

# The Home Circle.

## Mary Ann the Unlucky.

How Her Ill Luck Turned to Good Fortune.

Nature had developed Mary Ann on large physical lines, noteworthy in regard to her pedal extremities and hands. Perhaps her mouth also might be included in the general extension, but its broadening effect was somewhat mitigated by two enormous dimples which were constantly in evidence. Her hair—well, some people are sensitive respecting too much description. We will call it bright in color, with a tendency to curl.

All in all, which was considerable, Mary Ann was good to look upon, even as the gorgeous pumpkin in the glad harvest days.

So thought Jefferson Gill, who was as conspicuous for elongation as Mary Ann was for rotundity. He drove a baker's cart along the outlying highway, invariably halting at the gate before the cleanly farmhouse of Mary Ann's father, with the loud creak of his vocalion.

Not that he had effected sales of any account, but a glass of cool milk was much to his taste and other considerations.

Mary Ann was possessed of what is known as a "falling foot." To be more exact, she stumbled easily and apparently with little provocation. This was a source of much mortification and some damage, the latter, however, being mainly confined to articles she fell with or people she fell on. Her early experience had guided her to the art of letting herself go the moment her equilibrium became displaced, and now she could flop down almost gracefully and hardly break an egg in the basket. But it was a mortification to the flesh and considering her size, it must have been a great mortification.

She favored Jefferson. It was a full year since that fall in the road behind the baker's cart, when, with a cream cake in each hand, the slipping upon a round stone and the attraction of gravitation had launched her suddenly upon the angular form of Mr. Gill as he scooped over to pick up a nickel she had dropped.

A natural anxiety for the cream cakes caused a rather heavier settlement than usual, and Mr. Gill suffered accordingly. But as he was very polite he accepted apologies profusely and after being brushed off with a broom took two more cream cakes from his stock, set upon the piazza with Mary Ann, and ate them so slowly, though gaspingly, for his respiration was badly affected for several minutes. This was a long past incident now

and acquaintance had ripened into affection. Jefferson's life was lonely, he had a snug sum in the bank and lately his mind dwelt largely on Mary Ann. "Going to be a circus," he announced one warm afternoon, "Saturday. Want to go?"

The hand holding out the glass of milk she had brought unclasped in excitement. "No!" cried the object of his attentions. "Oh, murder! What did I drop that for? Let me get the mop."

As she hurried in from the porch Jefferson gazed mournfully at his shoe and the white stream trickling over the floor. "I'm half afraid to take her," he muttered. "She's sure to have something happen. Never did I see her like for dropping things and falling down. It's her way, though," he added gallantly, "and she'll get over it. Growned too fast; that's all."

The appearance of Mary Ann with mop, however, a fresh offering from the dairy and a joyful smile dispelled his annoyances. She gave a couple of vigorous wipes with the mop, then fell upon her knees and scrubbed the soiled shoe with great energy.

"It's too bad! I'm awful sorry, Jeff. Leaked in on your sooking, didn't it? Of course I'll go to the show. Ain't it the stupidest thing? Pa says I'll be the death of somebody yet! I'll wear my new hat."

"Come, come," cried Jefferson, breaking in on her disjointed exclamations. "Don't bother with that old shoe. Sit up here by me, and I'll tell you. His hand rested lightly on the curly head. "Don't," he said gently. "I hate to see you doing that."

The girl looked up quickly, then down, and rubbed harder than before. That rapid glance in the blue eyes made Mr. Gill's heart flutter wildly. He saw a blush stealing down the white neck. He had stooped to her white wrist and clasped it firmly. "No, Mary Ann," he whispered, "I can't bear for you to be cleaning my shoes. It don't mind," whispered the girl. But she rose obediently and suddenly turned from him. "They call me 'Mary Ann the Unlucky,'" he heard her murmur. "Hebe!—She pulled her hand away, brushed by him into the house, and he saw her eyes were full very much unlike Mary Ann. "Be ready at 3 o'clock, Saturday," he called after her.

"All right, Jeff," came back a smothered reply, and Mr. Gill departed in some bewilderment.

"I must have grabbed her too hard," he mused anxiously. "I bet I know I didn't mean to hurt her. Pah! I was just going to say something."

Jefferson felt pride in Mary Ann. He had altered her for she had succeeded fully through the crowd. She had enjoyed herself hugely and been sparing in her demands for peanuts and red lemonade and had not broken down the seat as upon a former occasion.

Now the circus was, oh, and her warm arm nestled him or toward the

entrance of the grounds as they chuckled and laughed outright in pleased recollection of amusing scenes.

Going down the little hill, well away from the press of pushing strangers, Mary Ann trod upon a banana peel. It was enough. With the derision of distant onlookers ringing in his ears, Jefferson, his face red and angry, pulled her up. "I knew you'd do something," he growled.

His companion, after the common impulse, glanced angrily at the spot of humiliation, then quickly stooped and thrust her hand in the short grass.

"Your luck has turned, Mary Ann. Will you spend it for what I want you to get?" His light tone trembled, and his face was white.

"Tell me, Jeff." As on the porch three days before her eyes searched his and dropped.

"A—wedding gown."

"A—wedding gown?—I'll try not to fall down in it."

## It Will Pay You

To call at J. Harry Hicks and get his prices on Men's and Boy's Clothing

for the next 10 days, also see what he is showing in Fall and Winter Suits

A Full Line of Gentlemen's Furnishing

J. Harry Hicks

Sheriff's Sale

1907, Letter "A" No. 134, IN THE SUPREME COURT.

Between BIRTON D. NEILY, Plaintiff, And ISABEL F. SHIPLEY, widow, as executrix of RICHARD SHIPLEY, deceased, and also in her own right, Defendant.

To be sold at public auction by the Sheriff of the county of Annapolis of the Court House in Bridgetown in the county of Annapolis, on Saturday, the 9th day of November 1907, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon pursuant to an order of foreclosure and sale made herein and dated the first day of Oct. 1907, unless before the day of sale the amount due to the plaintiff on the mortgage foreclosed herein and his costs are paid to him or his solicitor.

All the estate, right, title and equity of redemption of Richard Shipley late of Bridgetown aforesaid, merchant, deceased, and of all persons claiming or entitled by through or under him of, in and to the following piece of land, that is to say:

All that piece or parcel of land situated lying and being on the south side of McKenna Street in the town of Annapolis and bounded and described as follows, that is to say, commencing on the south side of McKenna Street and at the north west corner of lands of Frederick Crosskill and thence running southerly along the west side of the said lands sixty feet more or less until it comes to the north side of the same lands thence westerly along the north side of the said lands and parallel with the said street seventy five feet more or less or until it comes to lands of Arthur N. Harris thence northerly along the east side of the said lands sixty feet more or less or until it comes to the said street and thence along the said street seventy five feet more or less until it comes to the place of commencement.

TERMS: Ten per cent deposit at time of sale, remain due on delivery in deed.

EDWIN GATES, High Sheriff of the county of Annapolis.

F. L. MILLNER, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of the late Richard Shipley, of Bridgetown, County of Annapolis, are requested to render same within three months from date thereof. All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment to:

ISABEL F. SHIPLEY, Executrix.

ROYAL MAIL S. S. PRINCE RUPERT Daily Service (Sunday excepted.) Leaves St. John 7:45 a. m. Arrives in Digby 10:45 a. m. Leaves Digby same day after arrival express train from Halifax.

PAKESBORO-WOLFVILLE. S. S. Prince Albert makes daily trips Sunday excepted, between Pakesboro and Wolfville calling at Kingsport in both directions. Trains and steamers are run on a daily standard time.

P. GIFFKINS, General Manager.

Halifax & South Western Railway

Account Mon. & Fri. Read 4-5-11	Time Table Oct. 20th 1907 Stations	Account Mon. & Fri. Read up
11.40	Middleton	16.08
12.08	Charlene	15.37
12.52	Bridgetown	15.21
12.59	Granville Ctr.	14.55
13.05	Granville Ft.	14.49
13.45 A.P.	Port Wade	13.00

CONNECTIONS AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S. W. RY. AND D. A. RY.

P. MOONEY, General Freight and Passenger Agent Halifax.

## Now in Stock

120 M Cedar Shingles [all grades]  
50 M Spruce Shingles [extra quality]  
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20 bbls. Lime [Morrows]

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## DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

Starship Lines

St. John via Digby

Boston via Yarmouth "Land of Evangeline" Route.

On and after October 21st, 1907, the Steamship and Train Service on this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):

Express from Halifax ... 12:11 p. m.  
Express from Yarmouth ... 1:54 p. m.  
Accom. from Richmond ... 3:29 p. m.  
Accom. from Annapolis ... 7:20 p. m.

## Midland Division

Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily, (except Sunday for Truro at 7:40 a. m. and 5:35 p. m., 8:40 a. m. and 3:15 p. m., connecting at Truro with trains of the International Railway, and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.

## Boston Service

S. S. PRINCE ARTHUR

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston, leave Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday and Saturday, immediately on arrival of express trains from Halifax, arriving in Boston next morning. Returning, Prince Arthur leaves Long Wharf Boston, Tuesday and Friday at 1:00 p. m.

## St. JOHN and DIGBY

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P. MOONEY, General Freight and Passenger Agent Halifax.

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