Monitor Ateekin The

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 32.

BRIDGETOWN, ANNAPOLIS COUNTY, NOVA SCOTIA.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1904.

Professional Cards

J. M. OWEN, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in Annapolis opposite Garrison gate

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NOTARY PUBLIC. Etc. (RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.) Head of Queen St., Bridgetown

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GEORGE STAIRS,

Head Office: Halifax, N. S.

E. L. THORNE, General Manager, C. N S. Strickland, Asst. Gen. Mgr. dust, he drew high unto after a of profanity as futile as his cart.

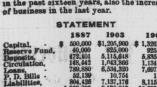
BRANCHES: Annapolis, Arichat, Baddeck, Barrington Pasthat of one who cons a problem or musically ponders which card to play.

Harbor, Dartmauth, Digby, Glace Bay, Granville

He was kneeling before an old trunk in Ferry, Haitax, Inverness, Robville, Lawrence-town, Liverpool, Lockeport, Mabou, Middleton, New Glasgow, North Sydney, Parraboro, Sher-brooke, Springhill, Sydney, Sydney Mines, St. Peter's, Trure, Windsor, Wolfville, Yarmouth. Pert of Spain, Trinidad; St. John, N. B.

CORRESPONDENTS:

Special attention is directed to the COMPARATIVE STATEMENT below, showing the progress made by this Bank in the past sixteen years, also the increase of business in the last year.



SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

CHAPTER V. HE bright sun of circus day shone into Harkless' window, and he awoke to find himself smiling. For a little while he lay content, drowsily wondering why O. T. DANIELS he smiled, only knowing that there was something new. It was thus as a boy he had wakened on birthday or on Christmas or on the Fourth of July, drifting happily out of pleasant dreams into the consciousness of long awaited delights that had come true, yet lying only half awake in a

neerful borderland, leaving happiness The morning breeze was fluttering at his window blind, a honeysuckle vine tapped lightly on the pane. Birds were lling, warbling, whistling, and from the street came the rumbling of wagns, merry cries of greeting and the barking of dogs. What was it made him feel so young and strong and light earted? The breeze brought him the ell of June roses, fresh and sweet with dew, and then he knew why he had come smiling from his dreams. He leaped out of bed and shouted loudly:

"Zen! Hello, Xenophon!" In answer an ancient, very black darky, his warped and wrinkled visage showing under his grizzled hair like charred paper in a fall of pine ashes, put his head in at the door and said: "Good mawn', suh. Yessuh. Hit's done pump' full. Good mawn', suh." A few moments later the colored man, seated on the front steps of the cottage, heard a mighty splashing while the rafters rang with

stentorian song: ribbon,

He promised to buy me a bonny blue ribbon,

He promised to buy me a bonny blue ribbon ribbon,
To tie up my bonny brown hair.

Oh, dear, what can the matter bel The listener's jaw dropped, and his mouth opened and stayed open. "Him!" he muttered faintly. "Singin'!" "Well the old triangle knew the music of our tread;

How the peaceful Seminole would tremble in his bed!" ang the editor. "I dunno huccome it." exclaimed the suddenly, and he scratched his head. "Maybe he goin' away," he said quer-ulously. "What become of ole Zen?"

"Oh, my Lawd," said the colored man, "I pray you listen at dat!"

"Boldlers marching up the street.
They keep the time;
They look sublime!
Hear them play 'Die Wacht am Rhein.'
They call it Schneider's band.
Tra la la, la la." The length of Main street and all sides of the square resounded with the and shouting and calling greetings, for Carlow county was turning out, and and clouds of dust arose from every



"Honey, hit baid luck sing'fo' breakfus'." water cart since the morning stars were bright, but he might as well have waindeed, when the farmers began to come in, bringing their cyclones of dust, he drew nigh unto after a burst W. C. Harvey, - - Inspector. "Tief wie das Meer soll deine Liebe sein,"

hummed the editor in the cottage. His song had taken on a reflective tone, as ment he took a neatly folded pair of duck trousers and a light gray tweed coat, from another a straw hat with a ribbon of bright colors. He examined these musingly. They had lain in the trunk for a long time undisturbed. He shook the coat and brushed it. Then he laid the garments upon his bed and proceeded to shave himself carefully, after which he donned the white trousers, the gray coat and, rummaging in the trunk again, found a gay pink cravat, which he fastened about his tall

trunk) with a pearl pin. He took a long time to arrange his hair with a pair of brushes. When at last it suited him and his dressing was complete, he sallied forth to breakfast.

Xenophon stared after him as he went out of the gate whistling heartily. The

old darky lifted his hands, palms out-"Lan' name, who dat?" he exclaimed GS HANK DEPARTMENT.

t allowed at highest current rate manned below. The grant on Deposit compounded belf-vary.

the gone jine de circus!" His hands fell upon his knees, and he got to his feet theumatically, shaking his head with foreboding. "Honey, honey, hit

baid luck, baid luck sing 'to' breakius'. Trouble 'fo' de day be done. Trouble, honey, great trouble. Baid luck, baid

Along the square the passing of the Along the square the passing of the editor in his cool equipments was a progress, and wide were the eyes and deep the gasps of astonishment caused by his festal appearance. Mr. Tibbs and his sister rushed from the postoffice to stare after him.

"He looks just beautiful, Solomon,"

said Miss Tibbs. Harkless usually ate his breakfast alone, as he was the latest riser in Plattville. There were days in the winter when he did not reach the hotel until 8 o'clock. This morning he found a bunch of white roses, still wet with dew and so fragrant that the whole room was fresh and sweet with their odor, prettily arranged in a bowl on the table, and at his plate the largest of all with a pin through the stem. He looked up smilingly and nodded at the red faced, red haired waitress who was waving a long fly brush over his head.

"Thank you, Charmion," he said. "That's very pretty." "That old Mr. Wimby was here," she answered, "and he left word for you to look out. The whole possetucky of Johnsons from the Crossroads passed his house this mornin', comin' this way, and he see Bob Skillett on the square when he got to town. He left them flowers. Mrs. Wimby sent 'em to

ye. I didn't bring 'em." "Thank you for arranging them." She turned even redder than she always was and answered nothing, vigorously darting her brush at an imaginary fly on the cloth. After several minutes she said abruptly, "You're wel-

There was a silence, finally broken by a long, gasping sigh. Astonished, he looked at the girl. Her eyes were set unfathomably upon his pink tie. The wand had dropped from her nerveless hand, and she stood rapt and im-movable. She started violently from her trance. "Ain't ye goin' to finish yer coffee?" she asked, plying her instrument again, and, bending slightly, whispered, "Say, Eph Watts is over there behind ye." At a table in a far corner of the room

a large gentleman in a brown frock coat was quietly eating his breakfast and reading the Herald. He was of an ornate presence, though entirely neat. A sumptuous expanse of linen exhibited itself between the lapels of his low cut waistcoat, and an inch of bediamonded breastpin glittered there like an ice ledge on a snowy mountain side. He had a steady blue eye and a dissipated iron gray mustache. This personage was Mr. Ephraim Watts, who, following a calling more fashionable in the eighteenth century than in the latter decades of the nineteenth, had shaken the dust of Carlow from his feet some three years previously at the strong request of the authorities. The Herald had been particularly insistent upon his deportation. In the local phrase, Harkless had "run him out o' old man, "but, bless Gawd, de young man happy!" A thought struck him Herald's opposition, as the editor had explained at the time, had been "merely moral and impersonal," and the editor had confessed to a liking for the The splashing ceased, but not the voice, which struck into a noble marching that there was but a slight embarrass, that there was but a slight embarrass. unprofessional qualities of Mr. Watts, ment when the two gentlemen met to-day. His breakfast finished, Harkless went over to the other and extended his hand. Cynthia, the waitress, held her breath and clutched the back of a

chair. However, Mr. Watts made no motion toward his well known hip pocket Instead he rose, flushing slight ly, and accepted the hand offered him. "I'm glad to see you, Mr. Watts, rattle of vehicles of every kind. Since earliest dawn they had been pouring into the village, a long procession, on every country road. The air was full of here today, I'll have you fired out of ery country road. The air was full of exhilaration; everybody was laughing town before noon. How are you? You're looking extremely well." "Mr. Harkless," answered Watts, "I from far and near the country people | cherish no hard feelings, and I never came-nay, from over the county line; said but what you done exactly right when I left, three years ago. No, sir; thoroughfare and highway and swept into town to herald their coming.

Dibb Zane, the "sprinkling contract-live connected myself with an oil company, and I'm down here to look over the ground. It beats poker and fantan all hollow, though there ain't as many chances in favor of the dealer, and in oil it's the farmer that gets the rakeoff. I've come back, but in an enterprising spirit this time, to open up a new field and shed light and money in Carlow. They told me never to show my face here again, but if you say I stay I

> was oil in the county, and I want to prove it for everybody's benefit. Is it man, shaking the gambler's hand again, "It is all right. I have always been sorry I had to act against you. Everything is all right. Stay and bore to Korea, if you like. Did ever you see such glorious weather?" "I'll let you in on some shares," Watts called after him as he turned away. The other nodded in reply and was leaving the room when Cynthia detained him by a flourish of her fly brush. "Say," she said—she always called him He came back and thanked her. "Will you pin it on for me, Charmion?"
> "I don't know what call you got to

guess I can. I always was sure there

speak to me out of my name," she readed, looking at the floor moodily. "Why?" he asked, surprised. "I don't see why you want to make

fun of me." "I beg your pardon, Cynthia," he said gravely. "I didn't mean to do that. I haven't been considerate. I didn't think

you'd be displeased. I'm very sorry. Won't you pin it on my coat?"

Sometimes the hair is not properly nourished. It suffers for food, starves. Then it falls out, turns prematurely gray. Ayer's Hair Vigor is a

Hair Vigor hair food. It feeds, nourishes.

The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears. "My hair was coming out terribly." I was almost afraid to comb it. But Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly stopped the failing, and also restored the natural color."

MRS. E. G. K. Wand, Landing, N. J.

Sl.00 a bottle.
All druggiets.

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J. C. AYER CO.,
Lowell, Mass., Poor Hair

Her race was lifted in graterii pieas-ure, and she began to pin the rose to his lapel. Her hands were large and red and trembled. She dropped the flower and, saying huskily, "I don't know as I could do it right," seized violently upon a pile of dishes and hurried from the

Harkless rescued the rose, pinned it on his coat himself, with the internal observation that the red haired walt-ress was the querest creature in the village, and set forth upon his holiday. Mr. Lige Willetts, a stalwart bachelor, the most eligible in Carlow, and a habitual devotee of Minnie Briscoe, was seated on the veranda when Harkless turned in at the gate of the brick house. "The ladies will be down right off," he said, greeting the editor's cool finery with a perceptible agitation and the editor himself with a friendly shake of the hand. "Mildy says to walt out

house, the swish of draperies on the stairs, a delicious whispering, when light feet descend, tapping, to hearts that beat an answer, the telegrap message: "We come! We come! We are near! We are near!" Lige Willetts stared at Harkless. He had never thought the latter was good looking un-til he saw him step to the door to take Helen Sherwood's hand and say, in strange, low, tense voice, "Good mor ing," as if he were announcing, at the

ast: "Every one in the world, except hing, but I am very happy." They walked, Minnie and Mr. Wil-etts, a little distance in front of the others. Harkless could not have tole afterward whether they rode or walked or floated on an airship to the court se. All he knew distinctly was and a hat that was woven of gauzy ud by mocking fairles to make him oop hideously to see under it dwel the time on earth and was at his ine. Last night the moon had lent r'a silvery glamour. She had some light dews in that watery light, nymph to laugh rom a sparkling four tain at the moon, or, as he thought, ro speech, perhaps a little lady of King Louis' court wandering down the years from Fontainebleau and appearing to

clumsy mortals sometimes of a summer night when the moon was in their But today she was of the daintiest color, a pretty girl whose gray eyes twinkled to his in gay companionship. He marked how the sunshine danced across the shadows of her fair hair and seemed itself to catch a luster rather than impart it, and the light of the June day drifted through the gauzy hat to her face, touching it with a dellcate and tender flush that came and went like the vibrating pink of early dawn. She had the divinest straight and a dimple cleft her chin, "the deadliest maelstrom in the world!" He thrilled through and through. He had been only vaguely conscious of the he saw her by daylight that he really

knew it was there.

The village hummed with life before them. They walked through shimmering airs, sweeter to breathe than nectar is to drink. She caught a butterfly basking on a fimson weed, and before she let it go held it out to him in he hand. It was a white butterly. He asked which was the butterfly. "Bravo!" she said, tossing the captive



She fastened her rose in place of the the small sails catch the breeze. "An so you can make little flatteries in the morning too. It is another courtesy you should be having from me if i weren't for the dustiness of it. Wait till we come to the board walk."

She had some big pink roses at her Indicating these, he answered, "In the meantime, I know very well a lad that would be blithe to accept a pretty token of any lady's high esteem "But you have one already, a very beautiful one." She gave him a genial up and down glance from head to foot, half quizzical and half applauding, but so quick he scarcely saw it, and he was glad he had resurrected the straw hat with the youthful ribbon and his other festal vestures. "And a very becoming flower a white rose is," she continued, "though I am a bold girl to be blarneying with a young gentleman I met ne longer ago than last night."

gentleman when you began by saving his life?" the politeness to gallop about the county with me tucked under his arm." she stood still and laughed softly, but consummately, and her eyes closed tight with the mirth of it. She had stem its cool petals lightly pressed her

said. He bent down to her, and she fastened her rose in place of the white directly or indirectly, who had put the white one there for him. She knew by done it himself. "Who is it that ev'ry morning brings me these lovely flowers?" she burlesqued as he bent over

"Mr. Wimby," he returned. "I will point him out to you. You must see him and Mr. Bodeffer, who is the oldest inhabitant and the crossest of Car-

"Will you present them to me?" "No; they might talk to you and take some of my time with you away

Her eyes sparkled into his for the merest fraction of a second, and she laughed. Then she dropped his lapel,

laughed. Then she dropped his lapel, and they proceeded. She did not put the white rose in her belt, but carried it.

The square was heaving with a jostling, moving, good natured, happy and constantly increasing crowd that overflowed on Moin street in both directions. flowed on Main street in both direc tions and whose good nature augmented in the ratio that its size increased. The streets were a kaleidoscope of ing on Main street or the square was filled with eager faces. By 9 o'clock all the windows of the courthouse in the center of the square were occupied. to enjoy the spectacle of the parade, and their swains attended, posted at colgns of less vantage behind the la-dies. Some of the faces that peeped from the windows of the dark, old, shady courthouse were pretty, and There was a faint rustling within the some of them were not pretty, but near-

all were pleasant to see because of the good cheer they kept.

Here and there, along the sidewalk below, a father worked his way through the throng, a licorice bedaubed cherub on one arm, his coat (borne with long enough) on the other, followed by a mother, with the other children hanging to her skirts and tagging exasper-atingly behind, holding red and blue toy balloons and delectable candy batons of spiral striped peppermint in tightly closed, sadly sticky fingers. A thousand cries rent the air-the strolling mountebanks and gypsying booth

merchants, the peanut venders, the boys with palm leaf fans for sale, the candy sellers, the popcorn peddlers, the Italian with the toy balloons that float like a cluster of colored bubbles above the heads of the crowd and the balloons that wall like a baby; the red lemonade man, shouting in the shrill voice that reaches everywhere and endures forever: "Lemo'! Lemo'! Five a glass! Ice cole lemo'! Five cents, a nickel, a half a dime, the twentiethpotofadollah! Lemo'l Ice cele lemo'!"
—all the vociferating harbingers of the circus crying their wares. Timid youths in shoes covered with dust through which the morning polish but dimly shone and unalterably hooked by the arm to blushing maidens bought recliessly of peanuts, of candy, of pop-

corn, of all known sweetmeats, per-chance, and forced their way to the lemonade stands, and there, all shyly, silently sipped the crimson stained ambrosis. Everywhere the hawkers dinned, and everywhere was heard the plaintive squawk of the toy balloen. In the courthouse yard, and so sinning in the very eye of the law, two swarthy, shifty looking gentlemen were operating with some greasy walnut shells and a pea what the fanciful or unsophisticated might have been pleased to call a game of chance, and the most intent spectator of the group around them was Mr. James Bardlock the town marshal. He was simply and unofficially and earnestly interested. Thus the eye of the law may not be said to have winked upon the nefariousness now under its vision. It gazed with strong curiosity, an itch to dabble and, it must be admitted, a growing hope of profit, the game was so dicountrymen had won small sums, and one, a charmingly rustic stranger, with a peculiar accent (he said that him and his goil should now have a smoot olt time off his winninks, though the lady was not manifested) had pocketed \$25

with no trouble at all. The two operators seemed depressed, declaring the luck against them and the Plattville too brilliant at the game. It was wonderful how the young couples worked their way arm in arm rating. Even at the lemonade stands they drank holding the glasses in their demanded by etiquette. But, observupon the rare rustic just mentioned, a youth in a green tie disengaged his from that of a girl who looked upon him with fond, uncertain smiles and, conducting her to a corner of the yard, bade her remain there until he returncd. He had to speak to Hartley Bowlder, he explained. Then he plunged, red faced and ex-

manipulators and offered to lay a wa-"Hol' on there, Hen Fentriss," thickly objected a flushed young man beside him. "Iss my turn."

"I'm first. Hartley." returned the oth-"Plenty fer each and all, gents," interrupted one of the shell men. "Place yer spondulics on de little ball. Wich is de nex' lucky gent to win our monlittle ball go under de middle shell. Up she comes! Dis time we wins. Plattville can't win every time. Who's de

nex' lucky gent?" Fentries edged slowly out of the circle, abashed and with rapidly whitening cheeks. He paused for a moment outside, slowly realizing that all his money had gone in one wild, blind whirl—the money he had earned so hard and saved so hard to make a holiday for his sweetheart and himself. He stole one glance around the building to where a patient figure waited for him. Then he fled down a side alley and soon was out upon the country road, tramping soddenly homeward through the dust, his chin sunk in his breast and his hands clinched tight at his sides. Now and then he stopped and bitterly hurl-"But why shouldn't you blarney with or gay bobwhite in the fields. At noon the patient figure was still waiting in the corner of the courthouse yard, meek-"Especially when the gentleman had by twisting a coral ring upon her finger.

But the flushed young man who had spoken thickly to her deserter drew as and as she stood holding it by the long stem its cool petals lightly pressed her "You may have it—in exchange," she and this announcement of the parade

envied roll of bank bills from his pocket and began to bet with tipsy caution, while the circle about the gamblers watched with fervid interest, especially proving only one of a dozen false alarms a thousand discussions took place over old fashioned silver timepleces as to when "she" was really due. Schofields' Henry was much appealed to as an arbiter in these disfrom a sense of his having a good deal to do with time in a general sort of way, and thus Schofields' came to be reminded that it was getting on toward reminded that it was getting on toward 10 o'clock, whereas, in the excitement of festival, he had not yet struck & This, rushing forthwith to do, he did, and, in the elation of the moment, seven or eight besides. Miss Helen She was looking down on the mass of shifting color from a second story window of the courthouse, and she had the pleasure of seeing Schofields' emerge on the steps beneath her when the bells

had done and heard the cheers (led by Mr. Martin) with which the crowd greeted his appearance after the per-formance of his feat. She turned beamingly to Harkless. "What a family it is!" she laughed.

"Just one big, joily family! I didn't know people could be like this until I came to Plattville."
"That is the word for it," he said, resting his hand on the casement beside her. "I used to think it was deso-late, but that was long ago." He leaned from the window to look down. In his dark cheek was a glow the Carlow folks had never seen there, and somehow he seemed less thin and tired than sual; indeed, he did not seem tired at all, by far the contrary, and he carried himself upright, when he was not stooping to see under the hat, though not as if he thought about it. "I believe they are the best people I know," he went on. "Perhaps it is because they have been so kind to me; but

they are kind to each ether, too-kind, good people."

"I know," she said, nodding, "I know. There are fat women, women who rock and rock on piazzas by the sea, and they speak of country people as the 'lower classes.' How happy

this big family is in not knowing it is the lower classes!" "We haven't read Nordau down here," said John. "Old Tom Martin's favorite work is "The Descent of Man," and Miss Tibbs cares most for 'Lalla Rookh' and 'Beulah.' And why not?" "It was a girl from Southeast Cottonbridge, Mass.," said Helen, "who heard I was from Indiana and asked me if I didn't 'hate to live so far away from things." There was a pause while she aside from him. Then she remarked carelessly, "I met her at Winter Har-

"Do you go to Winter Harber?" he "We have gone there every summer until this one for years. Have you friends who go there?" "I had once. There was a classmate of mine from Rouen"—
"What was his name? Perhaps I know him." She stole a glance at him and saw that his face had fallen into

sad lines. "He's forgotten me, I dare say. I haven't seen him for seven years, and that's a long time, you know, and he's 'out in the world,' where remembering is harder. Here in Plattville we don't

"Were you ever at Winter Harbor?" "I was once. I spent a very happy day there long ago, when you must have been a little girl. Were you there

"Listen?" she cried. "The procession is coming. Look at the people!"

The parade had seized a psychological moment. There was a fanfare of trumpets in the east. Lines of people rushed for the streets, and as one lookrushed for the streets, and as one look-ed down on the big straw hats and phonnets and many kinds of fines head apparel tossing forward they seemed like surf sweeping up the long beaches. She was coming at last. The boys whooped in the middle of the street. Some tossed their arms to heaven, others expressed their emotion by somersaults; those most deeply moved walked on their hands. In the distance one saw over the heads of the multitude tossing banners and the moving crests of triumphal cars, where "cohorts were shining in purple and

There was another flourish of music. Then all the band gave sound, and, with the blare of brass and the crash of drums, the glory of the parade burst upon Plattville. Glory in the utmost! The impetus of the march time music, the flare of royal banners, the smiling of beautiful court ladies and great silk-en nobles, the swaying of howdahs on camel and elephant and the awesome shaking of the earth beneath the elephant's feet and his devastating eye (every one declared he looked the alarmed Mr. Bill Snoddy, stoutest citi-zen of the county, full in the face as he passed him, and Mr. Snoddy felt not at all reassured when Tom Martin severe-If hinted that it was with the threatening glance of a rival); then the badinage of the clown, creaking by in his donkey cart; the terrific recklessness of the spangled hero who was drawn along in a cage with two striped tigers—the delight of all this glittering pemp and pageantry needed even more than walking on your hands to express.

Last of all came the tooting calllope, followed by swarms of boys as it executed "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By, Jennie," with infinite gusto.

When it had gone Miss Sherwood's the learnest, Sherwing; the most inquisitive, As-king; the most unstable, She-king; the most dissolute, Ra-king; the most dissolute, Ra-king; the will continue his automobiling experience, returning to this country by way of the Suez canal, in all probability. ly hinted that it was with the threaten

Jennie," with infinite gusto.

When it had gone Miss Sherwood's gaze relaxed-she had been looking on as eagerly as any child-and she turned to speak to Harkless and discovered that he was no longer in the room. Instead she found Minnie and Mr. Willetts, whom he had summoned from another window.
"He was called away," explained

Lige. "He thought he'd be back before the parade was over and said you were enjoying it so much he didn't want to "Called away?" Minnie laughed. "Oh, everybody sends for Mr. Harkless." "It was a farmer name of Bowlder," added Mr. Willetts. "Hiss n Hartley's drinking again, and there ain't any one but Harkless can do anything with him. You let him tackle a sick man to nurse or a tipsy feller to handle, and I tell you," Mr. Willetts went on, with me, and lots of people don't think college does a man any good. Why, the way he cured old Fis"— Miss Briscoe

interrupted him. "See!" she cried, pointing out of the window. "Look out there! Something's happened!" There was a swirl in the crowd below. Men were running around a corner of the courthouse, and the women and children were harking after. They went so fast and there were so many of them that immediately that whole portion of the yard became a pushing, tugging, squirming jam of people.
"It's on the other side," said Lige. "We can see from the hall window

Come quick before these other folks fill it up."

They followed him across the building and looked down on an agitated swarm of faces. Five men were standing on the entrance steps to the door below them, and the crowd was thick-ly massed beyond, leaving a little semi-circle clear about the steps. Those behind struggled to get closer and leaped in the air to catch a glimpse of what was going on. Harkless stood alone on the top sten, his hand resting on the shoulder of the pale and contrite and sobered Hartley. On the lowest step Jim Bardlock was standing with sheep-ishly hanging head and between him

walnut shells. The journalist held in (Continued on fourth page.)

headache?

eye-strain, or defective vision

will remedy the trouble, if

such be the cause. Better let you if your eyes are being strained in any way.

W. A. WARREN, Phm. B. Graduate Optician.

Royal Pharmacy

Robinson Still Says He's Innoce t.

(Halifax Herald.) W. S. Robinson, convicted of wife fer the death penalty. Word came to to make reasonable sacrifices in order would be no reprieve. Robinson, appearing to him to be a stride to when he received this word, said that wards a greater union of the Christian

he was ready to die, and expressed a Churches. desire that the execution take place | Rev. Dr. Goodspeed opposed th ALLEGED CONFIDENCE MAN. Recently the authorities received mmunication from the police author ities at Boston disclosing the fact that Robinson was a confidence man. that he had posed as an evangelist, and had succeeded in gaining the confidence of church people, and in thi way obtained considerable money for certain religious and charitable objects, with which Popinson said he was connected. Robinson was inform ed of the communication that has been received from Boston. He denied that he had practiced the confidence game. He admitted that he had been connected with several churches is

Boston, with which he had been con Robinson still protests his innocence

LETTER FROM RADCLIFFE. The sheriff of Kings county received a letter from Radcliffe, the hangman, stating that he would arrive at Kentville on September 8th, and tequesting the sheriff to do nothing in the matter of preparing for the hanging until he would arrive.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Be Quick.

not exist where Scott's Emul-sion is.

They will make you feel like a new man and give you an appetite like a bear. For sale by S. N. Weare. sion is.

BCOTT & BOVYNE, Chemiste, Outaria

Union of Baptists and Free Baptists

NO. 27

Truro, Aug. 23.-The Business of the Bapt'st Convention this morning consisted of the reception of the reports on foreign missions and other routine ousiness. Rev. Mr. Correy, recently returned from India, gave a very lengthy statement of the conditions in the mission field there. He is also booked to speak on the subject this evening. His address will doubtless

he interesting. This afternoon's session was devoted to receiving the report of the committee on the union of Eaptists with Free Baptists. A basis of union was ormulated and presented and the discussion continued pro and con prelim inary to taking a vote, but amend ments were presented to the committee's report until about half past five o'clock, when Rev. A. Cohoon, of Wolfville, proposed the striking out a para raph or blank in which th doctrine of perseverance as a test of Christian belief is declared, also the substitution of the following: "Free admission, ' in place of the "close declaration that only a "baptized be liever' may be permitted to partal of the Lord's Supper.

Mr. Cchoon moved: "We believ that the Lord's Supper is an ordinance of Christ, to be observed by the dividual Church in the manner di rected by Him in Matthew, 26th chap

ter, 26 to 30 verses.' Rev. Dr. Trotter, President of Acadia College, seconded this motion, and his doing so created something of a sennurder at Kentville, will have to suf- Dr. Trotter expressed himself as willing nim from Ottawa Monday that there to bring about the union, such a step

amendment, as also did Rev. nc. Gates, the latter defending the committe's report as having been prope ed as a basis of union, after which discussion by the committee which might be considered contend ng elements which were finally trought to agree. The discussion of tinued until hunger drove the conte tante or adjournment for supper and the hour of 9.30 o'clock was fixed for esumption of the debate. On resuming, Rev. Mr. Cohoon's amendment to the proposed basis of

tote after which the report as amond ed, was unanimously adopted.

Antomobile on C. P. iv. Charls J. Glidden Will Thus Travel From North Dakota to Vancouver. Montreal August 30 .- With spe wheels fitted to his machine, Charles

J. Glidden, of Boston, will speed his automobile over the Canadian Pacific railway tracks from Portal, North Da-Kota, to Vancouver. He will probably be at Portal on September 6th, and from there on a Canadian Pacific railway conductor will take him in charge and his automobile will be given a train number and handled by the despatcher just as if it were a special. Dear Sirs,—For some years I have had only partial use of my arm, caused by a sudden strain. I have used every remedy without effect, until I got a sapphe bottle of MiNARD'S LINIMENT. The benefit I received from it caused me to continue its use, and now I am happy to say my arm is completely restored.

Before Mr. Gedden received permission from the Canadian Paefic realisms way to use the company's track, he had agreed that he would place himself in charge of one of the C. P. R.'s conductors and obey has orders both as to speed and right-of-way. Mrs. Gedden will accompany her husband and the mill accompany her husband and the mill accompany her husband the mill accompany her Before Mr. Gedden received permis Gedden will accompany her husband and they will have a chaffeur. All runs over to be made a chaffeur. it is expected that at least a speed of thirty miles an hour will be maintained from Portal through to Vancouver,

> ence, returning to this country by way of the Suez canal, in all probability. Catarrh in the Head

Not a minute should be lost after a child shows symptoms of cholera infantum. The first unusual looseness of the bowels should be sufficient warning. If immediate and proper treatment is given, serious consequences will be averted. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is the sole relience of thousands of mothers, and by its aid they have often saved their children's lives. Every household should have a bottle at hand. Get it to-dat. It may save a life. For sale by S. N. Weare.

—The Government has passed an Order-in-Council enabling the Yukon Council to issue licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Catarrh in the Head

Is very common, but awfully danger-gerous, because it causes deafness and londs to consumption. Cure is as certain to follow the use of Catarrhozone, which spreads through the nasal assages, throat and lungs, driving our every vestic of catarrh. 'I, was cured of chronic catarrh of the nose and throat," writes Ernest M. Wilkinson, of Laurenceton, "after many years of misery, by Catarrhozone, which is a splendid remedy to free the air passages from mucous. Catarrhozone controlled to issue licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Struck Deaf and Dumb. The only kind of consumption to fear is "neglected consumption."

People are learning that consumption is a curable disease. It is neglected consumption that is so often incurable.

At the faintest suspicion of consumption get a bottle of Scott's Emulsion and begin regular doses.

The use of Scott's Emulsion at once, has, in thousands of the newspapers an item stating the white a man nemd Ste Julian Renfro of Shreveport, La., and some companions were deprecating the creekalty of those who believe in the existence of a God, that Renfro exclaimed, "If there be a God may be this moment strike me deaf and dumb, and remained so for some time. Dr. C. H. Palver, of Middleton, felt curious to ascertain if it were a mere newspaper fake or not. He therefore wrote to Renfro to the address mentioned. Last week he received a reply from Mr. Renfro stating the twenty and the total consumption of the sentence of a God he was deaf and dumb, and that on June 30th last he recovered his senses,—Outlook.

When you do not relish your food.

at once, has, in thousands of cases, turned the balance in favor of health.

Neglected consumption does

Neglected consumption does

They will make you feel like a new man and cive you an appetite like a

sion is.

Prompt use of Scott's Emulsion checks the disease while it can be checked.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOYFNE, Chemists,

Outside

Commenting on Mr. Rockefeller's recent statement that when he was seven years old he could milk a cow, a contemporary remarks that it is a lacky thing for the public that John D. didn't go into the milk business. It is. It is also well that the public does not drink oil.

Winard's Liniment for sale everywhere