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Real Estate and Insurance Agent
Office—Spectator Building
ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N.S.

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1903
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London and Westminster Bank, London, Eng.; Bank of Toronto and various Upper Canada, Royal Bank of Canada, St. John's, N.S.; National Bank of Commerce, New York; Merchants' National Bank, Montreal; Bank of Canada, St. John's, N.S.

It's too risky, playing with your cough.
The first thing you know it will be down deep in your lungs and the play will be over. Begin early with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and stop the cough.

BURDOCK
Blood Bitters has the most natural action on the stomach, liver, bowels and blood of any medicine known, hence its effects are prompt and lasting. It cures, without fail, all such diseases as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Bad

BLOOD
Sick Headache, Boils, Pimples, Tumors, Scalds, Kidney Complaint, Jaundice, Coated Tongue, Loss of Appetite and General Debility. The fact that it is guaranteed to cure is a recommendation that warrants any sufferer in giving a fair trial to Burdock Blood

BITTERS.
More Material.
Mr. Newell—I tell you, dear, I simply can't afford to get you a new gown.
Mrs. Newell (sighing)—I think you're just hateful, and you're the man who used to call me your "Eng" and proudest me every

As a Food For the Skin
Powders may cover up the disgusting eruptions, but can never cure them, and are positively injurious, because they clog up the pores of the skin. Dr. Chase's Ointment is the food for the skin. It is readily absorbed, and thoroughly cures such and every skin disease, making the skin smooth, soft and clear.
No woman's toilet is complete without Dr. Chase's Ointment, for besides being the perfect skin beautifier obtainable, it can be used in a score of different ways. It absolutely cures eczema, salt rheum and the itching of the skin. It cures the feet and the smarting and itchy of the feet, and every sort of chafing, irritation or eruption of the skin. Dr. Chase's Ointment affords a safe and certain cure. It has come to be indispensable in scores of thousands of homes; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.
Minard's Liniment Cures Cold, etc.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.
You never can tell when you send a word—Like an arrow shot from a bow—Just where it will chance to go. It may pierce the heart of your dearest friend, Tipped with its poison or balm; To a stranger's heart be the great mart It may carry its pain or its calm.

"AS HIGH AS MY HEART."
BY MARTHA McCULLOUGH WILLIAMS.
Copyright, 1901, by M. McCulloch-Williams.
"Oh, grandmamma, I can't—indeed I can't!" Corinne said. "It is not that I am contrary, only that I am so—so insultingly tall."
Grandmamma Lawson laughed heartily—it was her way to laugh obstacles out of countenance. "Don't look so tragic, Rinnie," she said soothingly. "Remember, Mason Fairlie has not yet proposed!"
"But he will! I saw it in his eyes," Corinne broke in. "Agnis grandmamma laughed. "Men were deceivers ever," my dear, she quoted softly. "Especially with their eyes. I admit though, you are in the way of knowing the look of serious intentions—you must have had at least twenty proposals since you came out."
"Twenty seven," Corinne said, herself beginning to laugh. "Do you know, she went on, "Mason's inches break my heart? You see, I am rather level-headed, as becomes a Lawson. I have felt what a beautiful thing it was that we two could marry and so prevent any break up in the firm of Lawson & Fairlie."
"I said as much to your grandpapa when he wanted to forego Ford Lenox the house," grandmamma answered, her eyes twinkling faintly. Corinne flushed the least bit.

"Grandmamma, how could Mason permit himself to grow up so short?" asked five-foot-four. "Think of permitting in the sight of all the world to obey the man you look down at by three inches!"
"There are worse lacks than height," Grandmamma Lawson began. Corinne shook her head impatiently. "Not in my case," she said. "I've been so strenuous about and over the men I marry had to be taller than myself."
"Don't decide offhand. Wait until you have known Mason six months instead of six hours. You can't deny that he has a fine face and is throughout a gentleman."
"Oh, he is splendid as far as he goes," Corinne said. "But, dear, dear! Fancy going through life trying to keep step with those short legs! Why couldn't Mason be tall—as tall as Ford Lenox?"
"Leave the question to settle itself tomorrow—it's time you were in bed now," grandmamma said, kissing Corinne upon both cheeks.

A wise woman was grandmamma—too wise to give up at once a cherished plan or to strengthen Corinne's whimsical opinion by reasoning against it. Corinne had really a heart full of romance, for all her pretense of practicality. She would end by loving Mason all the better through feeling that to love him she had sacrificed something.
Upon a day three months later Grandmamma Lawson sadly owned herself mistaken. Corinne had said "No" to Mason Fairlie's suit and so decisively that the young gentleman was going back to his distant home the very next day. Worse still, grandmamma was pretty sure Corinne meant to accept Ford Lenox as soon as a poor Mason was well out of the way. Lenox had been at the house almost constantly of late, running in at all hours, as one assured of welcome. He was staying with his uncle, the rector. The rector stood in narrowish grounds between the Lawson place, which was wide and handsome, and the Fairlie homestead wider and to it by keeping windows looking out upon it shut and sitting upon the porch which faced the other way the night after Mason's dismissal the rector got fire from top to bottom before anybody knew. Across the street there were vacant woods. The shout of a chance passerby gave the alarm and sent every body with-

in hearing scurrying to the rescue, Ford Lenox and Corinne among the rest. They had been together since twilight fell, sitting in the garden seat in plain sight of grandmamma and grandpapa, almost out of hearing. The old people had sat hand in hand, now and then sighing a little at sound of chance exclamations or Corinne's laughter, sweet and shrill—to shrill to come from a perfectly quiet heart.
They found the rector a pillar of fire. It was an old house, almost the oldest in town, and though its brick walls were thick and stanch the woodwork was dry enough to flash up like tinder. Every open window leached smoke—on the easterly side the smoke was shot through with flame. A light wind drove the flames back from the west wing, though smoke wreaths eddied well under the roof, round about the leaded fan light.
"The master!" The master, he's up there!" the housemaid cried darting at Lenox as he rushed through the gate. Lenox groaned. His uncle, he knew had made a place in the attic for his best beloved books. If, indeed, the fire had found him there, he was doomed beyond hope. The hall was full of flame, the windows burning. It would be madness to risk passing it except in the face of certain death. The window was narrow and thirty feet above ground, with not a ladder about that would reach within ten feet of the sill.
"You—you will not let your uncle burn!" "You must not!" Corinne cried. "Be quick! See the smoke! He will be dead before the engine comes!"
"I will save him—if possible," Lenox said, dashing inside the hall. A flash of fiery smoke sent him staggering back, gasping, with singed brows and scorched fingers. "You see! It is impossible!" he said.
Corinne was very white, but her eyes blazed. "The tree! Try the tree!" she said, pointing to an elm whose branches came within a long leap of the gable window sill. Lenox stared at her. "The tree?" he echoed. "What could I do there?"
"Mason Fairlie will show you," Corinne interrupted. Mason had set a short ladder at the elm trunk, shot up it and creeping and leaping toward the window. Slender boughs bent almost to snapping, stouter ones swayed perilously as he swung from one to another, but nothing stayed him. He crawled to the tip of the bough nearest the window, lay along it, grasped the twig with his hands stretched above his head, sprang clear of it, gave himself a swing and caught his feet firmly over the sill of the open window. Quick as lightning he caught with one hand, led the elm and vaulted within. A shout went up from those below. It died in suspended breath when a minute passed and he did not reappear.
"Smoke! They're both overcome," Grandpapa Lawson said in a dry whisper. The coachman made to follow Mason, but grandpapa waved him back. Lenox stood like a man dazed, staring at the window. All eyes, indeed, were fixed to the window. Jackson was the Fairlie's butler. He had come to half worship Mason. Horse blankets had been fetched so Mason might leap into them. Jackson snatched one, wet it, flung it over his head and dashed up the steps. Somehow he was sure Mason was coming down them, coming hard at the moment, coming when they met upon the landing. When they met upon the landing, Jackson flung his blanket over all three heads and seized the rector around the waist, gasping, "Now—altogether—Mr. Mason."

Mason hardly heard. Niagara's of flame seemed to roar in his ears; his heart was laboring; he had almost no breath. But down, down he crept, never slackening his hold, clinging to Jackson as a tower of strength, but with no thought of giving up. Through an agonizing minute they fought their passage, the boards blistering their feet as the flame licked at their garments, and when at last they burst into saving outer space the stairs crumbled behind them.
"I found him helpless half way to the upper landing. I had to fetch him down—there was no time to go back," Mason explained when

he had breath enough to speak. Lenox knelt beside his uncle. Corinne was sobbing upon Grandpapa Lawson's shoulder. Suddenly she wheeled and flung both arms about Mason, saying impulsively, "If only you will let me love you, I'm ready to kiss the ground you tread."
"Even though I am so short?" Mason said, looking up at her through singed eyelids. Corinne smiled—the greatest man in the world," she said, "and just as high as my heart."
How the Colonel Won.
"The west had some great lawyers," said the Missouri colonel to the crowd that has been discussing rapid fire cases in court.
"Oh, I don't know," said the young lawyer from Hackensack, "suppose you name a few of them."
"Well," replied the colonel, "there's old J. B. Thompson and Z. B. Blackburn and Col. Ike Hilton, all of Christian Co., Mo, and anyone of them can give you easterners every suit in the dock, except one, and then win."
"Take Col. Ike Hilton, for instance. Why, the only case he ever lost in his life was a dress suit case that a crook stole from him in the Union Station, St. Louis."
"Let me tell you about a case he won once, when he was both lawyer and witness. It was the full term of the court at the county seat of Christian county. The first case on the docket was that of a negro charged with stealing a fattening hog."
"As soon as Link—his name was Lincoln Washington, but they called him Link for short—as soon as Link was arrested he sent for Col. Ike, and as Link owned a little store and had some live stock Col. Ike responded rapidly."
"Link," said Col. Ike, "I guess you got that hog."
"Link was silent, for he did not know when it would be safe to confess."
"Come, Link," said Col. Ike, sleeping him on the back, you've got that hog, and if you don't own it I can't take your eye."
"Yes, sah," he said, "Ah guess Ah has, Col. Ike."
"That's the stuff," replied Col. Ike, measuring. "Where is the hog now?"
"I can't tell," said Link, "my hangin' is such smokehouse, no-ward Link."
"Ah right, Link. Now I-tell you what to do. I'm going to get you loose, and so soon as you go home I want you to set the hog exactly in two halves and bring me half. Do you hear? Then you have me summoned for a witness."
"Link heard and agreed, and the next day there was fresh meat at Col. Ike's house."
"When the case was called Link appeared, wearing a serene smile. The court was both surprised and impressed to find that he had such an influential witness. Two other witnesses were called first, for a half, then Col. Ike took the stand.
"In response to the customary question, 'What do you know about this case?' Col. Ike swore positively to Ike's innocence."
"I know," he said that Link Washington had no more of that hog than I have."
"Of course such testimony was inadmissible, and Link was not only acquitted, but exonerated."
"Now we'll hear from the east," said the traveling man to the young lawyer from Egg Harbor. — Philadelphia Ledger.

A Pretty Custom
South American lore has a pretty custom. It is well known that when the petals of the great laurel magnolia are touched, however slightly, the result is a brown spot which develops in a few hours. The fact is taken advantage of by the lover, who pulls a magnolia flower and on one of its pure white petals writes a motto or message with a hard, sharp pointed pen. Then he sends the flower, the young lady puts it in a vase of water, and in three or four hours the message written on the leaf becomes visible.

Nervous Headaches
Mrs. Bailey, 639 Queen's Ave., London, Ont., writes:—"My nervous system was in an exhausted condition. I could not sleep well and suffered a great deal from headaches. Experience has proven to me the remarkable value of Dr. Chase's Nervine. I have found it a splendid tonic and can now say that I am free from headaches. I rest and sleep better than I have for a long time and feel well in every way."
Nervous headaches can only be permanently cured by enriching the blood and setting the nervous system to perfect order. Dr. Chase's Nervine is not a mild sedative, but a powerful and lasting cure. It creates new, rich and nerve force and makes the weak and nervous system strong. It is a natural and complete restorative. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nervine Food
Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

ENGLAND'S SAILORMEN.
Census Shows More Leagues and Fewer of British Birth.
London Globe.
A return of the number, ages, ratings and nationalities of the seamen employed on the 31st of March, 1901 is issued in the form of a Blue Book. The statistics have been prepared from lists of crews and other documents in the charge of the Registrar General of shipping seamen, with a view of showing number, ages and ratings and nationalities of seamen employed on a given day, namely, the 31st of March on sea-going vessels, except yachts registered under Part I. of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1894, in the British island. They do not show the total number of seamen who followed the sea service in connection with the registered sea-going vessels. The summary constitutes the third quinquennial census of seamen thus employed—a census having previously been taken on the 5th of April, 1891, and on the 25th of March, 1896. An increase which is shown in the number of seamen trading vessels consists entirely of Leagues and foreign seamen.

During the ten years from 1891 to 1901 the number of Leagues increased by 12,288, and foreign seamen by 8,730. In the same period British seamen (including those borne at sea and those whose birth place were not stated) decreased in number by 7,155. Assuming that England, Scotland and Ireland now supply the seamen in the same proportion as they supplied those employed on March 31, 1901, it would appear that in proportion to their population, England supplies not quite one-half the number employed by Scotland. The seamen of the various nationalities are so distributed among the ratings as very different proportions. There is a large percentage of petty officers and engineers of Scottish birth, and of able seamen and firemen of Irish birth, while nearly half the foreign seamen were serving in the rating of able seamen. The decrease in the number of British seamen amounts to 2,598 in the quinquennial period from 1891 to 1896, and to 4,597 in the period from 1896 to 1901. An increase of 8,730 foreign seamen, during the past decade, was not distributed in equal proportions in the different ratings in the coasting, home and foreign trades. In the home and coasting trades the percentage of foreigners remains comparatively small, though it has risen from 2.8 in 1891 to 6.8 in 1901. These figures and further details are given in a comparative table, where it is shown that the present percentage of foreigners in the foreign trade has increased from 20.1 in 1891 to 26.0 in 1901. Among the officers, however, the proportion of foreigners has slightly decreased.

English and American Oratory.
The men who enter parliament and the men whom you find on the platform have for the most part received the best education that England can supply. They are, therefore, naturally disposed towards a fairly high standard of oratory, a stately and dignified standard, at any rate. Also they come to close quarters with their subject. Their speeches are packed full of neat. They excel in concrete precise work, and are not afraid of dry details. They rarely generalize, and one may say they are never florid or bombastic. They have a strong turn for exposition, and like to hammer things out. They are naturally ditto-etic. All Englishmen are. If they are not preaching themselves, they like to listen to someone who is. It is a habit not without its unfortunate side. It leads Englishmen at times to address an audience as though they were professors lecturing in a class. One detects in some of them a touch of pomposity or condescension that Americans would not stand for a moment, any more than an Englishman would stand a tempestuous fury of the Bourie Cochran species. They have not the flexibility of French orators and are a thing like a screw in the mechanics of their craft as Americans. The latter feel the pulse of their audience more exactly, are more quick-sensitive, and, being in absolute sympathy with those in front of them, have a freshness and ease and colloquialness that Englishmen rarely master. Their touch, too, is lighter and more deft. On the other hand English speakers are more restrained and possibly more thoughtful; they are much more intent on reason and argument than on declamation. But as they mostly have the national habit of spilling sound ideas by a prosy and pointwise way of putting them this does not count so heavily in their favor as it should. I have set under scores of orators in both countries, and my general impression is that Englishmen give you more and entertain you less. You can understand the risk of being instructed as an English meeting and more of being bored. In America there is not much danger of either let—none at all, indeed, of the latter—Harper's Weekly.

Proverbs
"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.
When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.
It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.
Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.
Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.
For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.

Good for the Hands.
"How does it happen that you alone of your large family have soft plump hands, while all the others have such thin bony ones?" I asked a pretty woman. "I'm sure I can't tell why I am so favored," she answered, "unless it is because I take more care of mine. I never wash my hands with-out afterwards rubbing them till they gleam with a piece of soft white Soap."

Pay Roll Cheating Tobacco
Because it is the best quality
Because it is the most lasting chew
Because it is the highest grade pipe plug
Because the taste is valuable for premiums and January 1st, 1902.
Because we guarantee every plug and
Because your dealer is authorized to refund your money if you are not satisfied.
THE EMPIRE TOBACCO CO. LTD.
Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

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During the ten years from 1891 to 1901 the number of Leagues increased by 12,288, and foreign seamen by 8,730. In the same period British seamen (including those borne at sea and those whose birth place were not stated) decreased in number by 7,155. Assuming that England, Scotland and Ireland now supply the seamen in the same proportion as they supplied those employed on March 31, 1901, it would appear that in proportion to their population, England supplies not quite one-half the number employed by Scotland. The seamen of the various nationalities are so distributed among the ratings as very different proportions. There is a large percentage of petty officers and engineers of Scottish birth, and of able seamen and firemen of Irish birth, while nearly half the foreign seamen were serving in the rating of able seamen. The decrease in the number of British seamen amounts to 2,598 in the quinquennial period from 1891 to 1896, and to 4,597 in the period from 1896 to 1901. An increase of 8,730 foreign seamen, during the past decade, was not distributed in equal proportions in the different ratings in the coasting, home and foreign trades. In the home and coasting trades the percentage of foreigners remains comparatively small, though it has risen from 2.8 in 1891 to 6.8 in 1901. These figures and further details are given in a comparative table, where it is shown that the present percentage of foreigners in the foreign trade has increased from 20.1 in 1891 to 26.0 in 1901. Among the officers, however, the proportion of foreigners has slightly decreased.

English and American Oratory.
The men who enter parliament and the men whom you find on the platform have for the most part received the best education that England can supply. They are, therefore, naturally disposed towards a fairly high standard of oratory, a stately and dignified standard, at any rate. Also they come to close quarters with their subject. Their speeches are packed full of neat. They excel in concrete precise work, and are not afraid of dry details. They rarely generalize, and one may say they are never florid or bombastic. They have a strong turn for exposition, and like to hammer things out. They are naturally ditto-etic. All Englishmen are. If they are not preaching themselves, they like to listen to someone who is. It is a habit not without its unfortunate side. It leads Englishmen at times to address an audience as though they were professors lecturing in a class. One detects in some of them a touch of pomposity or condescension that Americans would not stand for a moment, any more than an Englishman would stand a tempestuous fury of the Bourie Cochran species. They have not the flexibility of French orators and are a thing like a screw in the mechanics of their craft as Americans. The latter feel the pulse of their audience more exactly, are more quick-sensitive, and, being in absolute sympathy with those in front of them, have a freshness and ease and colloquialness that Englishmen rarely master. Their touch, too, is lighter and more deft. On the other hand English speakers are more restrained and possibly more thoughtful; they are much more intent on reason and argument than on declamation. But as they mostly have the national habit of spilling sound ideas by a prosy and pointwise way of putting them this does not count so heavily in their favor as it should. I have set under scores of orators in both countries, and my general impression is that Englishmen give you more and entertain you less. You can understand the risk of being instructed as an English meeting and more of being bored. In America there is not much danger of either let—none at all, indeed, of the latter—Harper's Weekly.

Proverbs
"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.
When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.
It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.
Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.
Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.
For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.

Good for the Hands.
"How does it happen that you alone of your large family have soft plump hands, while all the others have such thin bony ones?" I asked a pretty woman. "I'm sure I can't tell why I am so favored," she answered, "unless it is because I take more care of mine. I never wash my hands with-out afterwards rubbing them till they gleam with a piece of soft white Soap."

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Powders may cover up the disgusting eruptions, but can never cure them, and are positively injurious, because they clog up the pores of the skin. Dr. Chase's Ointment is the food for the skin. It is readily absorbed, and thoroughly cures such and every skin disease, making the skin smooth, soft and clear.
No woman's toilet is complete without Dr. Chase's Ointment, for besides being the perfect skin beautifier obtainable, it can be used in a score of different ways. It absolutely cures eczema, salt rheum and the itching of the skin. It cures the feet and the smarting and itchy of the feet, and every sort of chafing, irritation or eruption of the skin. Dr. Chase's Ointment affords a safe and certain cure. It has come to be indispensable in scores of thousands of homes; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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Bathical.
"Did you know," said the young man who tried to pose as a handy fellow of information, "that there was a time when it was considered a crime for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday?"
"Indeed!" rejoined Miss Cynene.
"And now there are a number of instances in which it would probably be looked on more as a penance."—Washington Star.

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A Pleasant, Prompt and Perfect Cure for COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.
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