

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:

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, Women's and Children's sizes.

E. A. COCHRANE.
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.

WHAT 25c. WILL DO AT OUR STORE
YOU CAN BUY

2 lb Pure Castile Soap, (full weight), for	25c
2 lb. Seeded Raisins	25c
3 lb. Best cooking Raisins	25c
3 can Peas	25c
4 lb. Tamarinds	25c
7 lb. Buckwheat flour	25c
7 lb. Graham	25c
7 lb. Whole Wheat	25c
7 lb. Onions	25c
7 lb. Saurkraut	25c

A full stock of Dried and Canned Fruits, and Vegetables. Wanted—any quantity of good Yellow Eyed Beans.

C. L. PIGGOTT.

BULL FOR SALE.
The Directors of RIVERSIDE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY wish to dispose of one of their Bulls. They are Dominion registered, both blood red and are very superior animals, nice dispositions, sure stock getters, perfect in every respect.
One was two years old last January, 1909; one of their Bulls, They are Dominion registered, both blood red and are very superior animals, nice dispositions, sure stock getters, perfect in every respect.
Purchaser can have choice of animals.
They are in fine shape for Society purposes.
Price asked, one hundred and twenty-five dollars.
By order of Directors,
RICHARD W. RAY,
Secretary.
Upper Granville, Annapolis County, N. S., Feb. 15th, 1909. tf.

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.

Small Farm for Sale

A small farm of about eight acres with attractive cottage house, in the popular bungalow style, barn and other out-buildings. Wood house attached to house. Good cellar with furnace and storage room. Ten rooms in house, all in good repair. Town water and privilege of electric lighting, etc. Surrounded by lawn, orchard and shade trees. Several building lots on street front.

Farm about three-quarters hay-land, remainder in orchard, one half in bearing. Land in good state of cultivation. Choice location on main street of town. Five minutes walk to churches, post-office, etc.

Owner having other interests must sell. A bargain for a quick purchaser.

M. K. PIPER

FERRY'S SEEDS

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

FERRY'S 1909 SEEDS ANNUAL PRICE ON REQUEST.
D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

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.

Bargains

Looking over our [stock at end of year we found certain goods that we wish to dispose of at once, and offer them at the following low prices:

8 pairs Men's Buckle Overshoes at.....	\$2.65
A few pairs Men's No 1 quality. Larrigans at.....	\$1.65
20 pairs Men's Boots at.....	\$1.00
15 pairs Ladies Kid and Pebble Boots at.....	\$0.75
3 Mens Overcoats at.....	\$4.25 cash
3 Mens Ulsters at.....	\$4.25
5 Childrens Suits at.....	\$1.35
5 Childrens Suits at.....	\$1.75
1 Ulster for Boy 8 years old at.....	\$2.75

Seeing that she loved to talk about her "boy," the young woman asked kindly how it was that she had not seen him for so many years.

"Well," began Mrs. Johnston, deliberately, settling herself to tell the whole story. "Harry was a smart boy, if I do say so. He was always

J. I. FOSTER.

Bridgetown Book Store

If you want satisfaction in STATIONERY you will get it here because you have the largest assortment to select from.

A great many women are dying—or at least getting their Skirts, Coats and Feathers dyed for Winter and Spring. I am agent for the PARKER DYE WORKS.

I still have a large assortment of FOUNTAIN PENS. If you are thinking of buying, call and see them.

Always come to the Book Store for the Boston, St. John, Halifax DAILY and WEEKLY PAPERS.

H. M. CHUTE

After Twenty-five Years

The waiting room was crowded, noisy, dirty. The tired clerk at the Bureau of Information, never the most amiable of men, looked cross, and answered his questioners gruffly, until an old woman, small and thin, carrying a time-worn satchel and a large bundle, went up to his desk timidly and cordially. He talked to her gently for several minutes, then pointed out the only vacant seat. What could she have said to have won so much attention?

Following his directions she found the empty plate, and sank into it with a sigh of relief, putting her bag at her feet, but keeping the bundle on her lap. Having settled herself comfortably, as if for a long wait, she watched the busy throng with keen interest. There were men, many of them hurried and anxious, others loitering with the evident purpose of killing time. A man, unused to travel worried lest they miss their trains and worn with the care of little children; a few young girls, well-dressed and full of life and laughter.

Her reverie was interrupted by a little boy at her side.

"Oh, mamma, I am so tired. Can't we get on the train again? When shall we see papa?" he whimpered.

Untying her bundle, the old lady took out a cookie and gave it to him.

"Thank the lady," commanded the mother, which he did shyly, and then she added: "You are very kind. The children are tired and cross."

She was a hearty, happy-looking woman with a child on her lap and another scarcely older than the boy seated beside her.

"Little boys are always hungry. I know because I had one of my own," and the old lady brought forth more cakes, one for each of the other children. But her eyes wandered back to the boy and watched him tenderly.

"I'm going to see my son for the first time in twenty-five years," she said, unable to keep her joy to herself.

"My, my," said the younger woman, "what a long time! I am on my way to Denver. My husband has a good position there and has a nice little house ready for us. He's been there over a year and I've been waiting at mother's until he could send for us. He's so anxious to see the children. They'll grow a lot in a year, you know. To wait twenty-five years must be awful." Then after a pause. "When will your train go here to spend two more hours here."

"In about an hour. I just told the kind gentleman at the desk that I am going to San Francisco to visit my son, and that it is twenty-five years since I have seen him, not since he was a mere boy, and I asked him to tell me when it is time for my train to leave because Harry would be so disappointed if I missed it. Indeed I will, ma'am," he says. "I wouldn't want my mother to miss her train if she were coming to see me."

The old lady—Mrs. Johnston she said her name was—lifted the tired boy upon her lap, and he was asleep in a very few minutes. "It doesn't seem long since my Harry used to creep into my arms when he was tired playing. Oh, those were happy days!" she sighed.

"Seeing that she loved to talk about her 'boy,' the young woman asked kindly how it was that she had not seen him for so many years.

"Well," began Mrs. Johnston, deliberately, settling herself to tell the whole story. "Harry was a smart boy, if I do say so. He was always

at the head of his class, and loved his books. 'He will make his way in the world, never fear,' his teacher used to say to me," and her thin voice vibrated with pride. "When he grew up he did not like Pleasantville—it's a very small place—and he begged me to let him go West to 'make his fortune,' as he said. 'Father left you enough to keep you comfortable, and by-and-by, when I am rich, you shall come and live with me.' 'I yielded for I could see he would never be contented where he was. It seems like yesterday that I packed his clothes into the little hair trunk which had been my mother's. I thought it would kill me, for he was all I had. Poor Harry!' she went on to herself, "he felt bad, too, but when he caught me wiping away the tears that would come, he smiled bravely and said, 'Never mind, mother; I will write often and come home once a year or maybe oftener.' At last he was off, and I was left all alone."

Mrs. Johnston wiped her eyes furtively, but remembering where she was, and where she was going, soon smiled again.

After a few minutes the young mother, seeing that the dear old lady was afraid of tiring her talking of Harry, asked in an interested tone: "Did he like the West?"

"At first he was, oh, so homesick! He wrote often, sometimes twice a week, and his letters were full of questions about 'dear Pleasantville,' and of longing to see his 'little mother,' as he called me, and though he had so little money he would save a few dollars every month and send them to me to buy some luxury. Once he told me to get a new bonnet and another time he said—I recall the very words after all these years—I remember the stove in your room never heated it comfortably. 'This money is to buy a new one.' Now, wasn't that kind of the dear boy, and he working so hard for the little he had?"

For a few minutes they sat in silence, the young mother looking thoughtfully at the little boy asleep in her new friend's arms.

"After a while," Mrs. Johnston began again in a sadder tone, "after a while he became so busy that he had very little time to spare for his old mother, though he always wrote a good, long, loving letter at Christmas time, and sent me a lovely gift—but that was all. How well I remember the first time he 'snatched a moment at the office' (he lived in San Francisco then) 'to wish me a happy Christmas,' and the note was written with a typewriter and only the name was in his writing. Somehow I cried over that letter. It did not seem like it came from him at all, and it was so careless like. But then I am a foolish old woman, and ought to have been glad that he had a stenographer at all—he that had no start in life."

"Except a good home and a kind mother," said the other, with a note of indignation in her voice which her companion did not notice.

"All these years," she continued. "I have knit him the nice warm gray socks he used to like, and sent them to him in October. I work on them a little while every evening, and think of the happy times when he was a boy and it was so fond of me—though of course he's fond of me still or he would never have sent for me. Then, sometimes," she rattled on, "I make cookies just like those I gave your children, and express them to him, for he always was the greatest boy you ever saw for cookies! Judge Simmons, who lives near me at home, knows all about everything that happens over the whole country, and he says that my Harry is one of the greatest men in California, and gives a great deal of money to the poor and to colleges and art schools. 'There aren't many boys like Harry,'" and her dear old face fairly beamed.

"Did he ever get married?" asked her companion.

"Not until he was almost forty. He wrote me a long letter, and told me how beautiful and good his Marie was, and she sent me her love. Now, wasn't that nice of her? Well," she went on, not waiting for an answer, "she died three years later, and Harry was heartbroken. He got homesick just like when he first went away and said he was coming to make me a little visit. As soon as I got that letter I put clean curtains in his room, and then, thinks I, he is used to such grand things, I mustn't let the old place look too shabby, so I painted white the willow chair he used to sit in. You see I had always kept his room just as he left it, kind of hoping he'd surprise me some time—but he never did," she added slowly, with a little sigh.

"Well," she resumed, "I was telling you about fixing up his room. I worked in it for three days, and there wasn't a prettier place in Pleasantville when I was through. I put my best quilt on the bed, and the best cover on the table. The stove was rusty and dingy, so I took it down, as he would not need it in summer." There was a long pause. "Business

FURNESS, WITHEY & CO., LTD.

STEAMSHIP LINERS.

London, Halifax and St. John, N. B.

—Kanawha.....	Jan. 23
Jan. 13—Tabasco.....	Feb. 3
Jan. 23—Shenandoah.....	Feb. 13
Feb. 2—Rappahannock.....	Feb. 23

LIVERPOOL VIA ST. JOHN'S NEWFOUNDLAND.

From Liverpool. From Halifax.

—Almeria.....	Jan. 23
Jan. 16—Evangelina.....	Feb. 6
Jan. 30—London City.....	Feb. 20

S. S. "Kanawha," "Shenandoah," and "Rappahannock" have accommodation for a limited number of saloon passengers.

S. S. "Ulunda" has excellent first-class passenger accommodation.

FURNESS WITHEY & CO., LTD.
Agents, Halifax, N. S.

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

A War Correspondent's Exciting Adventures
WHAT HE OWES TO ZAM-BUK.

Mr. Frank Scudamore, the great war correspondent, who sent many of the Canadian despatches during the late Boer War, owes his health to Zam-Buk. He has passed unscathed through 29 battles, but a scratch which turned to blood-poisoning nearly ended his days. Zam-Buk saved him and he writes as follows:—

"I have proved Zam-Buk such a blessing that I want others to know of its merits. The poisonous dye in some underclothing I was wearing got into a scratch I had sustained and blood-poisoning set up. Inflammation was followed by great pain and swelling, and then ulcers broke out on my legs. For some time I could not walk a few steps nor even put my feet to the ground. On my left leg below the knee I had seventeen ulcers which caused holes, into which I could put my thumb. On the right leg I had four ulcers. Medical treatment failed to relieve, homely remedies were applied in vain. Week followed week and I gradually got worse, until I was worn out with pain and lack of sleep. On the advice of a friend I obtained some Zam-Buk and left off everything else while I tried it. It seemed to give me almost instant relief from the pain, and in a few days I noticed that it was healing some of the ulcers. This was cheering indeed, and I gradually persevered with the Zam-Buk treatment. Bit by bit the poisonous matter was drawn out. The ulcers were healed, and new healthy skin grew over the previously diseased places. I am now quite cured, and in gratitude, I mention these facts that other sufferers from skin disease may know of something which will cure them."

Zam-Buk cures rashes, rashes from ordinary ointments and salves, as the above facts clearly prove. For all skin diseases ulcers, abscesses, scalds, rashes, ringworm, children's sore heads, cuts, burns, bruises, etc., it is a speedy cure. It also cures eczema, itch, psoriasis, blood-poisoning, face-bletharia, barber's rash, etc. Sold every-where, in bottles and in boxes. Put into the bottle a small amount of water, and shake well into the pores of the skin. It cures rheumatism, neuralgia, and sciatica. All druggists and stores sell it in a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price 3 boxes for \$ 7.50.

ZAM-BUK
THE GREAT SKIN-CURE.

It keeps sons from their mothers and disappoints them so. The summer was well-nigh gone before I had another letter. Harry was sorry, but business kept him away. I closed the room again, and somehow I always felt sore and hurt about it all until a week ago." Here her face brightened wonderfully. "He wrote me himself in a shaky kind of handwriting. Wait, I will show you the letter."

Reaching down into her roomy pocket she brought it forth and unfolded it with trembling hands. "Mother, dear," she read, "I am sick and want you so much. The doctor says I must not go home, the trip would be very hard on me. Could you come here? Oh, mother, come if you can. I love you, and you are all I have. Your loving Harry."

The eyes of both filled with tears. Just at that moment they were interrupted by a boy in uniform.

"The clerk told me to take you to your train. It will be here in ten minutes," he said. With a hurried good-bye to the mother, and a rare well kiss for the boy who had slept in her lap, she followed him.

"San Francisco," the porter called at last. Too happy to think of her weariness, the feeble old woman hurried with the crowd out of the car into the crowded station. "Carriage, carriage!" screamed a driver as she drew near.

"I must be stylish, so he won't be ashamed of me," she thought, and took it.

At last the carriage drew up before an elegant mansion.

A few minutes later a man leaving the house found an old lady lying face downward on the marble doorstep, and lifting her in his arms found that she was dead.

There was crape on the door!
—Florence Gilmore, in Benziger's Magazine.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

A BASKET FULL of clean, sweet-smelling linen is obtained with half the toil and half the time if Sunlight Soap is used. Sunlight shortens the day's work, but lengthens the life of your clothes. Follow directions.

The appalling disregard of the value of human life by the railroads of this country is frequently the cause of comment in the old land, where, if they had as many fatalities in a year as we have in a month, there would be a public uprising. The inadequacy of the protection of human life both with regard to those who use public conveyances and those who are compelled to cross the highways is shocking. Within a few weeks from all over the country have come reports of people killed while merely crossing over the tracks. It seems incredible that level crossings should be tolerated anywhere. That they should be unprotected in cities or towns but shows how callous are our people to encroachments upon our rights.—The Home Journal.

The interests of the Sabbath are the interests of the poor; the enemies of the Sabbath are the enemies of the poor.—Prof. Geo. Adm Smith.