had come back
from seeing them off. Wasn't the old
man furious when he opened the envel-
ope? All it contained was a photograph,
which he flung across the room and then
rushed out, swearing like a pirate.

Well, sir, I've got a little curiosity, the
same as other folks, and I picked the
thing up and looked at it. It was her own
portrait, and on the back were some lines
of writing, which I copied because the
whole affair was so ridiculous. But I
needn't have copied them. I shall never
forget them, and here they are:

As you're content the game to see
And never make a capture
This little photograph of me
Should give you perfect rapture.

Yes, it was cruel of the little minx, but
it served the old fellow right. That same after-
noon Feltzien's coachman told me that
the captain had returned to Berlin. He
very much wanted to stay longer, but he
had been suddenly recalled. Ah! he's
after the venison, I thought. Well, good
night, sir. Oh, thank you, sir! Good
night!—Translated For New York Com-
mercial Advertiser.

Indigestion and Dyspepsia

Mr. Henry Moore, Pickering, Ont.,
states:—"I used three boxes of Dr.
Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for Con-
stipation and Stomach Troubles, and
never found anything to compare with
them. I had suffered from these com-
plaints for many years and taken
many kinds of medicine, but it remain-
ed for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
to cure me; am now well and strong."
Mr. Patrick J. McLaughlin, Beau-
harnois, Que., states:—"I was troubled
with Kidney Disease and Dyspepsia for
20 years and have been so bad that I
could not sleep at nights on account
of pains in the back, but would walk
the floor all night and suffered terrible
agony. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
made a new man of me, and the old
troubles seem to be driven out of my
system."

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all
dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co.,
Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Walter F. Kearney, formerly of
Kentville, was arraigned at Berwick
Saturday 27th ult., on charge of vi-
olating the Scott Act law and fined
the usual fine and costs.

DO NOT EXPERIMENT WITH MEDICINES THAT HAVE NO ESTABLISHED MERIT REPUTATION

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND NEVER FAILS TO CURE THE SICK

In matters pertaining to health and
life men and women cannot afford to
experiment foolishly. This is espe-
cially true in regard to the use of me-
dicines that have no established merit
or reputation.

When the physical powers are im-
paired, when you are weak, nervous,
irritable, dependent, sleepless, or
weighed down with dull, tired feelings
so common at this season, it is wise
and prudent to use the medicine that
has given health, vim and activity to
thousands of weak and diseased peo-
ple in the past.

This safe, certain health giving
medicine is Paine's Celery Compound
so freely prescribed by our best phy-
sicians from day to day. The indorse-
ments of Paine's Celery Compound,
apart from those in the ordinary walks
of life, are clergymen, lawyers, judges,
members of parliament, bankers, many
of whom it has rescued from suffering
and death.

If you seek health and vigor, place
your faith in Paine's Celery Compound
and when you purchase be sure you
get the article. See that the
bottle and box has the name PAINE'S
and the Stalk of Celery; this is the
only genuine make—the kind that
makes sick people well.

THE ADVERTISER
Kentville, N. S.

Missus—Isn't that the postman,
Mary? Who's gone to the door?
Mary—Please, ma'am, cook has.
Missus—Well, what's she such a
long time for?
Mary—Please, ma'am, I think it
must be a postcard.—Pee-Me-Up.

W. Eaton & Son
No. 269 Barrington St.
Halifax, July 1899

Who is willing and capable, and
who will interest himself to the
extent of making your printing
best suited to your particular
needs

Inartistic Printers

who turn out medium or poor
work, make little attempt to
please you, but quote a low price
and say nothing about quality,
are many.

Artistic Printers

Who exercise good taste, use ap-
propriate type and newest ideas,
are few. To this class we strive
to belong. We do printing for
some of the best business and
professional men, and would like
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