



Sunshine Furnace

You can shake down a "Sunshine" furnace without getting covered with ashes and dust—has a dust flue through which all the dust and ashes escape when you shake down the fire.

This heater is so easily regulated and operated, and so clean, that it makes the entire household bright and genial.

Sold by all enterprising dealers. Booklet free.

McClary's

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, HAMILTON.

BRIDGETOWN FOUNDRY COMPANY, Agents, Bridgetown, N. S.

LIGHT NOT NEEDED

Dr. Charles Woodruff, Scientist, Says The Sun's Effect on Man is Bad.

(Chicago Tribune)

Dr. Charles Woodruff has made an exceedingly interesting investigation of the effects of tropical light on white men. The origin of the investigation was an attempt to prove or disprove the theory that the skin pigmentation of man served to exclude the short or actinic rays of light, whose action is to destroy living protoplasm.

If this theory is true it will explain at once many anthropological riddles. We find in it a reason why white men, while capital colonists in cold or temperate regions and sagacious administrators of tropical colonies, have failed when they attempted themselves to colonize in hot countries; why blond types prevail in the north of Europe, brunette types in the dazzling light countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and the negro in Central Africa; and why the type of men living in the tireless city is less

When Maxim, the famous gun inventor, placed his gun before a committee of judges, he stated its carrying power to be such below what he felt sure the gun would accomplish. The result of the trial was therefore a great surprise. Instead of disappointment, it is the same with the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Cough, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. They do not publicly boast of all this remedy will accomplish, but prefer to let the users make the statements. What they do claim, is that it will positively cure diarrhoea, dysentery, colic in the stomach and bowels and has never been known to fail. For sale by W. W. Wade.

Wanted

Will give \$5 each for

Old Desks

like this 10
100
\$100 for Birch
State condition
of desk.

W. A. KAIN,
114 St. John St., St. John, N. S.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY Steamship Lines

St. John via Digby
Boston via Yarmouth.

"Land of Evangeline" Route

On and after JUNE 25th, 1906, the Steamship and Train Service on this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):

Trains will arrive at Bridgetown: Flying Bluenose from Halifax, 11:20 a.m.; Express from Halifax, 12:06 p.m.; Flying Bluenose from Yarmouth, 12:53 p.m.; Express from Yarmouth, 1:31 p.m.; Acorn from Richmond, 4:30 p.m.; Acorn from Annapolis, 7:20 a.m.

Midland Division.
Trains of the Midland Division leave Bridgetown daily, except Sundays for Truro at 8 a.m. and 5:30 p.m., and from Truro to Bridgetown at 8:15 a.m. and 1:15 p.m., connecting at Truro with trains of the International Railway, and with trains from Halifax, arriving in Bridgetown at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

Boston and Yarmouth Service
S. S. PRINCE GEORGE.
AND BOSTON.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

ROYAL MAIL, S.S. PRINCE RUPERT Daily service (Sunday excepted.)

Leaves St. John 7:45 a.m.
Arrives in Digby 10:45 a.m.

See Digby same day after arrival express train from Halifax.

New York and Yarmouth S. S. Prince Arthur leaves Port S. Martin's Station, Bridgetown (between Yarmouth and Well street) at 2:00 p.m. Leaves Yarmouth on arrival of express train from Halifax.

See schedule of sailings see folder.

S. S. Prince Albert makes daily trips between Kingsport and Parrsboro.

Trains and Steamers are run on Atlantic Coast by Time.

P. GIFFKINS,
Gen'l Manager,
Bridgetown, N. S.

THE LADY DOCTOR

STORY OF A MANGLED HAND AND A MENDED HEART.

"Well, you've got moved in," said the landlord, standing in the door and looking over the debris with a comprehensive grin. "It seems funny for a lonely man, with just mother for a house-keeper, to be man to keep living in this house, and right over on that slope a lonely woman, with just another woman to keep her company, to be living in this house."

It had taken the landlord some time to see this coincidence. He had not supposed he could find a lonely woman. But John Nelson looked up keenly, seeing danger.

"Who is she?" he asked, pausing with knife in hand. He had been about to cut a rope on a trunk.

"She's a lady doctor, and her name's Lansing," said the landlord, slouching against the door, with his hands deep in his pockets. "She had a good practice in town, they tell me, but her health wasn't good, and she came out here about three months ago. You'll find it convenient to have a doctor so near," he added.

At this point Simon created a diversion. Simon was the man whom John had hired as a general factotum; and he had been hired in the first place because he was so unlike everybody else, a looseness of limb and awkwardness of body seeming to set him apart. What he did now was to start toward the door with an empty box and fall over all the other boxes in the room, striking every one of them in tender and unexpected places of his anatomy. Having accomplished this, he sat up, his arms empty, and pressed one hand to a large bruise on his brow.

"Why don't you look where you are going?" demanded John, with wrath.

"I was looking a box in front of me," replied Simon, "with an air of offended surprise. 'I can't see through a box, can I?'"

"Well, good-day," said the landlord who knew when to retreat. "Let me know if you want anything."

Somewhere the house on the other slope was the fly in John Nelson's pot of ointment during the next few days. Simon, laboriously and with many accidents, got things into shape for their housekeeping, and made a fair shift at cooking, searing his hands and arms with an intricate pattern in burns; but John did not care for that. What he did mind was the fact that he could not look up at his writing without seeing the brown roof of a little house through the trees and being reminded of an unpleasant train of people and incidents.



THE BEST DRINK ON A HOT DAY IS SOVEREIGN LIME JUICE

IT GOES TO THE RIGHT SPOT

John went slowly back into the house. He felt his pulse as he went.

"It is certainly quick," he told himself. "I shouldn't wonder if I were taking influenza."

A moment's reflection assured him, however, that he would not have influenza that he never had influenza—that his health was always disgusting by good. He came into the room with a bucket of water and the mop.

"Tell me what Simon," he said, "you're going to have a time with that hand, unless you take the greatest care of it. You keep it wrapped up, now, till I tell you it's time to take that bandage off."

"But the work!" said Simon gloomily. "I was hired to work, and I might as well take my lead in my hand and start back home."

But so, indeed, John would do all the work, Simon was to stay and be taken care of. With what cheerfulness John allowed his pen to rest and the floor to his ink, while he cooked and swept, and waited upon Simon—going to the extent of cutting his food for him.

Simon eyed fat and stolid, watching the labors of his employer, and he was decidedly pretty in the moonlight. No one ever would have taken her for a "thin woman," with that soft white bloom of her throat, and those pretty quiffs and curls about her forehead.

"Yes, it is strange, but I think it is improving," said John. "I still have to cut his food, though. But I hope he won't lose the use of his hand. Anyhow—"

John paused, and his heart arose and took its station in his breast. Five times before he had come up the slope especially to say something of importance to the woman doctor, and every time his heart had played him the craven trick. Of course she would not give up her profession!

It was at this point that Simon created a final diversion.

He suddenly stood before them in the moonlight, hobnobbing at a bandaged hand as though he were going to begin an oration.

"I can't stand this no longer—not even to please you," he said to John in a most personal manner. "You know my hand's quite well, and she knows it too, for she met me in the road a week ago, and she took off the rag and looked, her own self. And what's the use of pretending I can't, what's the use? If you want to marry her, why don't you say so, and stop twining about the bush? Anyhow, I ain't going to wear any more tags on my hand."

Simon shook his skirts, figuratively and actually, and stepped forward and took her hand, and drew it toward him.

"But I am a 'new woman,' and I know how you hate them all," she said, half smiling under the laughter.

"I heard it long before you saw her to live, I am a professional woman, remember."

"Why should I care for that?" he whispered.

"You don't hate my profession? You don't ask me to give it up?"

"I ask nothing—but your love."

She gave a little, happy cry, and hid her head on his shoulder.

Down the slope and up the other slope sounded a disjointed whistle, which marked Simon's progress through the night.

The bandage was off his hand.

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CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 7 BURNETT STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

An Accident Policy

ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT CLASSIFICATION

Costs LESS than any Policy in Canada.

Every kind of accident covered. No limitations. No negotiating conditions. An up-to-date, clear cut, plain accident contract that insures you.

No matter how you get hurt you get paid.

Costs \$5.00 per year and pays \$5.00 per week if disabled.

One price to all irrespective of occupation.

This is the latest idea in Accident Insurance, and is issued for the first time by the

CANADIAN CASUALTY AND BOILER INSURANCE CO

W. D. LOCKETT, Agent, Bridgetown, N. S.

International Exhibition

ST. JOHN, N. B.

SEPT. 1st to 8th, 1906

For space and privileges kindly communicate at once with

C. J. Milligan, Manager

P. O. Box 411 St. John, N. B.

WE WANT WOOL

—you want Hewson Tweeds

Your dealer will make the exchange

"OLD MASTERS" TO ORDER

Extensive Traffic Abroad in Imitations and Art Critics Consider in the Theory that the Demand for Antiques is affecting the decline of the subject picture.

The market at present is flooded with "old masters," both genuine and "faked."

A well known art dealer propounds a curious theory to account for the large supply of "old masters."

"Many ancient families, whose aim in life is to raise money and yet to preserve to the world an exterior of prosperity, have borrowed a leaf from the book of the society lady," he said to an Express representative recently.

"The society lady has her jewels copied in paste with such skill that the five-guinea necklace is still supposed to represent many thousands of pounds."

"In many historic houses the priceless Rubens or Velasquez is only a clever imitation. The original has found its way into the hands of the dealers, and then becomes the property of a rich American who can afford to pay a long price."

"There is more of this traffic at the present time than is realized by the general public."

Artists add their testimony to the prevalence of the system of faking "old masters."

"There are endless 'old master' factories on the continent," said one recently. "Three or four artists are employed at a weekly wage. Their work is to turn out pictures for unscrupulous dealers."

"A number of artists who are clever workmen, but find it impossible to command a sale for their pictures, develop into copyists."

"They go to the Louvre or the famous collections at Antwerp, Berlin, Florence, and Munich, and by availing themselves of the advantages of the French technical and peculiarities of color and draughtsmanship of the artists they try to imitate."

"These copies are then taken back to their studios, and entirely new pictures are invented, with all the feeling and style of the 'old masters.'"

"These copyists demand prices from £50 to £200 for their work, according to the size of the copy and the reputation of the artist."

"There are men on the continent who make a specialty of different masters. Even in England, I believe, there are many surreptitious careers now being pursued."

"The methods of inducing an appearance of age to deceive the unsuspecting purchaser are very ingenious."

"The pictures are painted in low colors, and a peculiar varnish is used to produce the network of cracks which appeals to the novice."

"The pictures are then fixed in recesses, built in the flues of a wide chimney, and are left until they are begrimed and discolored."

"The real experts know. They will not tell their secrets; but in the same way as the expert can tell genuine Chippendale furniture by passing his hand over the woodwork, so the picture expert can detect a fraudulent 'old master.'"—London Express.

"My ancestors were all soldiers, Bridget,"

"Hahed, were they, ma'am?"

"Yes; do you know what it is to come from a fighting family, Bridget?"

"Sure I do, ma'am. That's why I left my last place, ma'am."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

"They go to the Louvre or the

Highest Observatory in the World

The highest scientific station in the world belongs to Harvard. It stands on the summit of Mount Misti, an extinct volcano near Arequipa, in Southern Peru. The altitude of this station is 19,200 feet.

Once a month an observator climbs up to the station to take the readings of the instruments. He is two days climbing up and two days climbing down.

Municipal Ownership Induced

"Municipal ownership," said a Socialist, "is carried to the limit in the happy English town of Huddersfield, in Yorkshire."

"The Huddersfield housewife cooks her steak on a gas range with gas from the municipal ownership plant. She reads her newspaper by a municipal electric light. She buys in the municipal market, from a municipal butcher, meat slaughtered at the municipal abattoir. If she is sick, a municipal doctor attends her in the municipal hospital. If she runs out into the country, a municipal trolley car carries her. Her children go to a municipal school, bathe in the municipal baths, and frolic in the municipal park, where a municipal band plays. If she wants to send a telegram, she goes to the municipal telegraph office. The municipal parcels post will send her parcel anywhere in England or Australia, or India or Canada. Finally, when the good Huddersfield housewife dies, the municipal undertaker lays her out, and she is buried in the municipal cemetery."

Fake Honey

The honey had some foreign substance in it—the leg of a bee, and a shred of broken wing.

"Well," said the wife of the food expert, "this is pure, at any rate. She held up the bit of bee on a fork before her husband. 'No benedicite formalkohol, boric acid, nor salicylic acid here, eh, John?'"

But John, the food expert, laughed scornfully.

"These bits of bee in the honey," he said, "prove its artificiality. Genuine honey never has dead bees in it. They who make genuine honey are too clean and careful for anything of that kind to happen. It is so rare to find in real honey a bee's wing or a bee's leg as it is to find in a loaf of bread a baker's hand or foot."

Lady doctor—how he hated the term! How he hated the short-skirted mannish women he knew who were always keeping themselves before the public! John moved his table further from the window on the fifth day and secured over his work more than ever irritated that it should have become a positive labor to put pen to paper.

As he wrote, he heard the clump-clump of Simon's boot.

A sudden silence intervened, followed by a fervent "Drat it!" from Simon. He came in, hobnobbing at a hand covered with blood.

"Good heavens! What have you done to yourself?" cried John, springing up in alarm.

"Can't you see? Cut my hand," said Simon, looking at the wound reflectively.

"Why, I thought you were holding," said John desperately.

"Well, wasn't I? I believe I did—in a way," said John, ransacking his memory. "I am sure I put something round it."

Then they went in together, to find Simon sitting where John had left him, with a large linen cloth clutched around his hand and forming a huge bundle, which Simon was gazing upon as if fascinated.

John went outside to escape the scornful look which the woman doctor cast upon him as she detached tags on his hand.

Simon shook his skirts, figuratively and actually, and stepped forward and took her hand, and drew it toward him.

"But I am a 'new woman,' and I know how you hate them all," she said, half smiling under the laughter.

"I heard it long before you saw her to live, I am a professional woman, remember."

"Why should I care for that?" he whispered.

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Cared a Comrade of Chelsea Morbus and Saved His Life.

"While returning from the Grand Army Encampment at Washington City, a comrade from Elgin, Ill., was taken with cholera morbus and was in a critical condition," says Mr. J. E. Houghland, of Elgin, Ill. "I gave him Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and believe saved his life. I have been engaged for ten years in immigration work and conducted many parties to the coast and was always carrying this remedy and have used it successfully on many occasions. No person traveling or at home should be without this remedy." For sale by S. N. Ware.

The doctor was in the trap, the clear brown eyes were looking down upon him with an impersonal look he did not like.

"I wouldn't neglect that floor, if I were you," said the doctor. "If you should, the stain will stay; and there things are unpleasant afterward."

Nixie snapped at him, as a parting