Scribner's Magazine for August.

The August, Fiction Number of *Scribner's Magazine* is always a notable one, both for its short stories and the unusual number of illustrations. This year it will be found especially rich in these particulars as well as in other features. The contents include the names of some of the best-known writers and artists of to-day, and, as usual, those of new contributors to the Magazine.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis's article, "Pretoria in War Time," gives a vivid and novel idea of the appearance and curious individuality of the Boer capital, and of the way its people viewed the approach of the British, and a most attractive impression of the stalwart figure and vigorous personalty of President Kruger. The comments upon the conduct of a number of the captured British officers, in which they are said to have taken their imprisonment in anything but a "sportsmanlike" spirit, will no doubt excite considerable discussion.

Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson, author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," etc., contributes "Tito, the Story of the Coyote that Learned How," illustrated with a number of his own inimitable drawings. He describes the eventful puppyhood and education of this wonderful little animal, that by her knowledge of the ways of men saved her kind from annihilation.

This Magazine has been a leader in the use of colors for several years. In this number the color feature is a series of original landscape drawings by Henry McCarter, called "Midsummer," interpreting a number of nature's aspects at this season. The subjects include "By an Inland Lake," "In the High Hills," "In the Depths of the Woods," "A Sunrise Path," "Rain in the Valley," "Cliff and Canon," and "A Summer Moon."

Mrs. Edith Wharton, the author of "The Touchstone," one of the most successful of recent novels, has written "The Duchess at Prayer," a story of mystery and tragedy, the scene of which is laid in an old Italian villa. It has been beautifully illustrated by Maxfield Parish.

"The Green Pigs," by Sydney Herman Preston, a new writer, is an amusing story of the adventures that befell a young city man in his attempts to care for the farm of a friend who left him in charge. The illustrations by A. B. Frost are in the best vein of this master in character.

It is a wonder that some one has not before devised the ingenious scheme that Mr. George A. Hibbard has in his "A Matter of Opinion." In this entertaining little comedy a clever device avoids all necessity for "learning parts." Henry Hutt has made a number of illustrations for it.

"My Love Story," by James Raymond Perry, tells of the complications that a writer may get into at home through a disposition on the part of his family to take his literary work too seriously. It is illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

"Old Carnations," by Albert Bigelow Paine, is the story of an old Broadway florist and the part he played in the love story of two young people. Illustrated by C. S. Chapman.

"Tobin's Monument," by Arthur Colton, is a charming bit of character drawing, with a fine vein of delicate sentiment and humor.

"Tommy and Grizzel," becomes more absorbing, and Grizzel more than ever a universal favorite, as the erratic career of the sentimental hero develops.

"Lochos," another of the picturesque and interesting towns of old France, is described and illustrated by Mr. Ernest C. Peixotto.

The poems of the number include a fine nature appreciation, "The Green Dancers," by Bliss Carmen; "Whom the Gods Love," by Mrs. J. C. R. Dorr; "Play Up, Piper," by Miss J. P. Peabody, with a decorative border by Maxfield Parish; "Granny's Omar," by Mary Youngs, and "Gossip," by Oliver Hereford.

Mr. John La Farge writes of "The American Academy at Rome," in The Field of Art.

False Economy of Time.

THE HUMAN ENGINE SHOULD OFTEN SLACK FIRE AND STAND ON A SIDING TO COOL.

Here and there in shops, offices and reformatories is to be seen the legend: "Lost out of the day, five golden minutes, set with sixty diamond seconds." The intention of this is to make you fly around and do things. The apostle of work who composed it believes that a man should be employed during every waking moment.

What sort of people should we be if we thought as he thinks? Leisure is just as needful to the human economy, to the doing of good work, to the rounding of life, as is activity. The man who cannot spare a minute in which to rest, to meditate, to enjoy, is an awful being, and as to directing others—he is impossible. The arm that hammers constantly, and the hand that writes without pause for many hours will fall paralyzed; the brain that is kept at a tension, anxious lest a minute should pass without something being done, is destined to do nothing worth the effort, and to find an early conclusion for its anxieties in the asylum of the grave.

That spare moments have value is not denied, but it is not always that we can express their best value in work and study. Suppose that a man who rides on an electric car to and from his business believes that the time so occupied is wasted. He resolves to study on his way. What is the consequence? His eyes are injured by the effort to fix them on a page which is constantly shaking and passing under varying lights; his attention is distracted by noises in the street, and by people coming and going; his fashion of reading becomes disjointed; he is unable to compel his attention to the matter in hand; he loses power of concentration; and it is doubtful if he remembers much that is acquired in so scrappy and inconsequent a fashion, for he can but half heed it.

These economies of time and substance are made without a sense of the right proportion of things. A distinguished American author suffers from the teaching of a work that he read in his youth, because it urged that boys should save the cord from parcels for top and kite strings. To this day he finds it difficult to refrain from untying and untangling the yard of twine that comes around a parcel, even though in saving one tenth of a cent he employs time in which his pen might earn a dollar. A man who lives to the limit of his vitality, as he would do as if he held the waste of a minute as a sin, would have no reserve of strength against accident or illness, and in the end the time saved by putting these minutes of leisure to business account is more than offset by the strain on eyes, nerves, muscles and mind. A margin is necessary to life. Not merely pleasure, but health, demands that the human engine shall now and then slack fire and stand on a siding to cool.

—To be spiritual is to cultivate our finest thought, to exercise our best feeling, and to prolong our highest moods. Every man has moments and seasons of divinity; when the word of seer and evangel is the echo of his own purpose; when poetry and art and patriotism and song and sympathy and adoration are the beating of his own pulse; when the essence of things is one with his secret life, and the ideal seems entirely practical; when the most perfect character in history or fiction is the portrait of his own aims and efforts. These divine moods are lamps scattered along the night road. To increase their number and their brilliance till their beams meet and lighten the entire way is to live in the spirit.

A Chinaman's Talk on His Country.

"The educated Chinaman who comes to America is not," says a talk with the Chinese Minister at Washington, in The Saturday Evening Post, "so much impressed with the superiority of your civilization as you might be inclined to imagine. Certain advantages you may have over ourselves, but there are offsets. After all, the object of existence is the pursuit of happiness, and I do not think that people generally are happier in the United States than they are in my country. Happiness is a condition of the mind rather then one dependent upon extraneous circumstances. The Chinese have managed to get along until now very comfortably without electric cars and telephones, but we are not so reluctant as is generally imagined to accept what you call 'modern improvements' and both these instruments of civilization are being rapidly introduced. I do not find that the great stores of your large cities are superior to your own, so far as the opportunity of buying what one wants is concerned. On the contrary, it is a rather interesting fact that we are able to buy in China many products of American manufacture at prices less than are charged for the same articles in the United States. That seems odd, doesn't it? Our markets, in which provisions and other food supplies are sold are at least as good as yours. In our own view, our method of living affords us comforts equal to those which you enjoy. In respect to the clothes we wear, we have an advantage over you. Prejudice aside, I am sure that the costumes worn by men and women in China are handsomer and more comfortable than those which are the fashion in the United States. Perhaps it may be said that the American costume is more suitable for work. As for comfortableness of it, I might speak with more certainty if I had ever tried it on. Our shoes are surely more pleasant to wear than yours; I never heard of a Chinaman who had a corn. Our women compress their feet, and I am not prepared to defend the custom; but how about the habit of tight lacing adopted by many American women? It is admitted that tight lacing constricts the body organs and is a serious injury to health, and yet it is very general in your country. Chinese women on the other hand, wear no corsets, and not even a belt—nothing to interfere with the normal development of their bodies. From the Chinese standpoint, the full dress American woman is extraordinary. What can be the reason for such exposure? I do not understand it. How did it originate? The dress of American women, in my opinion, is not nearly so sensible, so becoming, so hygienic as that of my own countrywomen. The opportunities offered for stability and worth in China are not less than in the United States. A public career presents quite as many attractions. It is not possible in my country for a wood-chopper to become Emperor, but he may rise to the premiership. One thing I may mention incidentally is that the opium evil, which is supposed to be a national vice in China, is not nearly so widespread, nor does it bring in its train such dreadful evils as are caused by alcohol in America."

Rev. J. George Gibson Greatly Incensed.

For some time past the Chronicle has been in receipt of letters of inquiry from people in the Northwestern States relative to an article which first appeared last March, and which has been extensively copied since that time announcing the death of the Rev. J. George Gibson, pastor of the Emmanuel Baptist Church, and the fact that he had made a deathbed confession of the murders of Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams. When seen last evening, Mr. Gibson said:

"This thing is persistent. Fully a year ago some people from New York said that they had read in a paper in their State an article claiming I had made a confession. At that time I made reference to it in the church bulletin. Then in March of this year friends commenced to send me papers printed in Billings, Montana; in Grand Junction, Colorado; in Salt Lake, and other places. The account of my death and confession appeared in the Weekly Sentinel in Montana as a special letter from San Francisco. In it there was no detail as to the time of my death or as to how I committed the murder. I have written to all these papers and the publishers have apologized and explained. They claim that the story was concocted to influence the Governor of Montana, who had been asked to reprieve Joseph C. Hurst, convicted of murder on circumstantial evidence. The article appeared on March 16th of this year and the date of Hurst's execution was the 20th of the same month. This deduction comes from the fact that one paper on this unimportant northern circuit made editorial comparison of the two murders, and warned the authorities lest 'another judicial murder be committed.'

"I can understand the mistake made in those out-of-the way places, but I was surprised at the publication by the Salt Lake Tribune, and I can find no excuse for the Los Angeles lawyer who, within the past month in defending a robber against whom the evidence was circumstantial, called the attention of the Court to the fact that I had confessed to the murder of those girls."

Despite the fact that nearly all the papers that used the alleged confession in March have published statements denying it, papers throughout the country are still at work rehashing it, and the story has grown until what was at that time called a "special from San Francisco" is now designated as reprinted from a California paper. Very recently a Buffalo daily printed an extended account taken from *The Ottawa Citizen*.

What is True Society?

A bright girl who is well educated complains that because she works to earn her own living, she fears that she will never get "in society." She is not the only one who seems to believe that society consists of a few very fashionable people, whose names are recorded in the newspapers, whose marriages, balls and receptions are described, and who, as many—and undoubtedly this girl—believe, constitute society.

Now my child, you were never more mistaken in your life. Society is the gathering together of people who find pleasure in each other's company; good society is that where scandal is unknown, where men and women speak well of each other, where good breeding is more appreciated than fine gowns, and where the welcome, accompanying a cup of tea, is thought to be of greater worth than the formality of a superb dinner party. It is in your power to make your own society good or bad. You can surround yourself with such pleasant people that others will want to know you for the sake of knowing your friends. — *Ladies Home Journal.*

—A correspondent of the *Boston Transcript* writes to that paper as follows: "For some fifty years I have used with unfailing success the juice of the common plantain as an antidote for bee poisons, and also for the poisons of wasps, hornets and spiders. Roll the leaves in the palm of the hand until they are well bruised, then rub well on the bite. The relief is practically immediate. I was once stung by a wasp while reading the church service. During the singing of the first hymn I stepped out into the church yard, secured and applied the plantain, and returned, healed, before the hymn was concluded. I should perphaps say that in bad cases I have bruised the plantain and bound it upon the place stung. The remedy has never, to my knowledge, failed.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

Vacation Corner.

This summer I have had so much pleasure out of my "vacation corner" or "air line journeys" that I think others might use the idea, and particularly our dear ones the "shut ins," and be interested in it. I therefore venture to send the suggestion which I worked out for myself in this way: I had gradually collected quiet a number of pictures—fine bits of scenery, pretty landscape and water views—and this summer, not being able to leave the city on a vacation, I mounted the pictures as I describe, and the result is even prettier than one would anticipate from reading my description. So many of my friends have copied my "corner" and every one admires it, to say nothing of the pleasure I have derived from it myself.

At the wallpaper store I procured a roll of cartridge paper of a plain, soft, olive tint; a cheap but effective paper. In the corner of my room where the couch is, I fastened up this paper to the wall with brass head upholstery nails, tacking it with the lower edge about three feet from the floor and putting in the tacks about six or eight inches apart.

It took about four yards of the paper to fill my nook. The paper being about twenty-seven inches wide, this height allows it to come within easy range of the eye when sitting or lying on the couch. Then, having the foundation ready, I selected from my picture collection for this purpose only black and white views, and those without human figures from preference; next I trimmed off the margins of the pictures so that they came flat against the green background. Having grouped them as I thought to form the most pleasing whole, I pasted each picture to the olive tinted background with just enough irregularity in the arrangement to keep it from looking stiff and set. I chose my pictures regardless of shape or size, and found by putting some on straight and others on slightly slanting, the large and small views fit themselves in nicely.

I used white or flour paste and always allowed the green to at least an inch on every side of each view, and until you see the result you have no idea what a good effect is produced. Of course, one may select the background to suit one's taste, but the olive green or soft gray shade, with the black and white views, has the most pleasing and artistic effect.

I gathered my views from every source, old magazines and papers, but mostly from the railroad advertising folders of summer trips and seashore resorts. On one end of my strip I have a number of different views of Niagara and the Whirlpool Rapids; then further along I have pictures of placid lakes and shady nooks so suggestive of summer idleness, and then again pictures of the seashore with the surf breaking on the rocks.

As I lie on my couch resting I have only to turn my eyes to the mountains, the seashore or the lakes, and allow my imagination to transport me thither in spirit.

Of course, it is only necessary to suggest the idea and many variations will occur to my readers. One friend of mine, after admiring my corner, went busily to work, and, after selecting the photographs of her college chums and classmates, she soaked them in water to remove the stiff card backs, and has now mounted them to form a backing for her mantle shelf. Another girl friend, who has a penchant for things theatrical, has made a banner of cartridge paper, and pasted upon it her footlight favorites pictures of whom she has gathered from magazines and other sources. A third, who has a camera and always carries it on excursions and trips is going to mount her amateur efforts as a pleasant souvenir of many happy outings.

So you see, to each one the idea suggests an individual modification to suit one's particular fad. Our church society, which is interested in the Children's Hospital, will make several, using paper cambric or stiesia, instead of paper, and sewing rings to the muslin, to be hung over the tacks in the wall, so that the screen can be changed every once in a while and give the children different pictures to study and look at. Of course, we will gather pictures of animals and large colored letters, etc—anything to please a childish eye. If others derive one-half the pleasure I have from my "air line journeys" they will be fully repaid for the slight outlay and small effort necessary to produce the satisfactory result. — *The New York Tribune.*

What to Talk About.

TO BE A GOOD TALKER ONE MUST KEEP INFORMED ON THE TOPICS OF THE DAY.

"The subjects of entertaining conversation are, of course, multiplied by increased knowledge of books, of the world of men and women, music, art and travel," writes Mrs. Burton Kingsland, in the August *Ladies' Home Journal.* "One should be familiar with the current news of the day and the topics occupying public attention, with the names and authors of the new books, and be able to say something worth hearing about what one has read and heard. Many get no further in speaking of a book than that it is dull or interesting. Others give in few words what seems to be its central idea, its characteristics, the time and scene of its action, quoting perhaps some sentiment that has impressed, or witticism that has pleased. True culture carries with it an atmosphere of breadth—the world and not the village. A woman, lacking it was said to betray by her conversation a mind of narrow compass, bounded on the north by her servants, on the east by her children, on the south by her ailments, and on the west by her clothes. The mind grows shallow when occupied perpetually with trivialities. A course of solid reading is a good tonic. When ignorant of our ignorance we do not know when we betray ourselves."

Plant Enemies.

Is there anything grown that has not an enemy? Well, if not, all the more need to be vigilant, and conquer them. But it is not easy unless they are made a study to know what is best to do. As before said, healthy plants are less liable to suffer. The green fly, as it is often called, can be settled by putting the plants into a box or under cover nearly tight and burning tobacco stalks. Better still to use Sulpho Tobacco and rinse off with clear water. The mealy bug is a little mass of cottony looking insects, and infests woody plants—oleanders, azaleas, hoya and many others. Touch them with a small brush dipped in alcohol. The red spider breeds in a dry, hot atmosphere, and is very small. Have less heat and more moisture and spray with a good soap solution. Scale insects need to be picked off with a needle or the point of a knife on indoor plants. For those out of doors they should be sprayed with kerosene emulsion, or, if on stems of woody shrubs, they may need a stiff brush. For mildew on roses the best remedy is flour of sulphur put on with a bellows when the leaves are moist. For slugs the best remedy is the powdered white hellebore. Too much dry heat is conducive to the development of these troublesome pests.

Headache

Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

Hood's Pills

While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Use the Cultivator.

It is conceded everywhere that Southern California leads the world in producing the largest yields of the best fruit with the least water, work and worry. It is common to credit the soil or climate with this success. All nonsense. Twenty years prove it due almost entirely to the thorough and constant use of the cultivator. The yield is the heaviest and the fruit the best where the cultivator never rests, but starts one way as soon as it has finished the other, and where in summer you may travel for miles among solid orchards without seeing a spear of grass, but everywhere find the top soil like meal to a depth of four or five inches. The same results follow in Arizona and other States where the same policy is pursued, and it is now too late to question its value.

But one loosening of the soil is not enough. From the moment it begins to settle, the mulch thus formed begins to lose its power of retaining moisture, and needs loosening again by cross cultivation. One should use a spring or clod-cutting cultivator, and not one that turns over the soil all the time. It should also be easily adjusted so as to run deep or shallow. Mashing clods with a board is all right if the ground is afterward loosened with the cultivator. But leaving it so, and especially smoothing off the surface with a plank, proves you ten years behind the age. The same with the plow, which is now little used among the trees. The roots are trained high to get the warmth and air of the top soil. And four inches of perfectly stirred ground above will keep the soil moist enough for fine roots at five inches. As they take it out it rises from below if the supply is there that should be. Whether it receives any moisture from the air is not important, although there is reason to believe that in some soils and climates cultivated ground does absorb some.—*California Cultivator.*

Loneliness of a City.

"In a big city there are more kinds of hunger than the bread-and-butter kind," said a speaker at a philanthropic meeting. "An old woman who lived and worked quietly by herself in one of New York's tenement districts was one day invited by those in charge of a coffee room just established in her neighborhood to come in and have a cup of coffee with them sometime. The old woman shook her head. 'I haven't any money to pay for it,' she said. 'Oh, we don't mean you to pay for it,' the philanthropic woman hastened to say; 'we want you to drop in some afternoon and accept our hospitality as you would do that of any friend. It will give us as much pleasure as it will you.' The old woman looked at them furiously, but she said she would come. Sure enough one afternoon she appeared. They gave her a cup of hot coffee and sandwiches and cake. She eat them silently, but with evident enjoyment. When she rose to go she turned, and facing the roomful of women, she said, 'Ladies, I want to thank you for your kindness to me this afternoon. You have done what no one has ever done before. I am 78 years old and for 50 years I have lived in New York, but in all those 50 years this is the first time I have ever been invited to take so much as a cup of coffee in any one's house but my own. — *New York Evening Sun.*

—"To err is human," but to continue the mistake of neglecting your blood is folly. Keep the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

The safest and surest cure known for BILIOUSNESS and SICK HEADACHE and for Constipation, all Liver and Bowel Complaints, is

Parsons Pills

ONE PILL IS A DOSE

They make new, rich blood, prevent and cure Skin Eruptions and Blemishes. Enclosed in glass vials. Postpaid:—25 cents a bottle; $1.00 for six.

I.S. JOHNSON & COMPANY. Boston, Mass.

September 12 to 20

NOVA SCOTIA

Provincial Exhibition

$17,000 IN PRIZES

Greatest display of products of farm, forrest, sea and mine ever gathered together in the maritime provinces.

Exhibits carried practically free on railways.

Lowest excursion rates.

Four days racing. **Purses of $1,500.**

Special attractions unsurpassed, including the great spectacular production of the

Battle of Paardeberg.

showing the famous charge on the Boer trenches by the gallant Canadians.

Wonderful display of Fireworks.

Accommodation for everyone.

For prize lists, speed programmes and all information, write

J. E. WOOD, Manager & Secretary.

Halifax, N. S.

Bug Poison

PURE PARIS GREEN

in air-tight 1-lb. tins.

Far Superior to the ordinary paper box package, which is exposed to the air and too often adulterated.

Price, 25c. per lb.

—AT—

Medical Hall

S. N. WEARE, Proprietor.

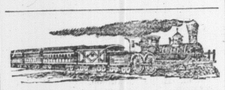
ONLY A COUGH!

But it may be a sign of some serious malady fastening itself upon the vital parts.

Puttner's Emulsion

will dislodge it and restore the irritated and inflamed tissues to healthy action.

Always get **Puttner's**, it is the **Original** and **Best.**



DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

—AND—

Steamship Lines

—TO—

St. John via Digby

—AND—

Boston via Yarmouth.

"Land of Evangeline" Route

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 25TH, 1900, the Steamship and Train Service of this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):—

Trains will Arrive at Bridgetown:

Express from Halifax	11.14 a.m
Express from Yarmouth	1.07 p.m
Accom. from Richmond	4.20 p.m
Accom. from Annapolis	6.20 a.m
Express from Halifax, Friday & Saturday	8.08 p.m
Express from Annapolis, Saturday and Monday	4.16 a.m

Trains will Leave Bridgetown:

Express for Yarmouth	11.14 a.m
Express for Halifax	1.07 p.m
Accom. for Halifax	6.20 a.m
Accom. for Annapolis	4.20 p.m
Express for Annapolis, Friday & Saturday	8.08 p.m
Express for Halifax, Saturday & Monday	4.16 a.m

BOSTON SERVICE:

S. S. "Prince George" and "Prince Arthur,"

2,400 Gross Tonnage; 7,000 Horse Power,

by far the finest and fastest steamers plying out of Boston, leave Yarmouth, N.S., Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning, leave Long Wharf, Boston, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic R'y steamers.

Royal Mail S. S. 'Prince Rupert,'

1,200 Gross Tonnage; 3,000 Horse Power.

ST. JOHN and DIGBY,

Daily Service (Sunday excepted.)

Leaves St. John	7.00 a.m
Arrives in Digby	10.00 a.m
Leaves Digby	12.50 p.m
Arrives in St. John	3.35 p.m

Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on Express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips between Kingsport and Parrsboro.

Trains and Steamers are run on Eastern Standard Time.

P. GIFKINS, Gen'l Manager, Kentville, N. S.

CANADA'S

INTERNATIONAL . . . EXHIBITION

St. John. N. B.

Opens Sept. 10th, Closes Sept. 19th.

Additions have been made to the Live Stock prizes and a Buttermaking Competition and exhibit of Cheese making provided for.

AMUSEMENTS will, this year, be more than ever a prominent feature, including many unique and startling novelties.

VERY CHEAP FARES and special excursions on all railways and steamers. Exhibits on several of the main lines will be carried practically free. Full particulars advertised later.

EXHIBITORS desiring space in the buildings or on grounds should make early enquiry, and for sales and special privileges immediate application should be made.

Premium lists and entry forms will be sent on application to

CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secty.

D. J. McLAUGHLIN, President.

APPLES A SPECIALTY

For Export to English Markets

N. MAYNBRIGHT-MEYER & CO

6 and 7 CROSS LANE, LONDON, E. C.

accept and finance consignments of APPLES, HAY, BUTTER and CANNED GOODS, etc.

Highest market prices with lowest charges guaranteed. For full information apply to their representative

JAMES R. DE WITT, Bridgetown, N. S.

NOTICE

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of EDWARD E. BENT, late of Bentville, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to

ANNIE C. BENT, Administratrix.
REGINALD J. BISHOP, Administrator.

Tupperville, Annapolis County, N. S. April 3rd, 1900. —6m

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of JAMES WILSON, late of Centreville, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are hereby required to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

O. S. MILLER, Executor.

Bridgetown June 26th, 1900.—14 tf

Ask your doctor how many preparations of cod-liver oil there are.

He will answer, "Hundreds of them." Ask him which is the best. He will reply, "Scott's Emulsion."

Then see that this is the one you obtain. It contains the purest cod-liver oil, free from unpleasant odor and taste. You also get the hypophosphites and glycerine. All three are blended into one grand healing and nourishing remedy.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

GRANITE IRON

Having bought a large assortment of Granite Iron for cash before the rise, I am prepared to give extra bargains.

CREAMERY WORK

will receive my special attention.

PLUMBING

in all the latest sanitations a specialty.

R. ALLEN CROWE.

We are showing for the first time

TWO LINES OF

DOWN CUSHIONS!

Size 20x20 inch, at 75c and 90c.
Size 22x22 inch, at 95c and $1.15.

Feather Pillows

at $3.50, $4.50, $5.00, $5.25 and $5.50.

Wool and Fibre Pillows made to order.

MATTRESSES

Cotton Top, $3.50, cotton tick.
Cotton Top and Bottom, $4.50, satin tick.
XXX Cotton Filled, $5.50, linen tick.

We have a full line of Excelsior, Wool, Fibre and Hair Mattresses.

Also agents for the celebrated Ostermoor's Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses

REED BROS.

(Successors to H S Reed)

NEW BAKERY!

COURT STREET.

The subscriber offers for sale at the new store on Court Street, Bridgetown,

Choie Home-made Bread, Biscuits, Pastry, &c.

Also Milk and Cream.

We will make a specialty of Lunches at all hours, consisting of Baked Beans and Brown Bread at 10c. Satisfaction guaranteed, and lowest prices.

Ice Cream served every Saturday evening.

J. M. KENDALL.

REMEMBER THE PLACE: Two doors north of Iron Foundry. J. M. K.

A. BENSON

UNDERTAKER

and Funeral Director.

Caskets of all grades, and a full line of funeral furnishings constantly on hand.

Cabinet Work also attended to.

Warerooms at J. H. HICKS & SON'S factory. 39 y

PALFREY'S

CARRIAGE SHOP

—AND—

REPAIR ROOMS.

Corner Queen and Water Sts.

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs that may be desired.

Best of Stock used in all classes of work.

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ARTHUR PALFREY.

Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1899. 29ly

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That well-known and valuable farm situate near Bridgetown and formerly owned and occupied by the late T. W. CHESLEY. A portion of the purchase money may remain on mortgage. For terms, etc., apply on the premises to Mrs. Shaw. 49 t

N. E. CHUTE,

Licensed Auctioneer

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

The Household.

Cooking Eggs.

Just a hint for dainty desserts will suggest a numberless variety to be formed from slight changes in the flavoring, coloring and manner of serving the plain custards, souffles, etc. For a plain souffle stir two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour into a smooth paste with a little milk, then add to it gradually a cupful of boiling milk and cook it about eight minutes, stirring often. Beat the yolks of four eggs with about half a cupful of sugar and a little nutmeg and add them to the cooked mixture. Then add the whites of the four eggs beaten to a stiff froth and bake the souffle in a buttered pudding dish for twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Serve hot with a creamy sauce. The well-known floating island is much easier to prepare than most young housekeepers suppose. A plain custard is made, using the yolks of the eggs and flavored to taste. Then the whites are beaten to a stiff froth and slipped carefully into a large pan of hot water. It should almost boil, but not quite. In three or four minutes it can be skimmed out and set on top of the custard. After it is in place ornament with dabs of jelly, and a very appetizing dish will be the result.

The delicious dainty known as 'snowballs' may be made thus: Heat one pint of fresh milk until it is almost boiling, then flavor it with orange water, have the whites of six eggs beaten to a stiff froth and drop it into the hot milk in large spoonfuls, turning them over carefully so they will swell. Skim them out as soon as they are done and pile them on a plate; then strain the milk, sweeten it to taste, add the beaten yolks of the eggs and let the custard cook until it is creamy; then pour it over the snowballs.

But as well as these special dishes and fancy desserts prepared from eggs, one must give careful attention to their plain cooking for breakfast and luncheon. "A fried egg is just as wholesome as a poached one, if it is properly done," was the startling announcement of a prominent physician the other day. To fry properly, the fat must be smoking hot and the food drained on absorbent paper—no sort is better than the coarse, yellow brown paper used in meat shops. That is the whole secret.

Eggs are among the most valuable of our resources in providing for children. For them, as for adults, it is not possible to prescribe the best method of cooking. One doctor says they should merely be allowed to "set" by standing in hot water. Another tells his patients to drop them into boiling water and boil rapidly for twenty minutes, or until the yolk is like powder. Poaching is insisted upon by others, whereas the personal experience of the writer is that they are far more indigestible done in that way than in any other. It seems, in short, a matter of individual idiosyncrasy as to the method, not generally known, in steaming them in an egg boiler, under which there is a reversible cup of alcohol, so that they may be timed exactly, and can be cooked hard or soft, according to taste.

Kitchen Hints.

How many young housekeepers know that they will spare themselves tears if when peeling onions they will hold knife and vegetable in cold water? How many understand lettuce should always be torn not broken, because cutting bruises the tender leaves, or that in dressing a green salad the oil should be put on before the vinegar? And while speaking of salad, let me say that I had been keeping house many years before I learned that if mayonnaise dressing curdled in the making it need not on that account be thrown away. If set aside, and the dressing begun again with the yolk of another egg, the curdled dressing may be added to the good as soon as the latter has recieved enough oil and stirring to thicken it well.

Nearly all these fragments of knowledge tend to promote true economy. Such a fragment, for instance, as that the raw yolks of eggs left over when the whites have been employed in a meringue may be kept for several days in a bowl of cold water, and will at the end of that time be as good for custard or scrambled eggs as when first broken. Lemons, too, will keep better covered with cold water than in a basket. Another irrelevant but useful piece of information is that meat that has a suspicion of taint about it need not be thrown away, but sweetened by being washed first in a strong solution of baking soda and cold water, and then in vinegar, to restore the flavor. The fat should be cut off and cast aside, as that is generally the part most seriously affected.

In continuation of these broken fragments of instruction it may be stated that cranberries cooked by steam in a double boiler with no water except that in the outer vessel are darker in hue and richer in flavor than those put directly into water and stewed.

Familiarity with some of the parts soda may play in a kitchen is of use. A pinch of it will keep milk or cream from curdling when boiled. In making tomato soup a bit of soda about the size of a pea should be added to the tomatoes before they are put with the hot milk. Many cook books give this hint, but few tell that dried beans, for which the direction 'soak overnight' is given, will be soft enough for six o'clock dinner if put to soak in the morning with a tiny pinch of this same valuable alkali. A similar addition will keep fresh peas or beans a brighter green than when cooked without it. A little soda may also be added to soups that have any tendency to acidity.

Painting Her Portrait.

"If I could be such an old lady as that, so beautiful, serene, sweet and lovable, I shouldn't mind growing old," said a young girl the other day, speaking of a white-haired visitor who had just departed.

"Well, if you want to be that kind of an old lady, you'd better begin making her right now," laughed a keen-witted companion. "She doesn't strike me as a piece of work that was done in a hurry; it has taken a long time to make her what she is. If you are going to paint that sort of portrait of yourself to leave to the world, you'd better be mixing your colors now."

The merry words were true; and, whether she willed it or not, the girl was already "mixing the colors" for her portrait and drawing day by day the outlines of the mature womanhood which shall yet brighten or darken the lives around her. Many a careless, selfish girl has in her inmost heart no higher ideal than "to be like mother" when she shall have reached mother's years; but in the meanwhile she is content to be as unlike her as possible. She has an idea that age brings its graces with it, and that a beautiful character comes like silver hair, naturally and without effort.

Girls, you are outlining your future and choosing its coloring now. The woman you wish to be must begin in the girl.—*Forward.*

—The salad dressing most commonly used in this country, and the one easiest of its kind to make, is known simply as cooked salad dressing, and is made as follows: To each yolk of egg use one tablespoonful of vinegar. Heat the vinegar to the boiling point, stir in the well beaten yolks of the eggs and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Season highly with salt, pepper and mustard. This may be put away in earthenware or glass and kept in a cool place for a long time. When ready to use, thin with cream or rich milk until it is about the consistency of custard, and use like any other salad dressing.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

Joker's Corner.

Lookin' Out for the Chilluns.

"There were four of us boys," Major Pelham said, "and we left home together to save the Confederacy. Our mother had the proper things, as she thought, packed for us, and also sent along a faithful old negro, who had been prominent in our bringing up, to take care of us in the Army and 'wait on' us. The last words she said to him at the lawn gate were:

"'Now, take good care of my boys, Tom,' and Tom was as certain that he would be successful in carrying out her repeated injunctions as he ever had been in former years that he would bring us home safe from a possum hunt.

"'Don' you nevah be oneasy 'bout dat, Mis' Sue. I gwinter bring dese heah youngsters back safe en soun', en dey gwinter have de best dey is in de lan'.'

"Much sooner than we expected we got into battle, and it was a decidedly sharp affair.

"After the brush was over, up came old Tom, ashy, but determined. His clothing was torn and he was loaded down with our belongings. Nearly breathless with fright, fatigue and indignation, he exclaimed:

"'Looker heah, Marse Peter, I want you to come right away from heah wid me! I done promise yo' ma dat I gwinter tek good keer er you-all boys. But how is I gwinter do it 'mongst all dis yar foolishness? Dem Yanks—eva one er 'em—ben shootin' aroun' heah en right straight at you-all, till his'n jes' pintedly monst'ous! En how I gwinter tek keer er you-all? I gwinter tek you right straight home! Dat what I is.'

"I told the old man he was foolish; that we couldn't go home. We had come out to fight, and must stay. But all my explanation and remonstrance was lost on him. He persisted that he would bundle us out of that, anyhow.

"'You stan' right whar you is till I git de yuthers. I know whar Marse Charles is, en I gwine to find Marse Bob en Joe, and you gwine right back to yo' ma, kase I done promise her, en dis ain' no place to tek keer er a pasel er chillun. Stan' whar you is, now.'

"I finally gave the old fellow to understand that I wouldn't go with him, and he declared he was going home to tell mother.

"'I'se gwinter tell your ma,' he said, 'dat you is turned right ergin me, en woan' mine a word I says, en I boun' you she gwineter sen' arter you an' fetch you back outen dis foolishin' an' scrimmagin'.'

"At that moment a sharp fire came rattling from the left front, and old Tom struck toward the right rear, screaming as he went:

"'I'se gwinter tell you chilluns' ma 'bout how you actin'.'

"And I never saw him again until the war was over."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

She Wanted a License.

BUT THE CRUEL OFFICIAL REFUSED TO GRANT HER ONE.

"Is this the place where you get a license to run an automobile?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, I would like to get one, if you please."

"What experience have you had in running an automobile?"

"Oh, a little."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir; I ran one once."

"Did I understand you to say once, madam?"

"Yes, but I am quick to learn and I picked up a good many points that one time."

"What was the motive power, madam?"

"Gasoline, I think."

"Are you not positive?"

"No, sir; I climbed right up without looking under the wheels."

"How did you proceed?"

"Well, Henry turned the power on, and I just held the wheel."

"Did everything work smoothly?"

"Yes, until I attempted to slow up."

"What happened then?"

"Why, it increased its speed."

"Then you had lost control of the vehicle?"

"Yes, but it would never have occurred if there had been horses in—"

"And how far did it run before it was stopped?"

"Four blocks."

"Did an officer stop it?"

"No, a truck. But the damage was very slight."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, only a wheel off the automobile, and the driver of the truck thrown from his seat. But I gained a good deal of experience that one time and I think I am entitled to a license."

But the official thought differently, and told her so.—*Chicago News.*

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