

"THE NIGGER IN THE WOOD-PILE"

Thousands of people go through life feeling more or less miserable without ever knowing the reason. They suffer from headaches, indigestion, pains in the back, and at the slightest chill get rheumatism or neuralgia.

They try to cure these separate outbreaks, never suspecting that the root of the whole trouble is the failure of the bowels to move regularly, and in many cases the sluggish action of the kidneys and skin. The result, of course, is that the whole system gets clogged with impurities, which soon turn to poison, and show their presence in various ways.

"Fruit-a-tives"—or fruit juice tablets—promptly stir up the sluggish liver, regulate the bowels, and stimulate the kidneys and skin to do their work properly. Thus they cure all these troubles by removing the cause, and make it possible to really enjoy life. 50c a box—6 boxes for \$2.50. "Fruit-a-tives" Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

THE BOY WHO WILL BE IN DEMAND.

One of the finest qualities in a workman is a disposition to do things that need to be done without having to be told. A tool is left out on the lawn; there is a rail off the fence; there is a lock broken from a door; there is a window-pane gone somewhere.

The boy who attends to these things because they need attending to, without specific directions, is the boy who, other things being equal, is going to be in demand when he comes out into the world. It is the attention to little things and the habit of observation which sees what need to be done and does it, which makes exceedingly useful men and women. There will always be a position for such persons.—News.

GREAT MEN WHO HAVE PROVED ZAM-BUK.

Men and women great in point of knowledge, position and experience say that Zam-Buk stands superior to all other healing substances. Read the opinions of the following eminent men:—

Mr. C. E. Sanford, of Weston King's Co., N. S., a magistrate, a School Commissioner, and Baptist Deacon, says:—"Zam-Buk cured me of eczema on my ankle, which had defied every other remedy tried during twenty years. It also cured me of piles; and I take pleasure in recommending it to my fellow-men."

Mr. Frank Scudamore, the famous war correspondent, who has gone through twenty-nine battles, and whose dispatches during the Boer War were so eagerly read from coast to coast in Canada, says:—"Owing to the poisonous dye from an undergarment penetrating a slight scratch, my legs broke out in ulcers. At one time I had seventeen deep holes in my left leg, into each of which I could put my thumb; and had fourteen similar ulcers on my right leg. Remedy after remedy failed to heal these, and I was well nigh worn out with pain and lack of sleep. Zam-Buk was introduced, and I am glad to say that it gave me speedy relief. A few weeks' treatment resulted in a perfect cure of all the ulcers."

Dr. Andrew Wilson, whose reputation as a scientist is world-wide, in a book recently published ("Homey Talks on First Aid") says:—"Zam-Buk may be relied upon as an antiseptic dressing which requires no preparation, and has the particular advantage of possessing unique healing properties."

Mr. H. Lascelles-Scott, the famous analyst to the Royal Commission for Victoria, says:—"I have no hesitation in certifying the entire purity of Zam-Buk. It is of great healing power for open wounds or injuries."

So one could go on, quoting authority after authority, all of the opinion, based on personal tests that Zam-Buk should be in every home. Zam-Buk is a sure cure for cuts, burns, scratches, cold-sores, chapped hands, ulcers, scalds, ringworm, blood-poisoning, and eczema. It is also used extensively for piles, for which it is without equal. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box—3 for \$1.25, or sent free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for written orders. Beware of cheap imitations.

AN EIGHT-HOUR DAY FOR RAILWAY MEN.

Calgary, Alta., Feb. 1.—A petition for an eight-hour day for railway men as a means of guarding against accidents, which shortly will be presented to the Dominion parliament is being circulated among the railway men of Alberta and is being largely signed. The petitioners will ask that it be made illegal to employ a man longer than eight hours per day.

Boston's Canadian Clubs

Boston's two leading Canadian organizations having just held their annual meetings, and elected officers "for the ensuing year," both Canada and the United States can now proceed to make commercial and political history for 1909 without further hesitation.

The Intercolonial Club has re-elected Hon. Fred J. MacLeod president, which means that the big and enterprising organization is in for another year of growth and prosperity. For Brother MacLeod is one of those hustlers whose loss to Canada has been his adopted country's distinct gain.

The day after his election as head of the Intercolonial Club, Mr. MacLeod was chosen chairman of the democratic state committee, one of the highest honors that can come to an active participant in politics in Boston. Mr. MacLeod's party in the state is in somewhat the same position that the conservative organization in Nova Scotia is, but this fact does not in any way detract from the distinction implied in his election as state committee chairman.

In politics, as in business and professional life, the Canadian contingent in New England continues to "make good," and there seem to be few honors and successes that are outside of their reach.

The Intercolonial Club, by the way, now has a membership of about 350, 40 new members having been added last year. Its magnificent building on Dudley Street, Roxbury district, has come to be the social headquarters of that part of the city, and it understands that it earned a good-sized dividend for the stockholders last year. A number of interesting events are planned for 1909. This, I believe, is the only organization of the Canadians in the United States owning its own building. It is an object lesson for the Canadian "colonies" in some of our other large cities.

Of even greater influence, in its way, is the Canadian Club of Boston whose annual meeting was held last week. During the nine years of its existence this notable group of Canadian-born residents of Massachusetts has done more to foster closer relations between the United States and the Dominion than any other Canadian organization in the country. It has entertained, and listened to addresses from a larger number of public men of Canada than all the other organizations of that great city of clubs put together and there is not the slightest doubt that the message of good will and progress brought by these distinguished guests and reported in the press all over the continent, have had an immense influence in disclosing to the American public the real Canada of today and its wonderful possibilities.

A regular feature of the Canadian Club annual meeting, always looked forward to with much interest, is a review of Canada's progress during the year, prepared by the club's historian. The report presented last week contained more than the usual food for thought on the part of the members of the club, for it dealt largely with that other phase of the Canadian question—the constant and menacing drain of population from the maritime provinces to the west. This pressing problem, which has only recently begun to engage the serious attention of the people of the provinces themselves, has not been lost sight of by their compatriots; and so the presentation of the subject before the members of the Canadian Club last week was listened to with deepest interest.

One of the most vigorous addresses was made by Dr. W. E. Harris, of Cambridge. Dr. Harris is one of the most successful physicians and is a native of Aylesford, N. S., where he owns a fine farm. He gave some of the results of his personal observations in regard to the exodus of young Nova Scotians to Western Canada and the United States, and said that the matter has become one of serious import to the province.

The new president of the Canadian Club is Col. Alexander Graham, native of Hamilton, Ont., who succeeds Asa R. Minard, a Nova Scotian. Col. Graham has been a successful business man in Boston for about twenty years, and resides in Haverhill. He is commander of the British Naval and Military Veterans of Massachusetts, and has served as adjutant on the staff of the Fifth Regiment, M. V. M.

TEN DOG TRAINS OF FUR.

From a seven hundred mile journey across the wastes extending to Hudson Bay, ten dog trains heavily laden with furs have reached Winnipeg. The furs, which are valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars, are bound for the London market. They are the property of several of the fur companies of the north. Among the furs, beaver predominated.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPERS.

A Country Boy in a Big City

Editor "The Roundabout Club" in Farmers Advocate.

Having seen several articles in "The Farmer's Advocate" discussing the subject, "How to Keep the Boys on the Farm," I thought it might be a good thing if the young men could see things in their right light. A young man comes to the city at exhibition time, Thanksgiving, Christmas or Easter; he sees all the lights and festivities and is greatly attracted by it all, but fails to realize that "all is not gold that glitters," and that after the excitement there comes a calm, and everything goes back to its normal state. Now let us take a look at boarding-house life in a great city.

A young man arrives in the city and seeks a room for himself and after a while finds one to his liking at from one dollar and a half to two dollars and a half a week. The lady of the house at once informs him that if he has any callers he must take them up to his room; he must be out at a certain time in the morning or his bed will not be made, and he must supply his own towels and soap. He next hunts up a boarding-house, and finds one that he thinks he likes and pays three dollars a week. Meal hours are at 6.15 a. m. to 8 a. m., dinner 12 a. m. to 1.20 p. m., and supper from 5.20 p. m. to 7 p. m. If he is there, all well and good; if not, he has to go without or go and buy for himself. He is not at home where mother will give him a bite, and where the pantry is handy.

This young man next finds employment, and his working hours are 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., with one hour for dinner. He rises at 6 a. m., prepares for work, and then proceeds to his boarding-house, and after breaking his fast, sets out for work. At noon he returns to his room, washes, makes himself presentable, goes over for dinner, and then back to another five hours' work. He hurries home when his work is done, hungry as a hunter, and feels as if he could eat anything that was placed before him but he cannot so and sit right down to his meal as he could at home; no he must go to his room, wash, dress for the evening, and then off to his boarding-house. At his old home, with dear old father and mother Betty, Maggie, Jack and Tom around the table, the conversation used to be on topics interesting to him; but at this table, what is the talk? Nonsense and chatter, which is intended for "everyone in general, but no one in particular," and which is of no interest to him. At home he would say, "Betty, that pudding is tipp-top," and Betty answers, "Pass over your plate," and he would get a second supply; here no second helpings get, or if he does, the black looks of the boarding-house mistress drive away his appetite.

After supper he has the choice of two things—spend the evening in his room, or go out. The city being new to him, there are many things to be seen and heard. If he is moral and religious, the churches, Y. M. C. A.'s Public Libraries and night schools open their doors to receive him; and if the opposite way, the theatres, bowling alleys, billiard parlors and music halls all invite him to an evening of enjoyment, while the saloons, with lights all glittering, invite all young men, rich and poor, good and bad, to their doom. It has been well named, "The Bar."

A bar to progress, a bar to health. A door to poverty, a bar to wealth. A bar to heaven, a gate to hell. Who named it that, named it well.

Sunday comes around, and he gets up at an early hour and gets his best duds on, and off he goes for a walk, and then to breakfast. After that is over he may go for another walk, or go back to his room. At home in his leisure hours, Maggie would sit at the piano, and he could exercise his vocal powers, and no one interfered, or if he felt frisky he could give mother a kiss and a hug, or have a wrestle with Jack, or a good old-fashioned argument with Tom; but here he dare not sing, he might disturb the other roomers. There is no one around who cares a straw whether he is happy or sad, good or bad or whether he feels "at home" and has a pleasant time or not. All they think of is "give us your money at the end of the week and keep out of our way." So he reads for a while and then goes to church. In the afternoon he can go to Sunday-School or not as he pleases, but there is not much of love or comfort for him. He goes to church at night, and after church to his lonely room, there to go to bed and get refreshing sleep to prepare him for another week of work and thankless toil. At home after church, they would sit around the big old-fashioned stove, while the fire crackled and blazed, and discuss the sermon and bring to memory old scenes and faces; mother would then bring out a pan of good "Snows" or "Northern Spies" and oh! what a munching-match would follow, and then off to rest. ALL THIS HAS NOW PASSED OUT OF HIS LIFE.

This is but a faint picture of boarding house life, with no sympathy, love or care, with only strangers and no one in whom to confide a care or sorrow. True, when a young man comes to the city everything is new to him, but it soon becomes monotonous. The lights do not burn as brightly, the wheels do not turn as fast, the hurry and bustle become weary ploddings, and the young man wakes up to find that life in a large city is not all that he anticipated, and he sings:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,—
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, in never met with elsewhere,
Home! home! sweet home!
There's no place like home!

"An exile from home, splendor ceases in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,—
Give me them, and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home! home! sweet home!
There's no place like home!"
Toronto. "RAOUL."

We have been much interested in the above-mentioned! The condition which it describes is one which has been experienced perhaps, by every young man or woman, who, going into a big city, has been obliged to face the barrenness of the ordinary boarding-house. We should be much pleased to hear from others who have had experience in city life—the kind of city life, we mean, in which the way has not been made smooth by the presence of city friends or relatives—the kind of city life which must be looked forward to, for a time, at least, by everyone who goes into a metropolis alone, unheralded and unknown. To one point of Raoul's letter, however, we feel like taking exception. Surely the music-hall cannot be put indiscriminately in the same category with the vaudeville and saloon. There are, ostensibly, some "advantages" in the city of which those with a little money to spend may avail themselves, and the high-class music-hall is assuredly one of them. There are, however, music-halls and music-halls, in some of which even music is prostituted. Possibly it may be to such as these that Raoul refers.—Editor Farmer's Advocate.

REASON ENTHRONED.

Because meats are so tasty they are consumed in great excess. This leads to stomach troubles, biliousness and constipation. Revise your diet, let reason and not a pampered appetite control, then take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and you will soon be well again. Try it. For sale at W. A. WARREN'S, BRIDGETOWN; A. E. ATLEE'S, ANNAPOLIS; ROYAL, and BEAR RIVER'S DRUG STORE. Samples free.

A TELEPHONE ENQUIRY.

At its coming session the legislature should authorize the government to appoint a permanent Superintendent of Telephones, with power to inquire into capital expended, rate charged and all other matters in connection therewith, and with full power to regulate rates. Telephones are now deemed a public necessity. The rural districts as well as the towns must have them and it is the duty of the legislature, which created the company, to care that the people are not paying dividends on watered stock or too much for interest and maintenance.—Eastern Chronicle.

Strength COMES FROM FOOD

But it must be well digested.

The power to think well, work well, sleep well, and enjoy life depends mainly upon the ability of your digestive organs to extract strength and nourishment from food. When digestion fails, as in dyspepsia and indigestion, the body is starved, no matter how much food is eaten. It also becomes poisoned. Food remaining in the stomach ferments, producing poisonous gases, which, being absorbed into the blood, shatter the nerves, dull the brain, create disease, and give rise to headaches, languor, loss of appetite, palpitation, flatulence, and other disorders of the blood and nerves.

When the stomach, liver and kidneys fail to perform their functions perfectly, there is no remedy that will so soon restore them to health and vigor as Mother Seigel's Syrup. As a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy it has no equal. This is the testimony of thousands.

Mrs. Peter Brennan, Petterville, P.E.I., writing on August 16th, 1908, says:—
Our little daughter, Annie May, suffered from stomach malady and headaches for nearly three years. We tried numerous remedies but nothing seemed to do her any good until we gave her a fair trial of Mother Seigel's Syrup. She has now taken the contents of two bottles and to-day she is in perfect health.

Price 60 cents a bottle. Sold everywhere. A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

THE All-purpose Flour, and superior for every purpose. Highest grade in the world. Purity label guarantees success, or your money back.

"More bread and better bread."

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., Limited
Mills at WINNIPEG, GODEFRICH, BRANDON.

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STOVES & RANGES

We have a number of stoves and ranges on hand which are slightly defaced. Some of these have been used, but are practically as good as new. We will warrant the working qualities and at the prices offered they are genuine bargains.

SLEIGHS

We have also a few sleighs and as we have no time to peddle them, will sell dead right at our ware room. Call and see them.

Bridgetown Foundry Co., Ltd.

MORSE'S TEAS

MORSE'S TEAS are put up in 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. packages at Halifax by J. E. MORSE & CO. The selling prices are 30c., 35c., 40c., 45c., 50c. & 60c. per pound.

There is no one article of general consumption which gives more pleasure and comfort than a well made cup of MORSE'S TEA. Try a package of the 40c. label and compare it with what you have been using.

J. E. MORSE & CO.

HATS

Trimmed and Untrimmed At Bargain Prices for thirty days at

Miss Annie Chute's Your Money's Worth

With every Dollar Purchase of Delft Glass or China ware we will give free one quart Pitcher worth 25 cents.

Spices were never cheaper, All spices six cents per quarter at the

CENTRAL GROCERY

J. E. LLOYD BRIDGETOWN:::

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I have a very large stock of new Wall Papers, comprising the very latest American and Canadian designs. Parties intending to decorate would do well to see my samples and get my prices before ordering as I have such a large stock and make a specialty of Wall Papers. I can save you money.

I can also give some great bargains in 1908 Wall Papers in very pretty designs. Get my prices they will surprise you.

F. B. BISHOP, LAWRENCETOWN.

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Prints, Gingham, Muslins, etc. Shirt-waist and Embroidery Linens.

Household Linens. Sateen and Moreen Underskirts.

Our lines of Women's Underwear and Hosiery are very much broken, but still we may be able to suit you.

Stockinette and Oxford Yarns.

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A LARGE QUANTITY OF HIDES, PELTS, CALF SKINS & TALLOW. Cash paid at the Highest Market Prices. MCKENZIE CROWE & Co., Ltd.

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Have had forty year's experience in the business and am the only practical building mover in the lower provinces.

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Get acquainted with **Black Watch** the big black plug chewing tobacco. A tremendous favorite everywhere, because of its richness and pleasing flavor.

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