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All kinds Fresh Fruits, &c.

**200 BUSHELS SEED OATS
FOR SALE!**

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Isaac's Harbor, N. S.

COUNTRY HARBOR.

Mrs. David Graham and Miss Blanche Hodgson spent a few days at Forest mine last week.

Mrs. E. and B. Sweet where on a short tour to Forest mine Thursday.
Mr. Jas. McConnell was visiting Port Hill Ford Sunday and Monday.

Mr. A. Haynes and Miss Mary E. McDonald were married last week we wish them much happiness.
Miss Lydia R. Hewitt, of Port Hillford, is visiting friends at Country Harbor.

Mrs. B. Worth and Mrs. S. Myers gave the Forest mine a short call Monday.
The St. John company have closed their mine for a short time.

Miss T. McGuire of Salmon River is visiting Forest mine the guests of Mrs. R. Henderson.
Mr. John A. McCallum has the honor of being the first to take a horse and carriage to the new mine.

Mr. Alex. Hudson has returned home from Goldenville, where he was engaged mining of late.
Miss Minnie Hudson, who has been visiting at Isaac's Harbor, has returned home. Haying is in full blast. The crop is much lighter than last year.

Our energetic and highly respected teacher, Miss Lilla Sullivan, has left for her home in Guysboro, where she intends spending her vacation.
Miss Sadie McKeon, who has resided at the mines for the last three years, has left for her home. Miss McKeon will be greatly missed as she was a general favorite among all who know her. We wish her every success.

Asquith in the Ascendant.

Ex-Honorary Secretary H. H. Asquith's turning up with a nobly increased majority in its way quite as dramatic an episode on the electoral battlefield as Harcourt's phenomenal tumble at the very outset of the fight, which is wholly a personal triumph over immense odds, is promptly followed by the excited conclusion that he is a Heavens-sent Mose who is to lead the Liberals (if the oppositionists of Harcourt's selection as its chief in the House of Commons. But its doubtless events have thrust Asquith forward a long way to the front of everybody else as his appearance to that post. What is the point is that his advancement destroys practically every argument in favor of the party's remaining committed to the position of the disastrous Rosebery experiment. If it be true that the Liberal need a young chieftain there is no longer the necessity of going to the Lords for one.

Asquith is younger still than Rosebery, and will have in the new House of Commons not only the prestige of his splendid electoral success, but the authority based on the best administrative work done in any department of the last Liberal Government. His great fault is a certain steediness of mind and manner which is apt to chill human contact. But the Liberals no longer attach the importance they formerly did to a genial mien and funny after-dinner speeches. Unless all signs fail, Herbert Asquith will be Prime Minister before Rosebery is.

The disposition as to the causes of this overwhelming rout of Liberalism has long since grown wearisome. If you adopt the theory that the defeated candidates are the best judges of what struck them there is practically the unanimous explanation of beer.—London Correspondent N. Y. Times.

Slang is indefensible in the pulpit because it is slang, not because it is spoken in the pulpit.—Brooklyn Eagle.

As the result of Mrs. Booth's work at Vassar 15 of the students have joined the Salvation Army.

Mark Twain, in his testimony before the New York supreme court recently, stated that he was absolutely penniless. He has also lost health.

"I feel you, didn't I?" said the guest who had waited long and patiently for his dinner. "Yes, sir." "Well you feel me. What I want is a little reciprocity." The waiter looked at him, mournfully, and then murmured: "I'm sorry, boss, but I'm afraid we've got 'out of dat."—Washington Star.

From the beginning of the day till nightfall we need to say, not to our neighbor, but to ourselves, forbear and again forbear. Seldom do we regret silence, often must we lament speech. Our hasty words, impetuous spoken, linger in wounded memory, and leave scars. One question which is ever again quite the same after an unjust or brutal attack has flamed its perfect arc. Man wrongs right themselves, and most frictions are smoothed, if only forbearance direct the domestic engineering.—Harpers Bazar.

A LOVE STORY.

A THIRPENNY TOKEN.

The custom of splitting sixpences or other small coins between lovers is useless, superfluous and dangerous. Unless because a half sixpence does not preserve love, or you are very weak minded if you need such a not express love—nobody will argue about that—and dangerous—well, dangerous because everything useless and superfluous is dangerous, and particularly because everything sentimental is dangerous.

It was not a sixpence that I split with Marion, but a silver three-cent piece—one of the old silver bits, with a III and a big C. I found it in a handful of change one day, one of the early days of my acquaintance, and though it was then a very prominent stop to take I had it in my hand, bored with the little holes and fitted (the halves) with two little gold rings. Then I gave one half to Marion and when she accepted it her heart punched me joyfully in the ribs. "Geeze that I was! I believe geeze are myopic."

I affixed my half of that three-cent piece to the key-ring of my watch-chain. At first I regarded it as a veritable charm against all the evils, cares and mortalities of this sinful world. Later I grew more ascetic and to it, but I never quite ceased to consider it a fetish. Marion's half disappeared for a time, and though mortified I did not dare ask after it. Late one day, much later—it reappeared once more.

I could make a separate story out of the later reappearance of that dear little bit of silver. The first thing I saw it again I slipped down, doubtfully and unconfidently attached to a thin gold bracelet, out of a soft sleeve. I did not dare to seem to notice it, but I could not manage to look unconcerned, and all at once there was a blush and the bracelet was suddenly and hastily restored to its hiding place up the sleeve. After that the half three-cent piece grew bolder; it showed itself on a watch-guard and on other bracelets; for a time it seemed to possess magnetic properties and would indicate what the weather had been and was going to be; but at last it finally returned to the gold bracelet and was left to exhibit itself or no without diffidence as chance might direct.

It was two days during this period that Marion requested it to be demonstrated to her that I was still in possession of my half of the three-pence. I pulled it out of my pocket, and it was then, as the little silver shiner lay in her soft white palm, that she swore me never to part with it and to cherish it as the one indissoluble bond between us. I took it quite as seriously as she could have wished and entered fully into the solemn spirit of the ceremony, for you may guess whether I was not flushed with happiness. I had not believed that she set such store by my gift to her.

"While I wear it," she said, "I shall always keep my promise, nor can it ever part with it in any way I shall never forgive you—and I will not—I will not care for you as you wish me to. Remember, I have warned you."

That is the first half of the story. Anybody can guess how the second half begins. I lost that wretched, ill-fated bit of silver. How, I don't know; nor can it matter now. Marion begged me to have it riveted on my key-ring. I meant to take her advice but neglected the matter, until half three-pence popped into my hand. "I will have it riveted at once!" I said to myself. I entered the shop well-satisfied with my diligence. My excitement and pallor when I discovered my loss created a sensation among the salesmen and customers. The impression gained that I had been robbed of diamonds at least, and I did not dare to correct it. I searched myself then and there before them all to the verge of impatience, and subsequently subjected both my office and my bedroom to scrutiny which would have made the Russian police turn pale with envy; but I might as well have been looking for the tin as well have what I might. I could not find that fatal fifteen mills' worth of the white metal, and I do not expect that I shall ever see it again. I may add that I do not wish to.

Having at last nerveed myself to face my loss, what next?

There was one alleviating circumstance—just one. Marion had gone on to Boston to stop with the Miles-Standishes, who were giving dinners, and after that with the Cotes-Matheres, who were giving dances for her. Consequently I should have a respite for at least a week before detection was possible. During that time she would be most unlikely to read the lost and found columns in the New York newspapers (oh, yes, I add—on principle), and I should be able to carry out the felonious subterfuge which immediately suggested itself to me.

The subterfuge was to procure another three-cent piece, have that out in half, have the substituted token on my watch-chain (rivet it, this time), and present a virtuous and undisturbed brow to the world. It was

an astute thought, worthy of M. de Giers. I did not think any the less of myself when it occurred to me. I therefore ordered the brougham and went to look counsel with a leading numismatist. He, misapprehending that three-cent pieces of the sort I wanted, in good condition, and mint-marked, might be worth eight cents; if in good condition, if worn they had no value to the collector and I might as well spend them out. I informed him that I did not desire to sell, but to buy. Upon that understanding he offered me a choice, at a slight advance on the price I had named, among several very elegant and well-preserved threepences, all with their edges fresh and their C's sharp as a new moon.

Thus I found myself confronted by my first difficulty. The three-cent piece which I had divided with Marion had been a most disreputable wreck of a coin, worn smooth as a looking-glass, and its edges badly crumpled. It was the very model of a full-on old, bent, battered by the world and full of strange experiences of life. To replace it by one of these same unimpaired, collector's pieces would be as impossible as impossible. I revealed as much of the state of things as I dared to the dealer. He pondered over a little, and after a few minutes he said: "I have a little idea of a magnificent through his spectacles as if he half-expected one of his felonious adventures; then, dropping his voice to a Gaborian pitch, he advised first, the Brooklyn bridge; second, the elevated railroad station; third, the nickel-in-the-slot machine; fourth, the Philadelphia Mint. As I thanked him and said good-by he threw out further hints as to the wares and manevres. I would he did not advise carter-stones."

If I were permitted I could easily write a novel on my experiences during the next three days while I was seeking for that threepence. I am not permitted. All I may do is to strive to convey the impression of haste, despair, constant movement, confusion as to time and place, sense of oppression, bewilderment, noise, bustle, oblivion of identity—dash these in with a few strong strokes, so to speak. I tried all the means suggested by my numismatist (and philatelic) counselor. I believe I even addressed a letter to the Philadelphia Mint, which respectfully referred me to somebody—or somewhere—else. The bridge and the elevated railroad I expanded into banks, savings banks, ferry companies and street car railways; and goodness knows what other incorporated methods of gathering up the small change of a people, their treasurers and cashiers, did I visit modestly, deprecatingly, anxiously, one after the other. I don't suppose I shall be believed, but there did not seem to be in the city of New York one single silver three-cent piece in circulation or on deposit.

I will give, simply by name, other places or persons included in my quest: newsboys, bookstalls, newsboys' homes, appowments, river-front restaurants, telegraph offices, soup-houses, candy stores, drug stores, exchange brokers, curiosity shops, pawn-brokers, dime museums and bootlace vendors. I was everywhere unsuccessful, and finally another numismatist said to me, "You see when people get hold of those coins they keep them for pocket pieces or have them kept in half for tokens." I began to believe him.

None the less, however, shall I ever remember with gratitude the sympathy of the proprietors of the nickel-in-the-slot machine. They begged me to wait. It could not be long before a silver threepence was passed for a nickel. Alas! fate was against me. At last Sunday came. Worn and broken in spirit I went to church (a promise I had made) and sat behind the venerable Edward Edwards. His venerable purple hand trembled over the velvet-lined plate. When the vestryman moved on to me, there before my eyes lay the object I was seeking. It was old, it worn and shiny, its edges were scalloped—it was the very twin of my own. After service I visited the vestry and effected an exchange. I leave the country of my action to others; but it is a fact that gratitude for the providential assistance I had received toward my contemplated subterfuge impelled me to a thank offering, and the heathen were spiritually richer to the extent of one dollar and ninety-seven cents after the exchange was completed.

The next morning I took the threepence to the jeweler's shop to be cut in half. I still had my tremors, for three pence Marion took a fancy to compare the supposed halves and they did not differ. However, this was a remote contingency; I could even devise means to provide against it. On the whole I felt like an osteric. I had just released from an underground fast.

There is only one way to cut a coin in half—from top to bottom. Mine was the right-hand half; the jeweler riveted it on my chain, after rubbing the edges a little to make them seem cut as if freshly cut. Marion was to return the next day—Tuesday. It had been a narrow escape.

And now I know what you think happened. You think that when Marion returned my apprehensions were once more aroused by the peculiar manner in which she ques-

tioned me on the subject of my half of the threepence; that her manner convinced me that I was not only suspected but found out; and that at last, after enduring untold agonies, I discovered that she had let her own half—that is your supposition. How little you know Marion.

What happened was this: I wore my counterfeit phidias for twenty-four hours with great satisfaction to my soul. But when my dear girl came home and sat smiling beside me, the depths of my baseness were opened upon them. I could not look into her eyes and deceive her. Without hesitating I told her everything.

"Jim," she went on, "did you really miss me?"—Thomas Wharton in Ladies Home Journal.

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