

HATS

Trimmed and Untrimmed
At Bargain Prices
for thirty days
at

Miss Annie Chute's

FEBRUARY BARGAINS

THE BRIDGETOWN CLOTHING STORE



While getting ready for our New Spring Stock, we are giving the Public a snap in Clothing and Furnishings for both Men and Boys, in Ready-made Suits, Men's and Boys' Overcoats, Reefers, Pants, etc. If you are looking for Bargains call on us.

J. HARRY HICKS

QUEEN STREET

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. Bargains

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.

CANADA'S POOR CONSUMPTIVES.

A Story more Touching than anything from the Pen of the gifted Ian MacLaren.

In the current issue of the DOOR OF HOPE, published by the National Sanitarium Association, 317 King Street West, Toronto, a page is given over to letters received from the many persons from all parts of the Dominion seeking admission to the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives.

Seldom have we read anything more pathetic. Here, for example, is a letter from a physician in Cresmore, Ont., asking for the admission of a patient by the name of Morrison. He says:—

"I would like to urge strongly upon you the great claims of this patient. He has no home—mother dead—father working as a farm laborer. The boy has been living with an unmarried uncle—a housekeeper—work, cooking, etc., being done by the uncle. The boy has absolutely no place to go where he might be given any reasonable care, and he can get none where he is."

Another case is from Thorold. Johnston Weldon writes:—
"I am a young married man, twenty-three years of age. For several years I have been sick, but always able to keep my feet. Now I have come to the time when I cannot work, and cannot get medicine without means. My lungs are affected, and I am writing now to see if you can get me into the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives. My young wife is here, and her parents have kindly opened their doors to her if I go away."

Just one more of the many we might quote. This is from a physician in Campbellford, Ont. He writes:—

"I have a patient suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, who has been laid off work for about three months now—was in bed part of that time, but latterly both his pulse and temperature have kept down and his weight going up. He is the only support of the family—mother, crippled father, and younger brother, but his neighbors are trying to raise a small amount of money to help him."

We have sometimes thought that if Ian MacLaren, who has given to us the character of Dr. McClure, were alive to-day that in letters such as these he would find material for a book more touching and pathetic in many parts than his Bonnie Briar Bush.

It is on behalf of cases like these, of which there are scores reaching the Secretary of the Sanitarium every week, that the Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives makes its appeal to-day for funds.

This institution has not at any time, since its doors were first opened in April, 1902, refused a single patient because of the applicant being unable to pay.

Contributions may be sent to Mr. W. J. Gage, 81 Spadina Ave., Chairman of the Executive Committee, or to L. S. Robertson, Secretary-Treasurer of the National Sanitarium Association, 317 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

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Bold Chanticleer.

(From Boston Youth's Companion.)

Grandisr Poole came in and kicked off his boots at the fireside. Grandma was turning fish hash out of the spider for supper, and she only looked up to give him a friendly nod.

Tom laid down his slate, and ran to get grandisr's slippers. Tom was twelve, and big for his age. He had freckles and steadfast blue eyes. Grandma and grandisr each had a secret belief that he would be President; but Tom cherished his own ambitions. He thought there were few things more magnificent than to be editor of the county paper.

"Well!" said grandisr, serving the fish.

Grandma left her portion untasted. "Father, you speak up," said she. "Is it all settled?"

"You goin' off to England on that lumber vessel, from Canada?"

"Yes, mother, I'm goin'. It's proper good pay."

Grandma's hands fell in her lap. "I dunno what's goin' to become of us," she said.

Grandisr got up, and went over to lay a hand on her shoulder.

"Don't you take on," said he. "I'm as young yet as many a man o' forty. We've got to lay up suthin' ahead. Mebbe Tom'll want to go to the academy. Mebbe he'll go to college."

"How do you think we can get along?" asked the old wife tearfully.

He understood her, yet it was easier to answer as if she had been thinking of things more prosaic than the lack of his good company.

"Job Tolman's goin' to pay that note as soon as he sells his hay," said he. "You an' Tommy can live on that. As far as anything else goes, Tommy'll take care o' ye. Won't ye, Tommy?"

Tom was eating very fast, and winking hard, his head over his plate.

"You bet I will!" said he gruffly.

The next morning grandisr set out with Cousin Elphalest for the Canadian port where they were to ship for England, and Tommy, with his grandmother, settled down to a lone-home life. For a time it went very easily. Grandma tried to recall the high heart that had stood her in stead more than thirty years before, when grandisr used to go fishing to the banks.

As for Tommy, he felt like a man. They were poor, but the medicine for that lay in Job Tolman's barn.

"When that hay is sold," said grandma, "the note will be paid up."

But one December night the Tolman barn burned down, and grandma and Tommy looked at each other aghast. Now they were poor indeed. And as if sorrow hunted in couples, the county paper the next day had news of grandisr's ship. It had been run down by an Atlantic liner, and the three men saved had been taken back on the vessel's course, to Liverpool. Was grandisr one of them?

"We mustn't give up," said grandma to Tommy, while her trembling hand set his poor food before him and her face settled into lines of grief. "He'll come home. You're just as certain as I be, ain't you, Tommy?"

"Course I am!" said Tommy.

But the days dragged, and they seemed to be waiting, in the winter cold, for some new trouble. Then came a letter from Mary Ellen, grandma's married daughter living in the city. Begging them to come to her for the rest of the winter. Her husband was in the hospital, and she had taken a little shop, as a last desperate chance of earning something.

"You keep watch o' the letters," said grandma to Job Tolman in her tremulous staccato, when he bade them a sorrowful good-by at the windy station. "If father's alive, he'll write. An' if he comes, Job, you tell him we've gone on to Mary Ellen's."

By the time they drew in at the city terminus grandma had regained her composure, and it was a dignified old lady whom Mary Ellen met, in time to save her from beguiling hackmen. Mary Ellen looked thin and poor in her shabby dress, and the two women regarded each other with a pang of compassion.

"My sakes, Mary Ellen, what a noise!" said grandma. "What's goin' on?"

"Nothin' more'n common," said Mary Ellen, thankfully, "except that you've come. Mother, seems if I could eat you up!"

At that grandma's heart warmed, and she went out into crowded streets quite undaunted.

"Tommy," said she to the future editor, who at that moment felt rather small and young, "you keep tight hold o' my hand."

"I don't live in the old place," said Mary Ellen. "The shop I wrote you about is on Phoenix street. I've moved into the rooms right over it."

Grandma knew Mary Ellen had had



Why Not Both

Josh Billings, the quaint philosopher whose maxims are full of homely wisdom, once said: "The longer I live the more I believe a good set of bowels are worth more than a good set of brains." Celery King makes good bowels. 25 cents at dealers or by mail. S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto.

a hard lot of late, but this little tenement appalled her by its poverty. Her own house at the Port was plain, but it seemed a part of the great expanse of water at its door, and it was mothered by a wide, wide sky. There she had been in the world; here she gasped for breath.

"Tommy," said she, in a whisper, as she bent over him that night and smoothed his hair, "I'd just as soon live in a peck measure, wouldn't you?"

But Tommy was asleep, already dreaming of 'tendin' store."

The next morning he began, and in a week he had justified his warmest hopes. Never was such a courteous salesman. He made change with a painstaking care that kept him breathless. He went to the great markets with Aunt Mary Ellen, and listened ardently while she bargained because he hoped to learn all branches of the trade. He did errands until his feet ached, and kept laborious accounts.

"Why, mother, that boy's a wonder!" said Mary Ellen. "We've got to keep him, that's all."

"Not after father comes," said grandma. She had betaken herself to the quietest corner, away from the street, and there she sat knitting in the dark. "Father wanted he should have learnin'." Tommy mustn't give up that."

Grandisr did not come, but instead there was a letter, mailed from the Port in Job's uncertain script. Grandma began to fit on her glasses, but her hands shook too much, and she passed the sheet to Tommy.

"Here sonny," said she, "you see what it says."

Tommy began reading aloud, but at the second line he stopped and looked ahead. Then he laid the letter down, and put his head on grandma's shoulder, just as grandisr used to do.

"Grandma," said he, like a man, "it's from one of the three that were saved. It says two of 'em were sick. They had to go to the hospital in Liverpool. And grandisr—he—he—died."

Grandma sat for a moment quite still, and then she fell forward into Tommy's arms. It was only a fainting fit, the doctor told them; but from that day she kept her bed, and lay there, all her strength and courage ebbing from her.

"What's the matter with her?" asked the careworn Tommy of Aunt Mary Ellen, at the end of the third day.

"I guess her heart is broken," said Mary Ellen. Her own face was wan with tears.

Tommy slipped into grandma's room and put his cheek down to her's.

"Grandma," said he, "what is it? You sick?"

She stroked his hair with one listless hand.

"No, Tommy boy," said she.

Tommy thought for a moment, and then another solution came to him.

"You homesick?" he asked.

Two tears crept out from her closed lids. "Yes, dear," said she, "I guess that's it."

After that she still lost strength, and her mind also seemed slipping from her.

"Is that the waves?" she cried one day, starting up in bed. "Tommy, is that the sea?" But her window looked on the little brick yard, where not even the city sounds were beating.

"You want the sea, grandma?" asked Tommy, achingly.

"The sea?" she repeated, looking off as if even he were alien to her beside the echo of beloved days.

"The sea, the mud in the spring, the hen's pratin', and the old crower struttin' up an' down. That's in the spring o' the year. Why, it must be bloom-tide now?"

But outside the snow was sitting, and the dark city seemed never to have known a spring. Tommy's eyes were hot with tears.

A morning came when grandma lay very still, and seemed not to hear, although Mary Ellen entreated her, in every tone of love, to take some drop of nourishment. Tommy was frantic with grief. He had hurried down to the market because he must, and now he was running home at a desperate trot, afraid of what he might find there. Suddenly he stopped. A sound had broken on the air.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Never had he heard that cry in those dark city wilds. It brought back the Port, the sea, the sky. If grandma could but hear it! He rushed up to a shop where there were

fowls in little coops.

"What'll you take for that rooster?" he asked, in a breathless dash. The dark Hebrew woman began a fluent answer, but Tommy turned away.

"No matter," said he, "I haven't got the money."

"Money for what?"

Tommy looked up. There stood a young man in an ulster, hands in his pockets and hat on the back of his head. Tommy liked him, liked the look in his gray eyes, the lines about them, as if he had smiled a great deal and made the wrinkles early.

"That rooster," said Tommy, at once. It was one of his business principles not to confide in strangers but this, he judged, was different.

"Want a rooster, do you?" said the young man. "Want a rooster and can't have him? That's a mighty hard case, but it's nothing to mine. How would you feel if you were sent down here to write up the Jewish quarter, and you knew half a dozen other fellows had done it twice as well before you?"

"Is this the Jews' quarter?" asked Tommy.

"Yes. That's why there are live fowls for sale. It's a part of their religion to buy them alive, and have 'em killed according to law. Oh, your trials are nothing to mine! Suppose you had a chance to do an Easter story for the Telephone, and you couldn't think of one? What's goin' roosterless to a tragedy like that?"

They were walking up the street, the young man darting keen glances here and everywhere in search of copy.

"What's Easter?" asked Tommy.

In the country meeting-house there had been no mention of it.

"Easter," said the young man, "is the festival of spring. In the church it means Christ's resurrection from the dead. There are lots of stories about it, lots of symbols—eggs, lilies, don't you know? Well, now you're a young man, what would you say if you had to write a story about Easter, and a million people had done it before you? What?"

He seemed to include Tommy in his thoughts without noticing him, and Tommy felt like replying with the same unconsidered frankness.

"It's 'most spring," said he. "That's why I wanted that rooster."

"Why?"

"Grandma's sick. No, she ain't so much sick as she is homesick. We lived down to the Port. Tell you it smells good there—clams and tar and gurry! Grandma says the mud there icks like the golden streets, and she hears the hens cackling in her dreams, and there's no brass band to come up to the old crower. I wanted this crower to tune up under her window; maybe if he could she'd get well."

The young man laid a hand on Tommy's shoulder. He turned him about.

"Come back," said he. "We're going to buy that crower."

Tommy choked with refusals, but as the young man did not wait for him there was no sense in uttering them. In five minutes the crower, his legs neatly bound together, was in Tommy's hand, to be carried, according to immemorial custom—probably not sanctioned by the fowls themselves—head downward.

"You mustn't give him to me!" urged Tommy, his eyes starting with delight. "I can't pay for him! I can't!"

The young man turned him about again.

"Get along home with you!" said he. "I've found my Easter story. Don't you see? It isn't conventional. It's not eggs or lilies or fixed up legends. It's life, boy, life! That's what fetches 'em every time. Story of a homesick old woman from the country kept alive a little longer by hearing a rooster crow! Story of the boy that had the sharp sense, the human feeling, the poetic instinct to buy the rooster that saved the woman!"

"This is the cock that crowed in the morn'!"

"To wake the old lady all forlorn!"

"I could make a whole 'House That Jack Built' out of it! And it's an Easter story, don't you see? Easter! Resurrection! Isn't it resurrection to raise a woman from her sick bed and give her heart and courage, and make her live again? I should say! You buy the Telephone next Saturday, day before Easter. No, tell me where you live, and I'll send it to you!"

He pulled out his note book, seemed to snatch the address off Tommy's tongue, and was away, threading through the crowd.

Tommy took the middle of the street and ran for home. He dashed through the snow, and tucked his sick captive under a crate in the yard and there Aunt Mary Ellen met him. Her eyes were red and her words tremulous.

"Tommy, grandma ain't book a drop of anything this morning. She can't last long."