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

The Manufacturers Life in 1907

A Comparison Showing Remarkable Progress.

ITEM	1906	1907	INCREASE
Net Premium Income	$1,847,286.06	$2,011,973.53	$164,687.47
Interest and Rents	326,630.96	420.982,81	94,351.85
Total Income	2,193,519.19	2,433,114.15	239,594.96
Assets	8,472,371,52	9,459:230 69	986,859.17

Insurance in Force Dec. 31, 1907—$51,237,157.00

No other Canadian Company has ever equalled this record at the same age

O. P. GOUCHER - General Agent, Western Nova Scotia.
OFFICE—MIDDLETON, N. S.
The E. R. Machum Co., Ltd., St. John. N. B.
MANAGERS FOR MARITIME PROVINCES.

A Line 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

BRIDGETOWN BOOT AND SHOE STORE

Rubbers! Rubbers! Rubbers!

In all sizes from Men's to the smallest Child's size.

FELT GAITERS

All lengths and sizes in Black only.

WOOL SOLES

For bedroom Slippers in Men's Womens' and Children's sizes.

E. A. COCHRANE.

FOR SALE

1 New Edison Phonograph with attachment for 4 minute Records	
Phonograph (cost)	$32.50
Attachment "	6.50
62 2 minutes records @ 40c	24.80
7 4 minute records @ 65c	4.75
Will Sell for $45.00	$68.55

Iso 25 Tons Choice Hay, baled, for sale in large or small lots. Also 52 bbls. White Potatoes

CHAS. B. BALCOM

Paradise, Feby 22nd. 3ins.

Special Prices

AT

W. W. Wade's

BEAR RIVER.

Ladies Overboots, to clear.	$1.50
Blankets, to clear, per pair.	1.00
Bucksaw Frames and Saw.	.70

Bargains in Globe Lamps.
Bargains in Ladies & Misses' Gloves.
Bargains in Ladies' Underwear.
Oranges, 20 cents per dozen.

To Arrive

High Grade English Slag

(THOMAS PHOSPHATE)

We have secured a small lot of this high grade phosphate which we can sell at a low figure. We have in stock 10 tons 85 per cent Muriate of Potash. Original sealed packages

J. H. LONGMIRE AND SONS

SLEIGHS

Only a few SLEIGHS left on hand. A VERY FINE PRICE on these to clear.

Several GOOD SECOND-HAND SLEIGHS and DOUBLE-SEATED CARRIAGES and ROAD CARTS at your own figures.

HARNESS always in stock. Give me a trial.

JOHN HALL

Lawrencetown, Jan. 6th, 1909.

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.

Ceiling Perfection For Everywhere

Every virtue every plaster ceiling lacks, a Pedlar Art Steel Ceiling has. That is why it is the one right ceiling for any building worth ceiling right, or for any room.

Economy, for the first thing,—because a Pedlar ceiling costs no more than good plaster to start with; and it costs far, far less, in the years that follow, because a Pedlar ceiling never cracks, as the building settles; never flakes nor peels; never lets moisture through; never needs repairs; and lasts as long as the building will. Does plaster?

Hygiene, for the next thing,—because a Pedlar Art Steel Ceiling can be washed, scrubbed, disinfected, has no seams nor cracks to harbor germs and contagion and dirt; doesn't absorb smoke and grease and odors; and is as easily kept clean as a window pane. Is plaster?

Safety, for the third thing—for a Pedlar ceiling being made of steel, moisture can't seep through and bring it crashing down; heavy jars won't work it loose; and of course it safeguards the room above it from fire below, and the room below it from fire above. Will plaster?

Beauty, for the fourth thing,—for Pedlar Art Steel Ceilings, at their first low cost, provide far more rich adornment in their deeply double-stamped, high-relief, modern art designs, than you could get in plaster for huge outlay; there is a Pedlar ceiling to harmonize with any scheme of furnishing; and it can be easily and economically painted to suit any desired color scheme. This is the one ceiling, therefore, which safeguards your purse, your health, and any room that it adorns. It is the one ceiling that is fine enough for a millionaire's home and low-priced enough for a country store,—and the only real common-sense ceiling for either place.

PEDLAR ART STEEL CEILINGS

For Churches, Residences, Civic Edifices, Schools, Libraries, Hotels, Club Houses, Office Buildings, Factories, Shops, Stores

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G. H. Pedlar

Pedlar products include every kind of sheet metal building materials—too many items to even mention here. You can have a catalog—information—estimate—prices—advice—just for the asking. We'd like specially to interest you in our Art Steel Ceilings and Side Walls—they are a revelation to many people. More than 2,000 designs. May we send you booklet and pictures of some of them?

The PEDLAR PEOPLE of Oshawa ESTABLISHED 1861

WRITE FOR DETAILS. ADDRESS OUR NEAREST WAREHOUSE.
MONTREAL — THE PEDLAR PEOPLE, 321-323 Craig Street West
ST. JOHN, N.B. — W. H. THORNE AND CO., 42-46 Prince William Street
HALIFAX — E. F. STEVENS, 16 Prince Street
MENTION THIS PAPER. WE WANT AGENTS IN SOME SECTIONS.

A Tube of Antitoxin

One foggy September evening Ezra Morton's six-year-old Bennie was sick. Young Stitham, who for two years had been the doctor for Atlantic Cove, looked serious, as he drew the fisherman into the kitchen out of Mrs. Morton's hearing. Of what he whispered, but two words matter—"diphtheria" and "antitoxin."

To the townsman the obtaining of medicine means merely slipping out to the corner drug store. But what if you dwell in the only house on an island three miles out at sea? Besides the Cove apothecary never kept antitoxin.

"Just one tube in my trunk at home," said Doctor Stitham. He scratched a note and passed it to Morton. "Hand this to my wife and she'll give you the secrum. Hustle as fast as gasoline can take you. Remember Bennie's life is in that package."

In five minutes Ezra was churning round the point in his motor-boat. Thirty minutes to Blaisdell's wharf, fifteen to the doctor's house and back, and he was headed out again the package buttoned safely into an inside pocket.

In the thick fog he could scarcely see a boat length. But what of that? His lantern lighted the compass. Southeast by east a quarter east—he had steared it hundreds of times.

Crunch! Down sprawled the fisher- The Porpoise whittled down the distance at a six-knot gait; but to Morton's anxious heart she seemed to be only crawling. Bennie's life was in his pocket. What if the doctor had not had the package! He felt it bulging squarely, and his courage rose.

Crunch! Down sprawled the fisherman beside his engine. Before he could rise the water was spouting in. He had struck a sharp hubble on the end of Razorback. Eager to get back, he had forgotten the extremely low tides in the dark of the moon, when the ledge was dangerous to shoalwater craft.

Mechanically Ezra reversed the engine and stopped his boat, by this time half-full. Presently it settled to bottom, the water rising to his watch pocket. The lantern had sputtered out, leaving him in absolute blackness.

For a few seconds he stood stunned. Helpless on that submerged rock, the precious tube inside his coat. What should he do?

Obeying the first impulse, he sent his voice echoing over the murky sea. But their was no response. The Cove lay two miles behind, beyond the reach of even his strong lungs. Neither could they hear him on the outshore of Burntcoat, a mile oceanward. But perhaps some stray fisherman—Again he made the fog ring then stopped to listen; still no answer. Zimro Emerson and Paul Clyde were night-haking, but they had probably gained the grounds outside the island an hour ago.

Morton faced the situation. The ledge nowhere reached the surface. The tide would soon turn, and the water gradually deepen, until in two hours he would be unable to touch bottom with his toe-tips. Besides what of Bennie!

The fisherman reflected, not rapidly but clearly. Soon he had decided exactly what to do. He began to take off his clothes.

But where did Burntcoal lie? His compass, water-tight, would have pointed him southeast by east a quarter east. But by this time the matches in his hip-pocket were soaked. He listened hard, ear to the water. Presently he caught it—that faint rumbling of flint pebbles rolling up and down the island beach in the ocean swell. That way he must swim.

Soon his clothes were bundled. The package of antitoxin he dared not trust to be watersoaked. So he tied it on his head.

Meanwhile the tide had risen slightly. His fingers told him that it was flowing in. Pushing his bundle before him, he launched into the gloom.

As a boy Morton had been the best swimmer at the Cove. To-night he needed all this strength and skill. By daylight, with the tide favoring, it would have been an easy swim. But against the flood, with only that faint rumble to guide him, he was fighting tremendous odds.

The water was cold. Morton did not mind the discomfort, but he dreaded the numbing that might follow. For the first few minutes he made rapid progress. Occasionally he trod water and listened for the note. Yes, it certainly sounds louder and nearer. Encouraged he swum on again; pushing his water-soaked bundle ahead. Suddenly his hand struck a soft gelatinous mass; then another and another. Ugh! A school of sun-jellies. How his fingers stung and smarted! To his great relief, he soon was clear of them.

Behind came a low rushing. A land-breeze nad begun. Ezra felt a thrill of anxiety. If the wind were very strong, it might rise a sea that would drown the route, and efface his only means of determining direction. He swum desperately, throwing himself half out of water.

Hough! What was that to his right? A momentary fear sent a shiver over him. Sharks, straved north from warmer seas, had been known inside Burntcoat. Only last week one had torn his mackerel nets. A loud splash sent the water over him. Then a wheezy grunt. Morton almost laughed in relief. Only a porpoise, a "puffing pig"!

The breeze was stiffening. Little wavelets washed against his neck. Louder grew their dashing. At last it entirely drowned the rumble on the beach. ...

Cold despair lay at Ezra's heart. He could almost see the little chamber, with his wife and the doctor bending over the bed. He could imagine Stitnam going outside to listen impatiently for the motor-boat. And all the while Bennie's clutch on life weakening.

Morton listened in vain. Wind and sea were too loud. Then he remembered that, as a boy, he had often put his ear under water, while a comrade hundreds of feet away struck two stones together, and he had heard them clearly. Perhaps he might be able to thus detect the rolling flints. Dipping his left ear under, and pressing his fingers into his right, he listened. Far ahead he heard it distinctly, as a faint submarine thunder.

Suddenly the packet on his head slipped from under the loosened string. He clutched wildly, but it was gone somewhere into the pitchy waves.

Ezra was so badly frightened that his strength almost left him. As well not gain the island at all as without the precious tube. Round and round he paddled, heart-sick, straining the water through his fingers. He must find the package, Bennie's life, before some billow flung it out of his reach.

Before, behind, to right, to left, he clawed. At last his fingers tapped it bobbing in the dark.

Joy at its recovery almost blinded Ezra to his own peril. But what should he do with the package? He dared not trust it again on his head. Finally he placed it between his teeth. To be sure, it held his mouth uncomfortably open, so that the water washed in. But no matter so long as it was safe.

On he rushed in the gloom, occasionally thrusting his ear under to listen for the pebbles. He was gradually tiring out. His strong muscles could not drive him forever against the swirling tide. Turning on his back he floated for a moment. But he could not long afford so costly a luxury. The current was sweeping him back. He must purchase every idle moment by increased efforts. Morton had now been in the water fully an hour. His mouth choked with brine. He could hear only the voices of the deep, wave answering to wave. He could feel only the cold splashing flood that gave him unwilling way. Upon him, too, was the horror of the pit-like gloom, yielding, clinging, soot above, ink below. Although he had seen nothing since the sea snuffed out his lantern, his eyes, dazed with absolute blackness, began to picture strange visions.

Worst of all, his ears, dulled by constant submersions, were losing power to detect the roll of the shingle. If he missed Burntcoat, he would lose both his own life and Bennie's. What if he should suddenly become deaf! What if a cramp should seize him!

Rain-drops fell. At first, few big, slow; then in a smarter shower. After it, cupfuls of wind. The land breeze was driving back the fog. Far behind he caught the Cove lights twinkling. But ahead all was still dark.

Bennie's danger was the stay that kept Morton up. He must save his own life for the boy's sake. His strong teeth clenched the package tightly. Surely he must be near the island now.

Lights danced before him. Stars, spurts of flame, sheets of pale fire—he knew that all were illusions. He swum stubbornly on. Did Burntcoat or the open sea lie before him? He did not know.

To his left flickered a little yellow candle. At first Morton took it for a cheat. Again he looked, and again, expecting it to vanish. But there it danced, somewhat above the surface. He kept his eyes shut for a full half-minute. When he opened them the light still shone along against the blackness.

It was the doctor on the bluff with a lantern!

Morton knew the sea-floor round the island as the farmer knows his mowing field. He felt sure now where he was. In the murk he had passed the point, and was heading straight into the open ocean.

"Ahoy! Ahoy!"

Stitham's voice piped across the wind. Ezra could make no sound. He turned and swum for all his might. Presently above the surrounding water he could distinguish the metallic clack of the tumbling flints.

The lantern dipped, wavered, disappeared. Stitham had gone back discouraged. But Ezra now had the pebbles to guide him, if he could only hold out.

If! He could barely move his arms and legs. Numb, choking, exhausted he once or twice stopped swimming from sheer weariness. His feet hung down as if weighted; his body seemed almost as watersodden as the bundle he still mechanically pushed before him. With Titanic effort he fought the fearful laden fatigue. Red against the blackness he saw the doctor's last words: "Remember Bennie's life is in that package."

Gr-r-r-r-r! Deeper, louder, nearer, rumbled the rolling pebbles. Lower sank Morton's feet. And now he began to feel the drag of the undertow. It sank him down and back. With a tremendous struggle he drew his feet up. A wave caught him and rolled him over and over. He swallowed considerable water, but his jaws gripped the package like a bulldog's. Come what might, he would never let go of that.

A few more blind strokes and his feet touched bottom. As the waves rolled back he hooked his fingers into the flints and held hard; then rose, grasped his bundle, and stumbled up the beach. Safe above the waves, he dropped on the rainy pebbles. Their hard, wet slope seemed the most delicious bed he had ever known. But Bennie! Would he be in time?

Rising stiffly, he pulled on his clothes and staggered forward; stormed the steep, slippery bluff; threaded the path, Bennie's path, through the spruces, and came against his own cabin, with the lamp shining from the uncurtained chamber. He caught one glimpse of the doctor's set jaw, of his wife covering her face with her hands. A moment later he lifted the latch and stumbled in. Too exhausted for words, he collapsed on the floor, holding out the soggy package to Stitham. The doctor seized it, and disappeared in the bedroom.

It was morning when Morton awoke. Stitham was standing by his bedside. Morton looked up appealingly, fearfully.

"It's all right," said the doctor. "Bennie'll pull through."

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

AN IDEAL COUGH MEDICINE.

"As an ideal cough medicine I regard Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in a class by itself," says Dr. R. A. Wiltshire, of Gwynneville, Ind. "I take great pleasure in testifying to the results of Chamberlain's Cough Medicine. In fact, I know of no other preparation that meets so fully the expectations of the most exacting in cases of croup and coughs of children. As it contains no opium, chloroform or morphine it certainly makes a most safe, pleasant and efficacious remedy for the ills it is intended." For sale by

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

A PROGRESSIVE MAN.

William Hard, of Everybody's Magazine, who recently toured the West, said the other day:

"I discovered the most progressive man in North America in a box car on the spur leading from the Canadian Northern to the Grand Trunk Pacific near Saskatoon. He sat on top of his piano, and at the forward end of his cars were bricks, imported personally from the United States, on the rear end were bird cages, bags of seed wheat, and other things. All the material for success in a new country not forgetting the bricks, were present. When I asked him how soon he was going to reach his destination, this immigrant replied that he expected to get there as soon as the rails had been laid, along which his car could be hauled. He was billed to a station not on the map when the car started. He is now helping the construction gang to make the railway which will make his home. He is the incarnation of the spirit of the North West, which not only keeps pace with the facilities, but outruns them."

Are you watching for Brown Tail Moth nests? Now is the time to be on the alert. Do not hang back and leave the work of examination to the Government official. This work is a public spirited duty that you owe to yourself and to your county. The united efforts of farmers and others in the infested regions is essential if the pest is to be entirely stamped out of your country.

In The Land of The Silver Thaw

For some time past the world has been ringing with Cobalt. Up in the Valhalla of Northern Ontario is located the wonderland of finds and fortunes.

Lately a new province of speculation—the true home of the wild-cat and the dream-land of suckers—has been staked. This land rejoices in the mellifluous title of "Gowganda." Collier's Weekly (Canadian edition) has the following reference to the home of "The Highland Mary."

Ontario mines were capitalized last year to the extent of $600,000,000. The output of Ontario mines for the same period was $2 ,000,000. Who pays the difference? A Cobalt promoter named Frank Law gets five years in the penitentiary for defrauding the public out of $300,000. His mine, the Highland Mary, had no existence outside of his own fertile imagination. It was more phantasmal than arboet's dream, but it was real enough to catch the suckers. Promoter Law's punishment may do something to check the wildcatting, but not much, one apprehends, until promoters' conscience are more tender or people's brains are brighter. The mining shark will go on finding his shining mark until the crack of doom. Gowganda is the latest lure. It is far up in the north wilds of Ontario, many miles away, past the railway. Its riches—if it has any—are buried under ten feet of snow. But that doesn't daunt the eager Argonauts. All the fellows who were too late to get into Cobalt reckon to be in on this, and on the ground floor when the snow melts. They are going in now because winter is the time to make any sort of travel over rock and muskeg. Come May they can't get in. No more can they get out, and they will have to stay there through black-fly time. Meanwhile thirty degrees below zero in the open can not chill their ardor, nor can eighty degrees above and the air thick with tobacco smoke in restrouses unspeakably dirty choke it. Fortune hunters who have returned from Gowganda do not brim over with good-luck stories. They tell you about the hard floors they had to sleep on, but, asked if it's a good thing, they shake their heads and say: "Perhaps." Whoever is doing the exploiting up there is doing it well, so well that people have been taken out to look over claims that didn't even carry a discovery post. One glittering chance which is being advertised in Toronto papers is said up there to have neither a local habitation nor a name. The woods are full of "shoot or sell" mines—that is to say, if they put a dynamite cartride in they may shoot away all they have to sell or they may not. It will be at least three or four months before we know whether Gowganda is to be a great silver camp or a great claim-selling swindle.

A WIRELESS PLANT FOR PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia, March 6.—One result of the wire prostration due to the blizzard of Wednesday night will be the establishment by the city of a wireless plant on top of the city hall tower.

The top of the tower is 537 feet from the ground, and a powerless wireless outfit would put Philadelphia in touch with any municipality or sea station operating a wireless plant within a radius of a thousand miles.

Profiting by the example furnished by the plight in which Baltimore now finds itself, cut off entirely from wire communication with the outside world, city officials today began the work preliminary to the erection of a plant that will keep Philadelphia in touch no matter the extent to which land lines may be prostrated.

TAX EXEMPTIONS IN HALIFAX.

For some time there has been an agitation in favor of the abolition of tax exemption in Halifax, including churches, benevolent and education institutes, and imperial and other government property. The civic exemptions amount to eight million dollars. A resolution was presented at the meeting of the City Council he asked to pass a bill abolishing today proposing that the Legislature the tax exemptions. This met with rather scant courtesy and was referred to a committee.

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