

### NEW WALL PAPERS

I have an immense stock of 1909 Wall Papers direct from the factory including the very latest patterns. Samples shown anywhere in the county.

I have also some 1908 Wall Papers left over that I will close out at great bargains for cash, butter or eggs. It will pay you to get my prices.

**F. B. BISHOP** LAWRENCETOWN

**Cowan's**  
"Perfection"  
**Cocoa**

is made from the finest carefully selected cocoa beans, roasted by a special process to perfect the rich chocolate flavor. Cowan's is most delicious and most economical.

THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.

### A Fine Line of Goods

Is comprised in our new Spring Stock. Make your selection early before the rush begins. Already we are taking on extra help to fill our orders.

**I. M. OTTERSON**

### NEW SPRING MILLINERY

Of all descriptions coming to hand daily at

**MISS CHUTE'S**

### CANNED GOODS

- Meats**
- Fish**
- Fruit**
- Vegetables**

Corned Beef, Roast Beef, Lunch Beef, Chipped Beef, Tongue, Potted Ham, Chicken, Turkey, Veal Loaf.

Salmon, Lobster, Clams, Scallops, Kippered Herring, Finnan Haddies, Smelts, Sardines, Halibut, etc.

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

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

KEEP THIS LIST FOR REFERENCE

**C. L. PIGGOTT, Queen St.**

We have just opened up our Spring shipment of

### PLOWS.

Among these we are showing both walking and sulky plows of several varieties which for quality and workmanship are unsurpassed.

We invite inspection.

**Bridgetown Foundry Co., Ltd.**

When answering advertisements please mention this paper

### THE HUGE INVADING HOST OF THE LAND HUNGRY.

Winnipeg, March 31.—Wealth is pouring over the border into Canada from the United States at the present at the rate of nearly a million per week, according to the estimates of those who are in touch with the immigration movement. The influx is exceptionally large. Trains in two sections are the rule on the Soo line running into Moose Jaw, and all the trains are carrying large numbers of Americans from the States of the central west.

Special settlers' trains, with large numbers of cars loaded with effects, are also being operated. The estimate of the local office is to the effect that 70,000 Americans will come in this season, taking up between 20,000 and 25,000 homesteads, and the number may possibly reach a hundred thousand. At several points in Saskatchewan and Alberta the rush has been so great that the Government has arranged to supply large furnished tents. These can be used not only by travellers from the United States but also by those from Eastern Canada and Europe.

MINARD'S LINIMENT  
CURES DANDRUFF.

### "Actina"

The new method to cure all head and throat troubles, dull hearing, poor eyesight. Sure cure or no pay.

A Strong Pocket Battery Mtd by the Actina Appliance Co. Kansas City, Mo.

T. E. SMITH, Agent for Anna, Co.

### ACNE PULVERIZING HARROW

Best Harrow on the market. CLOD CRUSHER, PULVERIZER, LEVELER, all in one. Send for Catalogue. Orders solicited and promptly filled. Please order at once.

T. E. SMITH, General Agent, Central Clarence, Anna Co.

### NEW GOODS

Of course new goods are now showing at

**B. JACOBSON'S**  
New shoes for men, good for every day purposes. New school boots for boys and girls equally good in quality. New shirts, also collars and ties. My prices are right to you. Save money by trading here.

### B. JACOBSON

C. L. Piggott's Block, Queen St.

### Fresh New Stock Arriving Daily

Groceries  
Canned Goods  
Fruit and Confectionery.

Temperate Drinks of All Kinds.

**Mrs. S. E. Turner.**

### Cured His Rheumatism In Three Weeks.

James LeB. Johnstone, a prominent member of the Citizen's Band, of Chatham, writes:

"I contracted Rheumatism by exposure, five years ago, and was ailing for two months and in great pain all the time. I got Father Morriscy's No. 7 Tablets and took them for about three weeks, when the Rheumatism all left me and I have had no return of the pains since."

### Father Morriscy's "No. 7" Tablets

have cured thousands of this terribly painful disease.

Rheumatism is generally brought on by exposure, but is really caused by Uric Acid in the blood. This Uric Acid is an irritating poison, formed from the waste matter of the body. The kidneys should remove it, but when they fail it poisons the blood, and, settling in the joints, causes Rheumatism.

"No. 7" Tablets clear out the clogged-up Kidneys and stimulate them to perform their task of filtering the Uric Acid out of the blood. When this is done the Rheumatism simply and naturally vanishes.

"No. 7" Tablets cost 50c. At your dealer's.

Father Morriscy Medicine Co. Ltd. - Chatham, N.B.

### A HEALING SALVE FOR BURNS, CHAPPED HANDS AND SORE NIPPLES.

As a healing salve for burns, sores, sore nipples and chapped hands Chamberlain's Salve is most excellent. It allays the pain of a burn almost instantly, and unless the injury is very severe, heals the parts without leaving a scar. Price, 25 cents.

For sale by  
W. A. WARREN, BRIDGETOWN; A. E. ATLEE, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL; and BEAR RIVER DRUG STORE.

### NEW FOOTWEAR

COMING ALONG DAILY

A full line of Men's, Womens', Misses' and Children's Rubbers in all sizes.

SEE OUR GOODS AND GET OUR DISCOUNTS

**E. S. PIGGOTT** PRIMOSE BUILDING.

**FERRY'S SEEDS**

There is scarcely any limit to the possible improvement in seeds, but it takes time and money. We have been importing lower and vegetable seeds for over 25 years. More than 2000 people are working to make Ferry's seeds suit you, they are the best—Ferry's. For sale everywhere.

**FERRY'S 2000 SEED ANNUAL FREE ON REQUEST.**  
D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

### Grand Central Hotel

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Centrally located in the business section of the town. Every attention paid to the comfort and requirements of guests.

Sample rooms in connection.

**D. J. PATRICK, Proprietor.**

Empire Liniment Co., Limited.  
Bridgetown, N. S.  
Gentlemen,

This is to certify that I have used Empire Liniment with splendid results on my cow which was badly hooked, the liniment cleansing and healing the wounds in a wonderful manner.

For use in the stable I believe it has no equal.

Yours very truly,  
DAN. McDONALD.  
Port Mulgrave, N. S.  
November 8th, 1908.

### What a Shame!

to allow yourself to lose that BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

Little by little you allow it to fall out till some day you wake up to the fact it has become very thin.

### Atlee's Hairine

Promotes the growth of the hair and prevents it from falling out, cleanses the scalp thereby preventing dandruff. It imparts to the hair a brilliant soft glossy finish, a luxuriant growth and prevents baldness. In large bottles 25c each.

**Atlee's Drug & Stationery Store.** ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.



Rev. Father Morriscy

### THE HUB

Edouard Lefevre, christened plain Eli by a conscientious New England mother, and Banks by inheritance, stretched his long, shapely legs and his wide, mobile mouth in a prodigious yawn. By some peculiar sympathy between the muscles of the upper and lower limbs, as the latter stiffened the former relaxed, and from one hand a theatrical paper rustled to the floor, from the other his pet meerschaum followed clatteringly. He bit off the disturbing yawn, with a snap of his white teeth as he glanced anxiously downward to where the pipe had fallen. Satisfied that it was unharmed he plunged both hands deep in his trousers pockets and again stretched his powerful frame in a mighty yawn that ended in a baffled shriek.

A woman by the window industriously sewing in the waning light started nervously and echoed the cry. Lefevre laughed, and setting up, sauntered over to a crib in the corner and for some time gazed thoughtfully down at his sleeping occupant.

The woman, Mrs. Edouard Lefevre, by the grace of the man at the crib, dropped the tiny blue velvet trunks on which she was grouping startling constellations of green moons and pink stars and glanced apprehensively at him. When he had noticed the baby before, seriously, at least? There could be but one object in it row, she thought; and her heart contracted with dread.

"How old is she?" he asked as he dropped into a chair beside the crib. "A little over two," the mother replied evasively.

"How much?"

"Nearly two months."

"Humph! Nearly time she should walk, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," the mother answered him apologetically. "Though Jessie didn't walk till she was twenty months old."

"That isn't twenty-six," he answered shortly. "I had hoped—"

Mrs. Lefevre carefully folded her work and laid it aside, a rosy star impaled on her needle. "Yes," she prompted, facing him with a certain repressed desperation, as though she would know the worst.

"I had hoped," continued her husband, rousing himself from his momentary abstraction, his eye still on the unconscious face of the child, "that she would be running around long before this. I wanted her for the tip of that spire."

"Who would hold her?" asked the mother in a low voice.

"Fred."

"What! Trust that delicate, excitable baby to a ten-year-old boy?"

"Fred is pretty level-headed, and I would hand her up," returned Lefevre, calmly. "But, of course, it is out of the question. The tender-hearted public objects to the use of a babe in arms," he concluded bitterly.

"Eli!" said Mrs. Lefevre, after a moment's pause.

"Don't call me that!" snapped the man. "You'll be doing it before people the first thing you know."

"Edouard," apologetically.

"Well?"

"I've been thinking—"

"Don't, it'll give you wrinkles."

"I've been thinking," went on the woman soberly, ignoring the interruption, "that you might leave me this one child for my very own. No: I will speak, Eli Banks! Just this one child! You've taken the other six as soon as they could toddle, and they have never been mine again, with their prattle of eyes and certain calls before they could talk plain. But this one, the last I shall ever bear you, Eli, she's such a frail, sweet little thing—oh, Eli!"—her voice rose tense and shrill, and her face paled with emotion—"won't you let me keep this one?"

"Why, you little goose, they're all yours," answered the man, coolly and turned back to the crib. "She's bound to walk soon," he said musingly.

"And you'll take her?"

"Sure!"

The woman groaned. "Oh, I wish—" she began desperately, then ceased, seeming to feel the futility of speech.

"I'm putting on some pretty good things," went on Lefevre thoughtfully, "a living wheel, and a new trick with the dogs; and I tell you, that church spire business, with the bell tolling, can't be beat. That's what landed Forepaugh's," he chuckled reminiscently.

"Forepaugh's!" gasped the woman, her eyes wide and staring.

"Yes," returned Lefevre easily. "Didn't I tell you I'd signed for June? And this is March: devil's short time to work up in. What's the matter, Annie?" he laughed. "Afraid the lions and tigers will gobble up the kids?"

"Oh, Eli! this is bad enough," she groaned. "Travelling about all the time, with no home life for the children. But, a circus!" She glanced about the dingy hotel parlor as

though, in comparison, it wasn't so bad after all. "The dreadful people—the danger. Why, sometimes now, as I stand in the wings and see them running those awful risks, I—I can't breathe. But a circus—" Words seemed inadequate, and she knew, too, by his abstracted, thoughtful look, that he wasn't listening.

At length he picked up his pipe filled it, and began to smoke. Then, drawing a pad toward him, he drew strange wheel like structures; erasing drawing again, changing the position of the big dot that represented himself, and re-roping the six little dots, miniature reproductions, and finally threw it on the table with a muttered oath. His wife, pale and troubled, walked to the window and stood for a moment silhouetted against the light, her face lying on her arms, which were crossed upon the sash. Lefevre, glancing carelessly toward her, suddenly started, and a look of relief sprang into his eyes.

"Annie!" he cried joyfully, hurrying to her and turning her around. "Why, I didn't know—I never thought—" He clasped her arm inquiringly, then spanned the shapely thigh revealed by her plain dress.

She drew back in indignant amazement. He was looking at her face now—not as a lover or husband, but as Edouard Lefevre of the famous "Lefevre Acrobatic Family."

"A little more color, and—yes, a wig, blond, I think," he murmured excitedly, running his fingers through her thin hair. "Then, with some lace and a little padding—Why, Annie old girl, you're just the thing!"

"For what?" she asked falteringly.

"Why, for the hub of the living wheel!" he returned exultantly. "We will go in and see Madame Renaud about your costume to-morrow."

"But, Eli, I couldn't! I should die of mortification and fright," she objected.

"Why, you wouldn't have anything to do but stand on a scaffold and be the hub. You're that now, you know," he declared laughing happily. "Let me see. Flesh-colored tights, lavender trunks—"

"Tights, Eli?"

"Sure! Why not?"

"Your wife, the mother of your children, ca-capering around in tights?"

"Your husband, the father of your children, cavorting around in tights?" he mimicked.

"But the baby—Lucy? How could I leave her for the rehearsals, matinees, and everything?" she cried desperately, feeling the web tightening about her.

"Oh, we can always get some of the hotel people to stay with her," he said, good humoredly. "Why, you'd earn enough in one night, silly," pinching her cheek. "To hire her tended for a month."

"But I don't want anyone else to tend her," she pleaded. "She's such a delicate little thing. Oh, Eli! Have you no pity?"

She stormed, she cried, she pleaded but Lefevre, entirely unmoved, drew the pad to him again and cheerfully drew another wheel; but this time the largest dot was at the base; one scarcely smaller, but very black and carefully made, for the hub; and around the two were grouped the six smaller satellites.

There was much laughing and stamping outside, and Mrs. Lefevre hastily dried her eyes.

"The 9.30 tomorrow morning," Annie, said Lefevre absently, tearing off the sheet from the pad and putting it in his pocket. "Oh, yes!" he added, as Mrs. Lefevre hurried to take Lucy, who had been awakened and startled by the uproar. "We'll just take her alone to that what-do-you-call-him specialist, and see if there's anything wrong with her."

Mrs. Lefevre, very pale and shrinking, had been fitted with tights of a delicate flesh tint, and the lavender velvet trunks which were to be emblazoned with silver stars were well under way when at last they turned toward the office of the great specialist.

"We ought to have seen to her long ago," complained Lefevre, setting the baby more comfortably on his arm.

"Even if she gets to walking in a month or two, it'll be too late for

**BEST TREATMENT FOR COLDS.**

"Most ordinary colds will yield to the simplest treatment," says the Chicago Tribune, "moderative laxatives, hot foot baths, a free perspiration and an avoidance of exposure to cold and wet after treatment."

While this treatment is simple, it requires considerable trouble, and the one adopting it must remain in doors for a day or two, or a fresh cold is almost sure to be contracted, and in many instances pneumonia follows. Is it not better to pin your faith to an old reliable preparation like Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, that is famous for its cures of colds and can always be depended upon? For sale by

W. A. WARREN, BRIDGETOWN; A. E. ATLEE, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL; and BEAR RIVER DRUG STORE.

### Print By Request.

Mix the following by shaking well in a bottle, and take in teaspoonful doses after meals and at bedtime:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Karon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. A local druggist is the authority that these simple, harmless ingredients can be obtained at nominal cost from our home druggist.

The mixture is said to cleanse and strengthen the clogged and inactive Kidneys, overcoming Backache, Bladder Weakness and Urinary trouble of all kinds, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease.

Those who have tried this say it positively overcomes pain in the back, clears the urine of sediment and regulates urination, especially at night, curing even the worst forms of bladder weakness.

Every man or woman here who feels that the kidneys are not strong or acting in a healthy manner should mix this prescription at home and give it a trial, as it is said to do wonders for many persons.

our first performance with Forepaugh's; and that's what counts."

His wife made no reply; but taking the little mittened hand next to her, kissed it passionately; and the baby, with her arm tightly about her father's neck, wide-eyed at all the strange and wonderful things that she saw on the street, still found time to smile down into the wistful, upturned face.

At length, tired of watching the ever changing throng in the doctor's office, she fell asleep in her mother's arms, and awakened, much to her alarm, in strange ones. But her mother was near, smiling reassuringly; even her father—though really he scarcely counted—stood looking anxiously down on her, his hands, as usual, deep in his pockets. Consequently, after informing the stranger very emphatically that she was "ma'm's baby," she became intensely interested in a bright, shiny thing that she managed to get off the table. It had a well, she was a little undecided whether it was a "saba" or a "bow-wow" in it; but, as soon as she got it in her mouth, of course she could tell.

But what was this they were doing to her? Her mother's hands, cold and trembling, the doctor's warm and very sure, were undressing her. Why, she'd just had a nap, and was as wide awake as could be.

"No bed-dv," she said pleadingly, drawing back.

"No, indeed! No bed-dv for you, dear," laughed the doctor, "Mamma will put them all on again in a moment," he assured her.

That was gratifying, and she wished him to know it; so, as her vocabulary was somewhat limited, she again remarked that she was "ma'm's baby."

To her surprise, the statement was contradicted for the first time in her experience. "Doctor's baby," he declared.

For a moment she stopped trying to find a way to get at the tantalizing creature in the paperweight, and stared, but he was smiling, and his brown eyes were merry and tender, so she repeated very emphatically, and with much emphasis this time, so as to leave no doubt in his mind, "mam's baby!"

At this he put one big hand over his face, and said, very mournfully, "Poor doctor has no baby."

Dear, dear! This was very trying. She glanced at her father, standing soberly by the window; at her mother sitting near, and loyally patted her hand; then back at the doctor, who was still stubbornly grieving. Again he deplored his babyless condition and displayed other startling symptoms. What should she do? He might scream and hold his breath at any moment. Anxiously dragging down one big finger, she saw enough of one eye with which to establish communication.

"Do-ker's baby," she agreed raily, laughing and clapping her hands, and to her relief, the danger was averted, for though there were tears in his eyes, he laughed with her and kissed her on her plump little neck.

"Did you have any great fright, any sudden shock, Mrs. Lefevre?" the doctor asked, passing his hand thoughtfully down the baby's back.

"Why, yes. —Once when Fred's trapeze broke," she returned. "But the worst was when Jessie fell—you remember, Eli—Edouard?"

Lefevre nodded. "She threw up both arms and fell in a heap without a word," he confided. "Nearly broke up the show. But there's nothing wrong with the baby, is there, doctor?"

The great man smiled at the baby's endeavor to get the paperweight into her mouth, but made no reply. Each by inch he went over the little body. He tumbled the yellow curls, and again induced the reluctant admission that she was "do-ker's baby."

"Who takes care of her?" he suddenly asked.

"I," returned the mother promptly. "That's right; do not trust her to your other children—to a nurse even," (continued on page 3 1st column.)