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Each day as you read your daily paper, you see therein pictures of persons or things of interest, from England, U. S., China, or some other part of the world.

These must be of interest to us or the papers would not spend the money necessary to the publication of these. If pictures of things Foreign are of interest to us, why should not pictures of our own be more so. But you do not see very many pictures of our people or things of our province. Let us overcome this and show what we of the Annapolis Valley have got both by having pictures in the papers and by sending the photographs to our friends.

"Will preserve their likeness for future generations."

Through photography may we come a veritable history of our valley, let our camera record the changing faces and costumes. So that our negative files from which duplicates may be had at any time will form a complete WHO'S WHO, and HISTORY of ANNAPOLES VALLEY by the magic of the camera—W. H. DILL.

—oo—
NICTAUX

February 16th—Mrs. Agnes Fitz-Randolph, who has been ill for several weeks, is now visiting her daughter, Mrs. Frank Chipman and we trust that the change will benefit her health.

Mrs. Bruce White, of Somerset was the week-end guest of her nephew, Mr. F. A. Chipman. Mrs. Irvin Morse and Mrs. Harry Morse attended the funeral of Mrs. Hamilton at Port George on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Beckwith spent last Wednesday at Victoria Vale the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Clarke.

The young people enjoyed a Valentine Party in the Hall on Friday evening.

Mr. Edward Marshall, who is at the Memorial Hospital, is slowly improving.

Mr. John Bartheaux is very ill. Franklyn Munroe is on the sick list. Mr. Eddie Robar found a returned home last week having been visiting in Granville for some time.

Miss Marion Wheelock of Turbrook spent last week with Mrs. Lockhart Sproule.

Mrs. Lizette Cotton was called to Halifax a week ago owing to the serious illness of her son, Charlie, at the Victoria General Hospital.

Mr. Willis Rice spent the week-end in Bear River.

Miss Anna Aldred, of Forest Glade, was the guest of Miss Maxine Morse, over Sunday.

Miss Marion Harlow, of Middleton, spent the week-end with her friend, Miss Vivian Porter.

—oo—
MOSHER'S CORNER

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. North and son, Albert, spent February 7th at Mr. and Mrs. Weston Crawford's, North Williamstown.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Roach gave a birthday party in honor of their son, Wilbert. Quite a number were present and a good time enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Balsear, of Port George, spent February 8th at Mrs. Fred Bent's.

The Misses Vera and Elsie Ratuse of Middleton, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Ratuse February 8th.

—oo—
SATURDAY

FEBRUARY 21st, 1925

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Mr. Ernest Balsear, Port George, spent February 7th guest of Mr. Ernest Walker.

A Valentine Pie Social was held in the school house Saturday evening, 14th inst.

Mrs. Willis Ratuse's mother, Mrs. Sanford, who has been very ill, is much better.

Mrs. Jane Bent also Mrs. Edward Bent are improving in health.

Made Her Baby Plump and Well

Nothing makes a mother more grateful than a benefit conferred upon her child. Mothers everywhere who have used Baby's Own Tablets for their children speak in enthusiastic terms of them. For instance, Mrs. Zephoria Layton, Three Rive's, Que., writes:—"Baby's Own Tablets are a wonderful medicine for little ones. They never fail to regulate the baby's stomach and bowels, and make him plump and well. I always keep a box of the Tablets in the house and would advise all mothers to do likewise." Most of the ordinary ailments of childhood arise in the stomach and bowels, and can be quickly banished by Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets relieve constipation and indigestion, break up colds and simple fevers, expel worms, allay teething pains and promote healthy sleep. They are guaranteed to be free from injurious drugs and are safe even for the youngest and most delicate child. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

—oo—
COTTAGE COVE

Our January thaw came a little late, and perhaps for that reason, lasted longer. The brooks and ponds were well cleared of ice, and those who had their icehouses filled.

Joe Durling was a visitor on Monday.

—oo—
TWO BIG NIGHTS AT ARMDALE THEATRE

Friday and Saturday, February 20 and 21. The Young-Adams Company will hold forth with two real Plays—"THE VEILED WOMAN" and "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM." Please note that all seats for the Veiled Woman are 75c, tax included. Saturday night the prices will be children 25c; adults 50c and 80c for reserved seats. Complete change of Vandeville at each show. Matinee Saturday afternoon—"MY CINDERELLA GIRL." 12-20c

—oo—
EGGS FOR HATCHING—Advertise in the "Outlook" NOW.

"Eczema on My Face Completely Relieved"

Miss Winifred Ernest, Box 46, Blockhouse, N. S., writes:

"Ever since I was a little child, I suffered with eczema on my face. At times my face was completely covered with large sores, and I tried nearly every kind of medicine that I heard of with no results.

This lasted for over twenty years, until one day I asked the advice of my druggist, who bade me give Dr. Chase's Ointment a trial. After using the Ointment for a few days, the sores began to heal, and soon I was completely relieved of the disease."

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SEVENTEEN

A tale of youth and summer time and the Baxter family, especially William.
By BOOTH TAKINGTON.
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matched it out of the water. Looking about her, she perceived a gutter which seemed even lovelier than the one she had followed. It was deeper and broader and perhaps a little browner, wherefore she launched her ship upon its dimpled bosom and explored it as far as the next sewer hole or portage. Thus the voyage continued for several blocks with only one accident, which might have happened to anybody. It was an accident in the nature of a fall caused by the sliding of Jane's left foot on some slippery mud. This treacherous substance, covered with water, could not have been anticipated. Consequently Jane's emotions were those of indignation rather than of culpability.

Jane resumed her navigating. Thus absorbed she failed at first to notice the approach of two young people along the sidewalk. They were the entranced William and Miss Pratt, and their appearance offered a suggestive contrast in relative humidity. In charming and tender colored fabrics, fluffy and cool and summery, she was specklessly dry. Not a drop had touched even the little black parasol over her shoulder, not one had fallen upon the tiny white doglet drowsing upon her arm.

But William was wet. He was still more than merely damp, though they had evidently walked some distance since the rain had ceased to fall. His new hat was a maddening ruin, his dark coat sagged, his shapless trousers dopped heavily, and his shoes gave forth marshy sounds as he walked. But he carried a walking stick proudly.

If Jane had not recognized the modeling of his features she might not have known them to be William's, for they had altered their grouping to produce the clean air after a rain that she was so familiar with. To be explicit, she was unfamiliar with this expression in that place—that is to say, upon William—though she did seem something like it upon other people once or twice in church.

William's thoughts might have seemed to her as queer as his expression could she have known them. They were not very definite, however, taking the form of sweet, vague pictures of the future. These pictures were of married life—that is, married life as William conceived it for himself and Miss Pratt—something strikingly different from that he had observed as led by his mother and father or their friends and relatives. In his rapid mind he beheld Miss Pratt walking beside him "through life," with her parasol and her little dog, her exquisite face always lifted playfully toward his own, with admiration underneath the playfulness, and he heard her voice alive always rippling baby talk throughout all the years to come. He saw her applauding his triumphs—

"Will-er!"
The aviator struck a hole in the air, his heart misgave him. Then he came to earth—a sickening drop, and instantaneous.

"Will-er!"
That was Jane, a figure in a plastic state and altogether disgraceful. She came up out of the waters and

stood before them with feet of clay, indeed, postulated upon the curbstone.

"Who is that curious child?" said Miss Pratt, stopping.

William shuddered.

"Was she calling you?" Miss Pratt asked incredulously.

"Willie, I told you you better take an umbrella," said Jane, "instead of paper's cane." And she added triumphantly, "Now you see?"

"You go home!" he commanded hoarsely.

Miss Pratt uttered a little scream of surprise and recognition. "It's your little sister!" she exclaimed, and then, reverting to her favorite playfulness of enunciation, "Oor ickle Jane!" she added gayly, as a translation, Jane misunderstood it. She thought Miss Pratt meant "our little sister."

"Go home!" said William.

"Not, not!" said Miss Pratt, shaking her head. "Me 'fraid oo's a o'ty, no'ty ickle dirt! All dat!"

Jane advanced. "I wish you'd let me carry Plopp for you," she said.

Giving forth another gentle scream, Miss Pratt hopped prettily backward from Jane's extended hands. "Oo-oo!" she cried childishly. "Masin! Souch! Plopp! Plopp! all soap-water-wash clean. Ickle dirty must do home, det all soap-water-wash clean like ickle sissie. Everybody will love 'oor ickle sissie den."

she concluded, turning to William.

"Tell 'oor ickle sissie mas' doe home det soap-water wash."

Jane stared at Miss Pratt with fixed solemnity during the delivery of these admonitions, and it was to be seen that they made an impression upon her. Her mouth slowly opened, but she spoke not. An extraordinary idea had just begun to make itself at home in her mind. It was an idea which had been hovering in the neighborhood of that domain ever since William's comments upon the conversation of

Mr. Genesis in the morning. Meanwhile William and Miss Pratt went on, leaving Jane to her own diversion.

The pale end of sunset was framed in the dining room windows, and Mr. and Mrs. Baxter and the rehabilitated Jane were at the table when William made his belated return from the afternoon's excursion. Seating himself, he waived his mother's references to the rain, his clothes and probable colds, and after one laden glance at Jane he fell into a state of trance.

"Everybody in town seemed to be on the streets this evening as I walked home," Mr. Baxter remarked, addressing his wife. "I suppose there's something in the clean air after a rain that brings 'em out. I noticed one thing, though. Maybe it's the way they dress nowadays, but you certainly don't see as many pretty girls on the streets as there used to be."

William looked up absently. "I used to think that too," he said, with dreamy condescension, "when I was younger."

Mr. Baxter stared.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he said. "When you were younger?" Mr. Baxter repeated, with considerable irritation. "How old do you think you are?"

"I'm going on eighteen," said William firmly. "I know plenty of cases—cases where—"

"I paused, relapsing into lethargy."

"What's the matter with him?" Mr. Baxter inquired heatedly of his wife. William again came to life. "I was saying that a person's age is different according to circumstances," he explained. "You take Genesis's father. Well, he was married when he was sixteen. There was a case over in Iowa that lots of people know about and nobody thinks anything of. A young man over there in Iowa that's seventeen years old began shaving when he was thirteen and shaved every day for four years, and now—"

He was interrupted by his father. "And now, I suppose, he's got whiskers!" he burst forth. "There's an ambition for you! My soul!"

CHAPTER XI
Jane's Theory.

It was Jane who took up the tale. She had been listening with growing excitement, her eyes fixed placidly upon William. "He's got a beard!" she cried, alluding not to her brother, but to the fabled Iowan. "I heard Willie tell ole Mr. Genesis about it."

"It seems to lie heavily on your mind," Mr. Baxter said to William. "I suppose you feel that in the face of such an example your life between the ages of thirteen and seventeen has been virtually thrown away."

William had again relapsed, but he caught himself feebly. "Sir?" he said.

"That's the matter with him?" Mr. Baxter demanded. "Half the time lately he seems to be hibernating and only responds by a slight twitching when poked with a stick. The other half of the time he either behaves like I don't know what or talks about children growing whiskers in Iowa. I mean that girl left town yet?"

William left the table. Mrs. Baxter looked distressed. As for Mr. Baxter, he felt a little remorse undoubtedly, but he was also puzzled. He referred to his mystification a little later as he sat with his evening paper in the library.

"I don't know what I said to that (stupid boy to hurt him," he began in an apologetic tone. "I don't see that that there was anything too rough for him to stand in a little sarcasm."

"I think he's married," said Jane.

"What?" And her parents united their hilarity.

"I do think he's married," Jane insisted, unmoved. "I think he's married with that Miss Pratt."

"Well," said her father, "he does seem upset, and it may be that her visit and the idea of whiskers, coming no close together, is more than mere sentiment, but I hardly think Willie is married, Jane."

"Well, then," she returned thoughtfully, "he's almost married. I know that much, anyway."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, because, I kind of thought he must be married, or anyway somep'n, when he talked to Mr. Genesis this mornin'. He said he knew how some people get married in Pennsylvania or 'radia, an' he said they were only seven or eight years old. He said so, an' I heard him. An' he said there

(Continued Next Week)

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Son: "Oh, just riding around with some of the boys."
Dad: "Well, tell them not to leave their hairpins in the car."

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