The Daddy of Them All.

There's a hearty old party lives beyond the northern sea
About as rough—about as tough—as a party well can be;
Strong nerved, well preserved, handy with his hands;
With muscle for a tussle to enforce what he commands;
He's big and bold, and a trifle old, and his habit's somewhat full.
Recording fame describes his name as Old John Bull.

Rough John, tough John, bluff John Bull.
With both feet getting there, and both hands full;
His heart is full of kindness with never a drop of gall;
And old John Bull is the Daddy of them all.

There's many a lad to call him dad, and take the old man's part,
To share his fight and swell his might, and cheer his loving heart—
To bear his flag from cliff to crag, when the echoing bugles blow—
Ten thousand sons to man his guns, and thunder on the foe,
From many a land, from many a strand, they come to the father's call,
For old John Bull is the Daddy of them all.

Rough John, tough John, bluff John Ball.
With a heap of human nature underneath his scanty wool—
The cheeriest, beeriest, stoutest carl upon this earthly ball.
For old John Bull is the Daddy of them all.

The waves that roll from pole to pole still carry him on his way,
From the purple gleams of morning's beams to the golden close of day;
The heaving seas, the freshening breeze bear on his friendly ships,
The roar that fills the startled hills leaps from his cannon's lips;
The flags that fly to the bending sky are with his glory full—
They bear the name and tell the fame of glorious old John Bull.

Rough John, tough John, bluff John Bull,
The man that carries his burden and the man that has a pull;
The march of empire thunders where his martial footsteps fall,
For old John Bull is the Daddy of them all.

—*Boston Sunday Journal.*

Missionaries.

ALMOST INSUPERABLE OBSTACLES TO THEIR SUCCESS IN THE LAND OF THE SUN GOD.

"At present there are nearly a thousand American missionaries in China, representing the different Protestant churches of the United States. They follow actively their various branches of the work in the different provinces of the empire. Many of them, in intellectual and spiritual gifts, are far above the average of our home workers. In their doings with the natives they prove to be influenced by the highest principles of good will and humanity as well as by christian charity. They are men and women of whom America may well feel proud.

"The home of the missionary is a centre of light for all the surrounding districts. The children of the mission schools and colleges see the home life of the missionaries, learn the meaning of the Stars and Stripes, of the national flag, understand their feeling of patriotism in the highest sense, and delight to learn the history of the country that has sent them so much hope from purely philanthropic motives. It is the spirit of patriotism that the Chinese need next to the spirit of christianity; and it is the American missionary who is eminently qualified to teach it to them even in the face of the corrupt government of China.

"Some who criticise the labors of missionaries depend only upon bare statistics. They reckon up the number of mission stations and church members with the number of years of work, and take these as the measure of usefulness. Such people do not realize the difficulties of the situation. The religious beliefs, the customs and prejudices of the Chinese are entrenched behind centuries upon centuries of superstition. It must be remembered that China is the most ancient empire in the world. Before the Jews became a nation, say twenty-five centuries before Christ, China's civilization had already reached a high standard. Her wealthy inhabitants wore silks and satins while the Israelites were in Egypt, and long before Greece and Rome were thought of. Her ethics, her laws and administration of government have come down almost unchanged through all those thousands of years. As far back as history goes, the Chinese were governed by almost the same form of paternal or patriarchal government that has stood unshaken amid the rise and fall of western empires, and is still as influential in its strength and vigor. It is this antiquity which the Chinese fall back upon with so much pride that stands in the way of their accepting anything so modern as christianity.

"But in the consideration of the difficulties the missionary has to encounter there is not only the antiquity, but also the enormous size of the nation, and the extent of country. Out of a total of 5,000,000 square miles the 18 provinces of China proper contain 1,500,000 of square miles. In the middle of China is one of the greatest and most densely populated plains in the world, through which flow the Yellow River and the Yang-tse. This one plain supports a population of 175,000,000 or nearly three times as many people as inhabit the United States. The Emperor of China rules over one-tenth of the surface of the habitable globe, and nearly half of the population of our planet. Both the land and the people are not only immense and overwhelming, but stranger unique and without analogy. The methods used for preaching the Gospel in our own lands or among uncivilized races have to be modified greatly, if not entirely changed, when applied to the civilization of China. The mass to be moved is enormous, and the power applied must be great in proportion.

"Added to this difficulty of the size of the nation there is the complexity of the language. The old saying that "the devil invented the Chinese characters to keep Christianity out of China," appears to have some show of reason when we find that in place of a Chinese alphabet there are tens of thousands of formidable hieroglyphics of pictorial characters, and that each constitutes a separate monosyllabic word. Furthermore, this written language is to be seen and not heard, to be read and not spoken. Then there is the official or court language used in the northern and central provinces, with hundreds of different dialects spoken south of the Yang-tse. The missionary there has therefore to learn the local dialect, the court language and the written or classical language before he can preach, and carry on oral and written intercourse with all the different classes of natives he meets. This alone is the work almost of a lifetime.

"But when the missionary has overcome these difficulties, which few succeed in doing beyond a certain limited extent, his task is only just begun. He has to learn all that the ordinary Chinese know from their classical and other books and teachers, in order to meet them on their own ground. Then he must begin to attack the sentiments the Chinaman holds most dear and which are hallowed by the earliest associations and parental love. These ancestral teachings and examples, with his methods of religious worship, are deeply imbedded in his inmost heart. Yet the missionary has to ask him to give up many or most of them, and accept untried foreign dogmas and methods in their place. Is it any wonder that the conservative principle in Chinese human nature rebels, and that the Chinaman naturally is opposed to all missionary propagandism? It is almost impossible to realize the immense sacrifice a Chinese, even of the lower class, has to make when in the face of the opposition and the contempt of his family, his kinsman, his whole clan and his friends, he determines to become a sincere Christian and to follow the teachings of uncouth-looking strangers from far-off lands who are popularly known as "foreign devils."—*Amslee's Magazine.*

Sam Jones on Scandal Mongers.

I don't believe much that one politician says about another politician of different politics from himself. Really, I don't believe much I hear "nohow." Like Bill Nye when he was caught snoring. A gentleman punched him and said: "Wake up, your snoring disturbs us." The man replied: "I was not snoring." The man replied: "You were snoring, sir." Bill said: "How do you know I was snoring?" "I heard you," said the gentleman. "Law," said Bill "stranger, you can't believe half you hear these days."

I am by politicians like I am by scandal mongers. You can make a heap of allowance and then, as the negro says, "low some more before you get it straight."

The average person does not weigh his words nor appreciate what he says. It is also true that the average hearers do not give much weight to words and assertions. A hog at his slop, a dog eating bologna sausage, a vulture at work on the carcass are so much higher than scandal mongers they ought not to be mentioned in the same week, or the same year, or the same decade.

I think some people talk too much because they have got nothing else to do. I think some people talk because they are on such a low plane that they would like to talk other people down on a level with them. Ninety-nine times in a hundred the scandal monger is talking about his better or her betters. It is as true to-day as ever, the purest characters have suffered most from this tribe of vultures. Each community has some noble wife, some good mother or daughter that has been the prey of these scandal mongers.

The devil is going to be dissatisfied with some of the gang that is put off on him, in my judgment. To think the devil wants some folks that I know he is going to get would lower my estimate of him, his intelligence and his sense of what decency demanded. I don't believe the devil will get anybody that he ought not to get, but I do believe that he is going to get some that he would not have been sorry if he had missed.

Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth. If Mrs. Snipes tells Scroggins that she saw Mary Jane Brown wink at Billy Smith that is foundation enough. The next you hear of Mary Jane Brown she has wrecked her character and blasted her life, when the real foundation for the beginning of the report was that Mary Jane Brown batted her eyes because it was her nature to.

If there is anyone that I love to run after and associate with, it is people who keep their tongues from evil and their lips from speaking guile; who backbite not with their tongues nor evil to their neighbor.

A person who will slander a man or slander a boy is a bad citizen, but the person who will blast a woman's character is a devil incarnate, infernal in every instinct of his nature. Yours,

SAM P. JONES.

Several Ways of Doing.

It was only a whelping street cur whose leg had been just run over by a passing wagon, but it had a voice pathetic and shrill enough to wake the dead.

"Get out!" yelled a man close to whom it passed, and he raised his cane to chatise it for offending his ears with such unearthly howls; but the poor brute only "ki-yi-d" the louder.

"Scat!" cried a bootblack, swinging his kit around a lamp post after the cur. "Tie a can to its tail!" he cried to some other boys, and off they scurried after the caudal ornament, only pausing long enough to shy a stone, which produced new and more discordant yelps.

"Why don't some one call to the police to shoot him?' indignantly demanded a well-dressed lady, stopping her ears to shut out the sound. "It's a shame to allow such things." And still the dog's cries of pain rang shrilly down the street.

Then everybody stood still and stared at a very unusual scene. A lady, well dressed, and refined in manner and look, motioned the street boys nearest her to stop yelling, and stepped quickly up toward the dog with a soft, white hand outstretched, and some soothing, soft-spoken words. The poor frightened thing stopped, curled its tail between its legs, and cringed down nearer the curbstone as if expecting another blow. She spoke to it again, calling it "poor doggie" and various other pet names, until it turned its wistful eyes in mute pleading, and allowed her to put her hand on it. Then she stroked it softly, and reassured it further, while a boy ran to a near drugstore for something. She saturated her handkerchief and bound up the dog's leg. In a moment the brute was perfectly passive, and had ceased even to whine. She turned it over to the kind-hearted janitor of the big Equitable building, who had taken in the situation and brought out a box partly filled with excelsior. But before he could take it into the basement, a man with a leather case, saying that he was a doctor, offered his services to set the broken bone. The lady who had talked of shooting the cur politely tendered her handkerchief to brush off the dust. The boys gathered round proposed to "chip in" and buy some meat for the patient; and every one went away saying, "Well, I declare, she must be very fond of dogs."

She had never kept a dog in her life, and was just the least bit afraid of them; but she was the possessor of a heart sensitive to the sufferings of the meanest of God's creatures, and her little act of thoughtful humanity had stirred the better natures of those whose thoughtlessness made them inhuman.

Big Centipedes.

The magnificent granite state capitol building here has become infested with centipedes of great size. These poisonous insects are to be found in every department of the state government, says the Austin, Tex., correspondent of the *Chicago Record*. A few days ago one was seen in the Governor's private office and after a lively chase it was killed. It measured seven and one fourth inches long and is the largest centipede ever seen in this part of Texas. Sheriff Geo. Womack of Cook county, came across one of the insects in the corridor of the second floor of the building recently. It was captured alive and placed on exhibition in a local drug store. It was over six inches long. A few days before that clerks in the State Treasury Department were counting money in the great steel vault when a gigantic centipede ran out from under a package of bank notes. It was cornered and captured alive and now inhabits a bottle on the counter of the cashiers of the department.

The cause of this sudden pest of centipedes is unknown. They are particularly fond of damp places and large numbers of them have been seen about the sinks and lavatories of the building. The janitors and porters of the several departments have organized a systematic hunt for the pest, but have made little headway in getting rid of them.

E W Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine** Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

Questions of Etiquette.

To Americans of good standing who have letters to persons of distinction in London, and to whom the various questions of etiquette in English society are, as is only natural, quite unknown, the situation is often apt to be awkward.

"How am I to address Lady M——'s envelope?" asked the eldest daughter of the family who was answering a kind little note from the former, inviting her mother and herself to an informal dinner. Mrs. A—— hesitated. "Why, I am sure I do not know, she exclaimed. "I never thought of it; but I suppose there must be some distinction between a baronet's wife and a countess. You cannot simply write Lady M——! We ought to have found out all of those things before coming here! How odd none of us thought of it!"

"But the question is, what are we to do now, mamma?" interrupted her daughter. The query was really perplexing, and was finally solved by sending out to a book shop to buy a book on such etiquette. While it is not absolutely necessary for culture to know the shibboleths of good society in foreign countries, it certainly betokens a knowledge of the world if one is correct on these points. For those who desire to enter the social life of Europe such knowledge is absolutely essential, and, oddly enough it is rather hard to obtain. It may safely asserted that not one person in a hundred in New York society could answer correctly if asked about questions of precedence in England. Even more ordinary issues, in point—the direction upon notes, the various modes of addressing persons of tittle and the etiquette of cards—are (with the exception of the latter, which is more or less the same in the good society in America and England) practically unknown.

There is one point that is always puzzling, and can only be determined by the persons themselves.

With all people of title there is the formal method of addressing a note, and the informal, and how far you are justified in using the latter you must yourself determine. For instance, the formal address for a duke who is not of blood royal is "To His Grace the Duke of A.," while an intimate or person in the same social set won't write on the envelope merely "The Duke of A," and the same rule, of course, holds good for a duchess. Again the formal address for a marquis won't be "The Most Honorable the Marquis of B., and the familiar one "The Marquis of B." His wife won't be "The Marchioness of B." or "The most Honorable the Marchioness of B." With a widow the christian name always proceeds the title, as, "Margaret, Marchioness of B." The letters of the younger sons and daughters of a duke are formally addressed as, "The Right Honorable the Lord or Lady Y—z," and the intimate form is "The Lady Y—z" or "Lord Y—z" An Earl is addressed "To the Right Honorable the Earl of C.," or more familiarly "The Earl of C.," and with his countess, of course it is the same. The courtesy titles of the children of a marquis and an earl are like those of a duke, while those of a viscount are simply "Honorable," as "The Honorable Martha Smith," the sons and daughters of barons having the same distinction, he himself being "The Right Honorable Lord So-and-So," and his wife "The Right Honorable Lady So-and So." A baronet is "Sir George M," and a knight is the same, and their wives "The Lady B," without the use of the Christian name. If this were used she would usurp the prerogative of a duke's younger son's wife.

John's References.

John was fifteen years old when he applied for a place in the office of a well-known lawyer who had advertised for a boy; but he had no reference. "I am afraid I will stand a poor chance," he thought, "but I'll try."

The lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"A good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways." Then he noted the new suit,—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean-looking skin. Very well, but there had been others here quite as cleanly; another glance showed the finger nails free from soil.

"Ah! that looks like thoughtfulness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was the lawyer's thought; "he can speak up when necessary. Let me see your writing," he added aloud.

John took the pen and wrote his name. "Very well; easy to read and no flourishes. Now, what references have you?"

The dreaded question at last. John's face fell. He began to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it.

"I have not any,' he said slowly; "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without a reference," was the rejoinder, and as he spoke a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I have no references," he said with hesitation, "but here is a letter from mother I just received."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter:

My Dear John.—I want to remind you that whenever you get work you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon; but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go! You have been a good son to me. Be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts.

"H'm!" said the lawyer, reading it over a second time. "That is pretty good advice, John—excellent advice! I rather think I'll try you, even without references."

John has been with him six years, and last spring was admitted to the bar.

"Do you intend to take the young man into partnership?" asked a friend lately.

"Yes, I do; I couldn't get along without John."

And John always says the best reference he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.—*Wellspring.*

—Lactroid is the name of a new product made from skim milk. It is intended as a substitute for hard rubber, celluloid, and other similar articles. When in the pure condition it is a translucent hard substance, resembling ivory in appearance but is sufficiently plastic under proper conditions to allow of its being molded under pressure. It can be turned easily on a lathe and worked with proper cutting tools. By mixing with various kinds of pigments, etc., it can be made in any shade desired. It is remarkably dense, tough and strong, practically uninflammable, not as easily affected by heat as hard rubber, and not affected by the various solvents which attack celluloid, rubber, and cheap substitutes. It is destined to be used largely for combs, brushbacks, piano keys, telephone receivers, and in various electrical work, as it has remarkable insulating powers. Its low cost and the practically inexhaustible supply of raw material will do much towards bringing it into extensive use and popularity.

Universal Testimony

Cannot be disputed, and the case is yet to be heard from in which Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has failed to perform a perfect cure. This with painless and rapid action and freedom from annoyance during use. The great corn and bunion cure stands unrivalled. Sure, safe, painless. Beware of frauds offered as substitutes for the great corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprietors. Use no other.

An Irishman, on weighing his pig, exclaimed, "It does not weigh so much as I expected, and I never thought it would."

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Modern Dairy Rules.

Mr. Emigh, a well known dairyman of the west, has prepared a set of rules covering the dairy thoroughly. These rules, if well carried out, would do much to build up the business and add to the profits of all parties. A few of them are appended hereto:

Read current dairy literature and keep posted on new ideas.

Observe and enforce the utmost cleanliness about the cattle, their attendants, the stable, the dairy and all utensils.

Whitewash the stable once or twice a year. Use land plaster in the manure gutters daily.

Promptly remove from the herd any animal suspected of being in bad health or remove her milk. Never add an animal to the herd until you are certain it is free from disease, especially tuberculosis.

Do not move cows faster than a comfortable walk while on the way to the place of feeding or milking. Keep no savage dogs or men.

Never allow the cows to be excited by hard driving, loud talking, abuse or unnecessary disturbance. Do not expose them to cold storms any length of time.

Do not change the feed suddenly.

Provide water in abundance, easy of access and always pure; fresh but not too cold. Do not use impure pond water at all.

Salt should always be accessible to the stock.

Do not allow any strong-flavored food, like garlick, cabbage and turnips, to be eaten, except immediately after milking.

Do not use milk within twenty days before calving, nor within five days afterward.

Milk quietly, quickly, cleanly and thoroughly. Cows do not like unnecessary noise nor delay. Commence milking at exactly the same hour every morning and evening, and milk the cows in the same order.

If in any milking a part of the milk be bloody or stringy or unnatural in appearance, the whole mess should be rejected.

Milk with dry hands. Never allow the hands to come in contact with the milk.

Do not allow dogs, cats or loafers to be around at milking time.

All persons who milk cows should have their finger nails cut closely.

Strain the milk through a metal gauze and a flannel cloth, or a layer of cotton as soon as it is drawn.

Never close a can containing warm milk which has not been aired and cooled by turning from one pail to another, stirred or dipped until the animal heat has left it.

If the cover be left off the can, a piece of cloth or misquito netting should be used to keep out insects.

Keep the night's milk under shelter so that rain cannot get into the cans. In warm weather hold it in a tank of fresh cold water.

Never mix fresh warm milk with that which has been cooled.

Do not allow the milk to freeze.

Cans should be emptied and thoroughly cleansed as soon as they arrive at the farm. Cleanse all dairy utensils by first thoroughly rinsing them in luke warm water; then cleanse inside and outside with a brush and hot water in which a cleansing material has been dissolved. Then rinse, and lastly sterilize with boiling water, putting cover in place, shake well and allow to stand for a few minutes. Use pure water only.

After cleansing, keep all utensils inverted, in pure air and sunshine, if possible, until wanted for use.

HOOD'S PILLS

Rouse the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

1899. A. No. 830.

IN THE SUPREME COURT,

BETWEEN

EDWIN RUGGLES, - Plaintiff,

—AND—

PHILIP HAMILTON, - Defendant.

To be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION

at the Court House, in Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, by the High Sheriff of the said County, or his deputy, on

Saturday, the 20th day of October, A. D. 1900, at ten o'clock in the forenoon,

Pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein and dated the 18th day of September, A. D. 1900, unless before the day of sale the amount due the said plaintiff with his taxed costs be paid to him, all the estate, right, title, interest and equity of redemption of the said defendant herein, in and to the lands and premises described as follows:

All that lot or parcel of land and premises situate in Bridgetown, aforesaid, formerly owned by John Kimber, deceased, and bounded as follows: On the north by the street leading eastward from Bridge street along the southern end of Wheelock Payson's lot; on the south by the northern line of lot owned by Washington Chesley; on the east by Town Lot number 22 belonging now or formerly to the estate of James Crosskill, and on the west by the street leading from the Granville highway southward along the western side of Wheelock Payson's, and the buildings, hereditaments, easements and appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.

TERMS: Ten per cent deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of the deed.

EDWIN GATES,
High Sheriff.

E. RUGGLES, Solicitor in person.

Annapolis Royal, Sept. 18th, A. D. 1900.—5i

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JAMES WILSON, late of Centreville, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby required to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

O. S. MILLER,
Executor.

Bridgetown June 26th, 1900.—14 tf

NOTICE

ALL persons having claims against the estate of the late WILLIAM BEALS, of Clarence, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within three months from date, and all persons indebted to the said estate are notified to make immediate payment to

MRS. RUTH BEALS,
Executrix.

Clarence, July 18th, 1900.—3m

LIFE LASTS LONGER

If Puttner's Emulsion be taken regularly by Consumptives and all weak and ailing people.

Always get **Puttner's**, it is the **Original** and **Best.**

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

—AND—

Steamship Lines

—TO—

St. John via Digby

—AND—

Boston via Yarmouth.

"Land of Evangeline" Route

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 25TH, 1900, the Steamship and Train Service of this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):—

Trains will Arrive at Bridgetown:

Express from Halifax	11.14 a.m
Express from Yarmouth	1.07 p.m
Accom. from Richmond	4.20 p.m
Accom. from Annapolis	6.20 a.m
Express from Halifax, Friday & Saturday	8.08 p.m
Express from Annapolis, Saturday and Monday	4.16 a.m

Trains will Leave Bridgetown:

Express for Yarmouth	11.14 a.m
Express for Halifax	1.07 p.m
Accom. for Halifax	6.20 a.m
Accom. for Annapolis	4.20 p.m
Express for Annapolis, Friday & Saturday	8.08 p.m
Express for Halifax, Saturday & Monday	4.16 a.m

BOSTON SERVICE:

S. S. "Prince George" and "Prince Arthur,"

2,400 Gross Tonnage; 7,000 Horse Power,

by far the finest and fastest steamers plying out of Boston, leave Yarmouth, N.S., Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning, leave Long Wharf, Boston, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Ry steamers.

Royal Mail S. S. 'Prince Rupert,'

1,200 Gross Tonnage; 3,000 Horse Power.

ST. JOHN and DIGBY,

Daily Service (Sunday excepted.)

Leaves St. John	7.00 a.m
Arrives in Digby	10.00 a.m
Leaves Digby	12.50 p.m
Arrives in St. John	3.35 p.m

Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on Express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips between Kingsport and Parrsboro.

Trains and steamers are run on Eastern Standard Time.

P. GIFKINS,
Gen'l Manager,
Kentville, N. S.

CREAM WANTED

At Scott's Creamery, In Halifax.

Farmers keeping cows within five miles of any railway station in Nova Scotia will find it to their advantage to send cream to Halifax.

Separator Cream is preferred, but I will purchase cream raised on creamers or pans.

Where 15 or 20 farmers will agree to furnish the milk of 100 cows I will put in a skimming station with a separator and other apparatus complete.

Prices paid for butter fat until the end of the year as follows:

September, 18c per lb.
October, 19c per lb.
November, 20c per lb.
December, 22c per lb.

Winter prices made known later.

I am opening a salesroom at 14 Buckingham St., with a general store in connection.

Consignment of farm produce solicited. All kinds of farm produce bought and sold.

Correspondence requested.

EDGAR SCOTT,

Creamery: 141 Longard Road,
Halifax, N. S.

Telephone 1275. 20 1m

In Halifax.

NOTICE

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of EDWARD E. BENT, late of Bentville, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to

ANNIE C. BENT, Administratrix.
REGINALD J. BISHOP, Administrator.

Tupperville, Annapolis County, N. S.
April 3rd, 1900. —6m

Lost flesh lately?
Does your brain tire?
Losing control over your nerves?
Are your muscles becoming exhausted?
You certainly know the remedy. It is nothing new; just the same remedy that has been curing these cases of thinness and paleness for twenty-five years. Scott's Emulsion. The cod-liver oil in it is the food that makes the flesh, and the hypophosphites give tone to the nerves.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists Toronto.

Bug Poison

PURE PARIS GREEN

in air-tight 1-lb. tins.

Far Superior to the ordinary paper box package, which is exposed to the air and too often adulterated.

Price, 25c. per lb.

—AT—

Medical Hall

S. N. WEARE, Proprietor.

We are showing for the first time

TWO LINES OF

DOWN CUSHIONS!

Size 20x20 inch, at 75c and 90c.
Size 22x22 inch, at 95c and $1.15.

Feather Pillows

at $3.50, $4.50, $5.00, $5.25 and $5.50.

Wool and Fibre Pillows made to order.

MATTRESSES

Cotton Top, $3.50, cotton tick.
Cotton Top and Bottom, $4.50, satin tick.
XXX Cotton Filled, $5.50, linen tick.

We have a full line of Excelsior, Wool, Fibre and Hair Mattresses.

Also agents for the celebrated Ostermoor's Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses

REED BROS.

(Successors to H S Reed)

NEW BAKERY!

COURT STREET.

The subscriber offers for sale at the new store on Court Street, Bridgetown,

Choie Home-made Bread, Biscuits, Pastry, &c.

Also Milk and Cream.

We will make a specialty of Lunches at all hours, consisting of Baked Beans and Brown Bread at 10c. Satisfaction guaranteed and lowest prices.

Ice Cream served every Saturday evening.

J. M. KENDALL.

☞REMEMBER THE PLACE: Two doors north of Iron Foundry. J. M. K.

A. BENSON

UNDERTAKER

and Funeral Director.

Caskets of all grades, and a full line of funeral furnishings constantly on hand.

Cabinet Work also attended to.

Warerooms at J. H. HICKS & SON'S factory. 39 y

PALFREY'S

CARRIAGE SHOP

—AND—

REPAIR ROOMS.

Corner Queen and Water Sts.

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs that may be desired.

Best of Stock used in all classes of work.

Painting, Repairing and Varnishing executed in a first-class manner.

ARTHUR PALFREY.

Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 20tf

OYSTER and LUNCH COUNTER

OYSTER STEWS AND LUNCHES SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

Oysters sold by the peck or half peck, or on half shell.

BREAD, CAKES and BISCUIT fresh from first-class bakery always on hand.

T. J. EAGLESON,
36 tf QUEEN ST., BRIDGETOWN

WANTED

Old brass Andirons, Candlesticks, Trays and Snuffers; old Mahogany Furniture. Also old Postage Stamps used before 1870—worth most on the envelopes; old blue Dishes and China. Grandfather clocks. Good prices paid.

Address W. A. KAIN,
tf 116 Germain Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE

That well known and valuable farm situate near Bridgetown and formerly owned and occupied by the late T. W. CHESLEY. A portion of the purchase money may remain on mortgage. For terms, etc., apply on the premises to Mrs. Shaw. 49 t

The Household.

Fashions for School Girls.

In choosing gowns for the schoolgirl, simplicity rules. The ubiquitous shirtwaist is a most sensible garment, as it allows ease and comfort while looking trim and neat. Light weight French flannels are excellent for shirt-waists for school girls, those in bright colors with polka dots of white or black are pretty. The regular shirt-waist sleeve with a small cuff has the advantage of allowing the arm more freedom than the shaped dress sleeve. Flared cuffs are inconvenient and soon become crushed. Turn-down linen points make a pretty and serviceable finish to the stock collar of ribbon or of the shirt-waist material. If it is possible, there should be two school suits for wearing one all the time is hard both on the dress and its wearer.

A good purchase is a double-faced cheviot, finished with rows of stitching. A good heavy-ribbed serge in dark blue or green is useful. This should be made with a neat-fitting, double-breasted jacket to match, lined with silk and with a warm inter-lining. It would be a mistake to line the skirt with silk. Under this, of course, is the shirt-waist, of which there should be as many as can be afforded in the schoolgirl's wardrobe. A touch of red is a good thing in the school suit, it looks so bright and warm in winter.

For best, a young girl should have a good cloth suit made quite simply. A good model has a tucked yoke of taffeta; the body of the waist is full and is finished with a belt of the taffeta machine-stitched. Bands of the same may trim the skirt. Velvet ribbon is also used on girls' dresses. Collar and cuffs of lace should be worn with the best dress, but they lose their freshness too quickly to be serviceable for school wear. A very pretty red that was used a great deal last winter will again be fashionable. Where expense need not be considered a certain shade of gray corduroy, with a sash of surah, is a charming costume for a young girl.

Ulsters and long coats are brought in again for girls to wear. They are capital garments for winter wear, and made with capes look very smart. A felt turban or sailor, trimmed with taffeta, makes an almost stormproof school hat; ostrich tips and velvet trimming are in place on the hat for Sundays and best. The schoolgirl's footwear is most important. Her shoes should, if possible, be made to order, so that they will fit perfectly. For street and school wear boots made of the lightest weight calfskin with good, substantial soles and low heels, are the best. It is wise to have two pairs at a time so that there may always be one pair thoroughly dry. Two pairs will last a good deal more than twice as long as one pair.

Young girls dress their hair in a very simple fashion. The pompadour pushed well forward, or the hair parted and waved loosely, with a loose braid or knot at the back of the neck, is correct for school girls.

—There is no more pitiful sight in this whole pitiful universe than a boy in trouble. Your little girl, thanks to mamma's careful training, auntie's devotion and grandmamma's loving oversight, rarely has a chance to get into trouble. Her little life is carefully planned for her, her little thoughts carefully mapped out, her little footsteps sedulously guided into easy correct, and conventional ways, and she grows up into a nice little parrot, or a clever, correctly arranged article, while her brother is being knocked about in a complexity of circumstances, getting licked into shape by the efficient and ready tongue of Life as he finds it.

But the kicking process is hard, and the boy suffers under it. Who can tell the tormenting thoughts teeming under the shocky hair—the doubts and wonderments of the bewildered boy-soul, the wild rebellion of the tough little heart under the shabby jacket? He fights his mental and spiritual battles alone for the most part, for few understand the little animals—they're only boys, you know, and do not need the fostering care that little girls must have. Only the mother usually gets down to the little warm loving, yearning heart, and she often all too soon, lets it go out alone to seek and slay its giants or be slain by them.

The Woman's Side.

Before everything else the young woman has a right to expect from her husband tenderness, sympathy and faith. But sometimes, in his eagerness to make all life fair to her, he fancies she is a doll and not a woman. And a doll is a very selfish toy. It demands careful treatment all the time, and it gives nothing but a pretty appearance in return. It is the foolish wife who expects infallibility in her husband. She forgets that there is a difference between the housewife and the house moth. She should expect from her husband politeness at all times, and a certain gentleness that every man possessing the real instinct of a man gives to a woman.

But she should not expect from him too much. She has no right whatever to ask of him permission to live a lazy life, herself and give up all her days and years to vain and idle thought. When the wife can make her husband's home coming a joy, his home staying a pleasure and a delight, and his leaving home a sorrow, then, and then only, can she expect a great deal from him.

Nature's Restorer.

Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore vigor to an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weak body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure a sorrow. Indeed we make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to promote weariness, pleasant occupation good air and not too warm a room; a clear conscience and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, nervous who pass sleepless nights, we recommend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep, otherwise life will be short and what there is of it sadly imperfect.—*Exchange.*

A Foe to Potted Plants.

The great foe to potted plants is the little white worm that feeds upon the roots and even bores up into the stems of the plants. To get rid of the pest, the simplest plan is to stick matches, heads down, into the soil, and in a short time the worms will disappear. The phosphorus which does the work is beneficial to the plant, besides being disagreeable to the worms. Carbolic acid may be used instead. Add about five drops of carbolic acid to a cupful of water and sprinkle on the earth in the flowerpot.

Sweet Potato Croquettes.

Bake the sweet potatoes until they are tender; then scoop out the centres and put them through a vegetable press. To each two cups of mashed potatoes allow a tablespoonful of butter, a level teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar and a half salt spoonful of white pepper; mix thoroughly. Form into cylinders, dip in egg, then in breadcrumbs and fry in smoking-hot fat.—*October Ladies' Home Journal.*

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

Joker's Corner.

Obeyed Instructions.

WHY THE FIELD LOOKED AS THOUGH MOWED BY LIGHTNING

There's a farmer up in Oxford county by the name of Braster. Braster is a good enough fellow to work for, but he's a bit cranky at times, and one of the things he is down on is a hired man that's alluz sticking his nose in where it ain't wanted."

One summer he let a man go because he was too blamed interested in the why and the wherefore of things he was asked to do. The next day a stranger came along and said he was looking for work, he was a good husky looking chap, and Braster was pleased with his appearance but he wasn't going to take any chances and get caught as he had the last time.

"Kin ye do what ye're told without askin any durn fool question?" he queried, peering out at the fellow from under his bushy eyebrows.

The fellow allowed that he could do that to the queen's taste, and they struck up a trade.

"Well," said Braster, after the agreement was reached, "take thet air scythe an foller me down to the field, an I'll show ye what I want done."

They went down to the field, and Braster gave his orders.

"Ye mow that field, and don't ye ask any fool questions. I tell ye to mow it, and thet's all there is to it. Ye pull off your coat and pitch right in. I'm goin up to the house an leave ye."

The fellow pulled of his blouse and got a grip on the scythe. "Any particular way ye want it mowed?" he said as he poised himself to start.

"Thar ye go," snorted Braster testily, "thar ye go, askin questions the fust thing. Didn't I tell ye I wanted ye to mow thet field without asking any questions? Can't ye hear, or are ye deaf? Ye see thet yaller dog out by the fence on t'other side of the field? Well ye mow right fer him, an don't ye let me hear another yip out of ye.

With that Braster stalked off to the house swearing softly to himself about the ways of hired men.

At the end of about three hours he went back to see how the new man was getting along. When he got to the field, he saw the most extraordinary sight that a man ever saw in a mowing field. There were cleanly mowed paths all through the standing grass, some of them fairly straight, others that looked like the reverse curves of a railroad, going through mountains and others that resembled the path a fellow makes when he has been looking on the cup that cheers and also inebriates. He looked at it in speechless wrath for several minutes and then hollered at the top of his voice to the new man who was circling over the back part of the piece.

"Come here, ye crazy galoot!" he yelled.

The fellow came and leaned on his sneth camly waiting for the storm to begin.

"What in the name of the seven hot ovens of h—l an all the devils thet tend the fires do ye reckon ye've been doin, galloping over the field like a loonatic?" he sputtered.

"What you told me to," answered the new man, steady as a clock. "I'm one of them 'message to Garcia' fellers. Ye told me to mow fer thet yaller dog an not ask enny durn fool questions. An I done it. The goldurned dog didn't stay still. Thet's all."

Took Vengeance on the "Sub."

"Long John" Wentworth, publisher of the Chicago Democrat, was, according to Newspaperdom, strongly opposed to typographical errors appearing in the paper. But the Democrat was liberally supplied with them, and they were a source of constant annoyance to him. Regularly he would appeal to the foreman of the paper in this manner:

Why in the deucety deuce don't you get rid of those errors? Who made them?"

And the foreman would reply.

"Why they were made by a sub, and he's gone into the country and I can't get at him."

"Long John" was not familiar with the technical terms used by the printers. He did not understand that "sub"