

PANDORA



RANGE

A convenience much appreciated by every owner of a Pandora is the towel rod attached to the range. As one-third of the rod is made of emery, it makes a splendid knife sharpener, too.

It's always there handy for you. You need waste no time hunting around for the easily misplaced "steel." Bright idea, eh?

An accurate thermometer is a reliable guide to successful baking, while an inaccurate one is a "cheat" of the worst kind.

Every Pandora thermometer is carefully adjusted and undergoes a practical test by heat—is proven correct before being sent out.

The figures, which show the required degree of heat necessary for the successful baking of bread, cakes, pies, etc., are plainly inscribed in black on a white enamel surface, so that they are easily readable, even when the day is dull.

If your local dealer does not sell the Pandora, write direct for free booklet.



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For Sale at Very Low Prices

I have still on hand—
1 Single Piano Box with Cushion Tires
1 Piano Box, with top.
1 Concord Carriage with Canopy Top.

F. B. Bishop, LAWRENCETOWN

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New England Wheat Cream Sterilized Cream of Wheat Quaker Puffed Rice Quaker Wheat Berries Whole wheat meal Malta Vita, Rolled wheat, wheatlets

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Best Quality Women's \$2.75 3.00

Kinney's Shoe Store, Primrose Block.

Garden Hose

This Hot Weather is the time to use your **Garden Hose**. Best quality of three quarter, five ply at Crowe's for 15c. per foot.

R. ALLEN CROWE

Puzzle Corner

Dear Puzzle Editor—
I am greatly interested in the Puzzle Corner from week to week, and I sincerely hope that it will be a great success.

SNOWDROP.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is the difference between an actress and a soldier?
Which is the most ancient of trees?
What does a stone become in the water?

A washerwoman dropped something that she could not pick up. What was it?
What has only one foot?
Why is the letter "A" like twelve o'clock?

What kind of hen lay the longest?
If a barrel weighs ten pounds, what can you fill it with to make it weigh seven pounds?

What do we all go to bed for?

PUZZLES.

A beggar had a brother and the brother died, and the man who died had no brother. How could this be?

Tis in mountains not in hills,
Tis in meadows not in fields,
Tis in me but not in you,
Tis in man and woman both.

I am a word of six letters.
My 1-2-3 is still.
My 4-5-6 is a
My 4-5-6-3 is injury.
My whole is a boy's name.
—Contributed by Snowdrop.

BETH'S PREMIUM.

It was very hot to sit still and sew. The needle would get sticky in spite of all the little emery strawberries could give it, and Beth's fingers had never felt so clumsy and uncomfortable. If only May and Billy would play a little farther off it would help some, but there they were in plain sight, under the very shade of the maple, with all the leaves Beth liked best.

It was an apron she was making—white cambric with wee cunning pockets and broideries that were to come quite up to her shoulders, and narrow, delicate tatted over-hand every bit of the way around the belt. It wasn't at all like the aprons little girls wear nowadays, but it was stylish then, and very pretty. Both made it, every stitch—seams and facing—that had to be hemmed down so carefully, and it was all done except a part of the tatted. But, oh! there had been such a lot of that—yards and yards it seemed to Beth, as she glanced longingly out once more at the shade, and May, Billy, and the games. When you are only eight years old there are things that seem more interesting than over-handing. Mama, busy at her own sewing, heard a long-drawn sigh and looked up to smile comfortingly. "I think you'll be through by 5 o'clock, Bethy," she said. "You know we must send it off to-night so as to have it entered on time. You've done beautifully, dear, and you deserve a premium whether you get it or not."

Beth smiled back and decided that, after all, it wasn't so dreadfully hot, and 5 o'clock wasn't very far away. "Do you think I'll get it, mama?" she asked, for the twentieth time. "I don't know, dear. If mama was judge, you surely would, but they haven't invited me to award any prize. You mustn't count on it too much, for you may be disappointed, but your time has not been wasted even if you get nothing but the pretty apron, and the pleasure of knowing that you made it yourself, and very neatly."

"What is this talk I hear of premiums and mysteries?" demanded Uncle Ed, coming in from the porch. "It's the county fair, Uncle Ed—next week—and they have offered five dollars to the best sewing under fourteen years old, and I'm trying to get it," exclaimed Beth, excitedly.

"Which you surely ought to do, for I can testify that your sewing is considerably less than fourteen years of age," declared the roguish uncle. But Beth was too full of her subject to be teased. Uncle Ed had been away for a month, and it was such a comfort to find somebody who hadn't heard the matter discussed over and over again.

"I'm only eight, Uncle Ed, but I've been most as careful as fourteen, don't you think?" and the needle-roughened forefinger pointed to the tidy hem. Uncle Ed hugged her to his eyeglasses—"because I can't see them at all without," he declared. "Of all the ridiculously small stitches—why, Beth, I'll be surprised if those near-sighted judges don't think you've glued that petticoat together."

"It's an apron, Uncle Ed," explained the small seamstress patiently. "It's very important, because if I get the money it's to go . . . into the bank to help my education, so I can be a teacher, and mama won't have to work."

"I see. And if you don't get it you'll have to be an ignorant all your life. I should think it is important!"

And then May and Billy clamored at the window, and Beth set the last careful stitch, and the clock struck 5.

The county fair began as usual, just as if Beth's apron were not a part of it. It was too far away for mama and the children to attend, but Uncle Ed went on the last day, and he was to bring back word of the result.

Beth was certain she should not sleep a wink until he came no matter how late that was, but mama insisted on her going to bed as usual, and the next thing she knew it was broad daylight. Uncle Ed was down in the dining room, but he didn't say much—just looked over his glasses and talked about premium pigs and mowing machines and pretended he hadn't heard a word about aprons. Bethy crept away by herself. She understood—she hadn't gotten any premium, and Uncle Ed didn't like to tell her. Well, if she couldn't ever be educated, she'd have to be a dressmaker like mama, and sew, no matter how hot it was.

And then breakfast was ready, and Uncle Ed called her to come quick before he started.

She slipped quietly into her chair and slowly lifted her plate to release an edge of the napkin, and there, under it, folded neatly, lay her very own cambric apron with a blue ribbon pinned fast, and across it a smooth, gray-green, fascinating five-dollar bill.

And this isn't a mad-up story at all, for it every bit happened.—St. Nicholas.

THOUGHTS ON BUSINESS.

By Waldo Pondray Warren.

It is always a helpful thought for an employer to go about his work, not with the thought that he is working solely for his employer, but that he is really working for himself.

"I always tell an employee," said a merchant not long ago, "that he is working for himself just as much as if his name were over the door. We furnish him capital, space to work in, and give him the benefit of our systems of handling merchandise, and all that, but what he does is in a sense his own business. If he sells goods, or packs them for shipment, or makes out bills, whatever he does, contributes toward a portion of the net receipts of the store. He is entitled to what he actually earns, minus what he pays for rent, capital and other accessories. If he does well, his business will grow, and he will get the benefit of it. And if he does not do well he will make a failure of his business—just as if he were closed up by his creditors. We can't give him room if he won't pay his rent, or pay interest on the capital we lend him, and so he has to go out of business. In many ways he is virtually in business for himself, and will stand or fall on his own efforts."

If this idea were more thoroughly understood by employees everywhere it would do away with a great deal of the desire to shirk and pretend, and inspire each one to put forth his best efforts.

NEW YORK FACES A MILK FAMINE

A New York despatch says:—A milk famine menaces the city, according to prominent dealers. They say the shortage is now eighty thousand quarts a day and that the supply is decreasing daily. The price, they predict, will soon advance to ten cents a quart. The late spring and scarcity of fodder for cows is said to be responsible for the decreased supply.

A JUDGE IN SKIRTS.

(Boston Herald.)

The first woman justice of the peace to be appointed in Lynn, and the second woman to be named to this position in Essex County, is Miss Louise Fairchild, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Fairchild, of No. 95 Grant street, Lynn. Miss Fairchild, who is only twenty-one years of age, has just been appointed justice of the peace by Governor Guild. She is a native of Milford, Conn., but moved to Lynn with her parents when a child. She was graduated from the English High School of Lynn, and entered Boston University Law School from which she will be graduated next year. After her graduation Miss Fairchild will practice law in Lynn. She will have the distinction of being the first woman to enter the legal profession in that city.

GOOD FOR BILIOUSNESS.

"I took two of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets last night and I feel fifty per cent better than I have for weeks," says J. J. Firestone of Allegan, Mich. "They are certainly a fine article for biliousness." For sale by W. A. Warren, Pharm. B.

WHY LATIN IS USED BY PHYSICIANS.

"I don't see," said the man who was leaning against the drug store counter, "why a doctor can't write his prescription in English instead of Latin."

The druggist said: "You think, I suppose, that the doctor writes his prescription in Latin so it can't be read so easily—so the layman can't steal his trade and learn what he is giving him. But that's all wrong. In the first place, Latin is a more exact and concise language than English, and, being a dead language, does not change, as all living languages do."

"Then, again, since a very large part of all the drugs in use are botanical, they have in the pharmacopoeia the same names that they have in botany—the scientific names. Two-thirds of such drugs haven't any English names, and so couldn't be written in English."

"But suppose a doctor did write a prescription in English for an uneducated patient. The patient reads it, thinks he remembers it, and so tries to get it filled from memory the second time. Suppose, for instance, it calls for iodide of potassium and he gets it confused with cyanide of potassium. He could safely take ten grains of the first, but one grain of the second would kill him. Latin is a protection and a safe-guard. Prescriptions in Latin he can't read; consequently doesn't try to remember."

"Now for a final reason, Latin is a language that is used by scientific men the world over, and no other language is. You can get Latin prescriptions filled in any country on the face of the earth where there is a drug store. We had a prescription come in here the other day which we had put up originally, and which had since been stamped by druggists in London, Paris, Berlin, Constantinople, Cairo and Calcutta. What good would an English prescription be in St. Petersburg?" New York Herald.

FAILURE TO DELIVER A TELEGRAM LEAD TO FATAL RESULTS.

An exchange says:

Failure to have a warning telegram delivered to the person for whom it was intended appears to have been the immediate cause of the great destruction of life at the Quebec bridge. It appears that several men with knowledge of such structures had predicted a collapse, and it is most unfortunate that these were not heeded, and especially that the official telegram referred to was not received in time to warn the men off. There still remains the question why with government and other inspectors the work should have gone on as long as it did when there was apparently so much doubt about the strength of the structure.

The Montreal Star asserts that the Dominion Government, which practically guarantees the whole cost of the bridge, had no engineer on the spot to look after the interests of the Canadian people. A serious deflection in the bridge was noticed on Tuesday. An engineer, employed by the contractors, started at once for New York to get the consulting engineer, Mr. Cooper. That gentleman, recognizing the serious nature of the defect, telegraphed the contractors to "place no more load on the bridge." The telegram reached Phoenixville, the head quarters of the contracting company about noon on Thursday. It lay in the office of the company, waiting for some one to act upon it, till five o'clock. About the time that the officials at Phoenixville were consulting as to the advisability of sending the warning on to Quebec, a locomotive and three car loads of steel were run to the extreme end of the unsupported eight hundred feet projection and it went down. There seems to be enough opportunity to allot blame for the disaster, but had the Dominion Government had a capable engineer at the scene of operations, that disaster would not have occurred.



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Write The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, for their new Free Cook Book.

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FOR SALE

In Bridgetown, nine room house, finished complete with piazza. Barn 28 x 35, wagon house and outbuildings. Half acre of land with about 100 trees, apple, pear plum.

Will be sold cheap, on easy terms, or will exchange for farm.

W. AYARD MARSHALL
Bridgetown, July 17th, 1907.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of the late David Hatt, of Inglisville, County of Annapolis, are requested to render same within six months from date thereof. All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to—

O. S. MILLER.

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