

VOL. 31.

Professional Cards.

J. M. OWEN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office in Middleton,
Over Town's Grocery Shop,
Every Thursday.

Agent for
Reliable Fire and Life Ins. Co.'s.

Money to loan at five per cent. on Real Estate security.

O. T. DANIELS

BARRISTER,
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(RANDOLPH BLOCK.)

Head of Queen St., Bridgetown.

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

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SHAYNER BUILDING,
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Prompt and satisfactory attention given the collection of debts, and all other professional business.

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DR. F. S. ANDERSON.

Graduate of the University of Maryland.
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
Office next door to Water Bank.
Hours: 9 to 5.

James Primrose, D. D. S.

Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Greenville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 2nd, 1897.

J. B. WHITMAN,

Land Surveyor,
ROUND HILL, N. S.

Leslie R. Fairn,

ARCHITECT.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX

Capital Authorized, - \$3,000,000
Capital Subscribed, - 1,337,250
Capital Paid-up, - 1,308,345
Reserve Fund, - 891,589

DIRECTORS:
Wm. Robertson, President.
Wm. Dickson, M. P., Vice-President.
C. C. Blackburn, Geo. Mitchell, M. P.,
G. O. Smith, A. E. Jones,
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Head Office: Halifax, N. S.

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SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Interest computed half-yearly at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent. on deposits of \$1.00 and upwards in the Savings Bank Department.
Collections receive immediate attention and prompt.

BRANCHES:
IN NOVA SCOTIA—Annapolis, Barrington Park, Bear River, Berwick, Bridgetown, Clark's Harbor, Dartmouth, Digby, Grandville, Guysborough, Halifax, Kentville, Lunenburg, Liverpool, Middleton, New Glasgow, Parrsboro, Pictou, Pictou City, Pictou Falls, Wolfville, Yarmouth.

IN CANADA—Antigonish, Baddeck, Glace Bay, Inverness, New Glasgow, St. John's, St. John's West, Sydney, Yarmouth.

IN NEW BRUNSWICK—St. John's.

IN BRITISH WEST INDIES—Port of Spain, Trinidad.

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London and Westminster Bank, London, England.
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National Bank of Commerce, New York.
Bank of Montreal, Montreal, Canada.
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HAVE YOU AN IDEA?

Help the inventor who will sell you all about the Patent Law, and how to secure a Patent.
We have ten years experience in transacting Patent Business, and we will give you a complete and correct opinion of your invention, and we will secure you a Patent in any country, and we will defend your Patent in any court.

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The British West India Co., Ltd., London.
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MARION & MARION

Registered Patent Attorneys,
Engineers and Patent Experts,
New York Life Building, - MONTREAL.



Are you going to have some Photos for CHRISTMAS ?

Call at the BRIDGETOWN PHOTO STUDIO. I have a fine line of the newest Photo Mountings. A good variety of styles from which you may choose to suit the taste. The call for Christmas Photos has already started, and, as the trade promises to be lively, it is advisable for those wishing Christmas Photos to call early for their sittings, and thus give plenty of time for the finishing of the pictures.

N. M. SMITH, Photographer,
BRIDGETOWN ANnapolis ROYAL BEAR RIVER

Will be at Bear River the first week in November, and Annapolis every Thursday, excepting the first Thursday in November.

MARK DOWN SALE

Boots, Shoes, and Dress Goods.
ALL SOLD BELOW COST!

30 Pairs of Men's Tan Boots, mixed sizes. 40 Pairs Men's Oxford Shoes. Large Stock of Children's and Misses Boots and Shoes. Ladies' Tan and Black Dungarees, to be sold at half their value.

MRS. J. E. BURNS.

Poetry.

A Christmas Carol.
(By Phillips Brooks.)

The earth has grown old with its burden of care. But at Christmas it always is young;

The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and white. And its soul, full of music, breaks forth on the air

When the song of the angels is sung. It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming tonight!

On the snowflakes which cover thy sod. The fest of the Christ-child fall gentle and white.

And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and lonely, the wretched and poor, That voice of the Christ-child shall fall.

And to every blind wanderer opens the door Of a hope that he dared not dream of before.

With a sunshine of welcome for all. The feet of the humbled may walk in the field

Where the feet of the holiest have trod. This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed.

When the silver trumpets of Christmas have pealed, That mankind are the children of God.

Little Todler's Stocking.

Oh, his Christmas Eve, and moonlight, and the Christmas air is still.

And the frosty Christmas holly shines and sparkles on the hill.

And the Christmas sleigh bells tinkle, and the Christmas laughter rings, and the last stray shoppers' hurrying, hurrying, home the Christmas things.

And up yonder in the attic, there's a little tumbled bed, Where there's Christmas dreams a-dreaming round a little curly head.

And it's "Merry Christmas," Mary, one again for me an' you, With the little fellow's stockings hangin' up beside the tree.

"Tisn't silk, that little stockin', and it isn't much for show, And the darns are pretty plenty round about the heel and toe,

A Merry Christmas to you and yours.

May the day be pleasant, the dinner good, the goose done to a turn, the pudding hot, with the right kind of sauce. May you receive as gifts the things you most desire, and may the day be as it should—the most enjoyable one of the year.

ROYAL PHARMACY

Wilbert A. Warren, Phm.B.,
Chemist and Optician.

The only tree on the other side of the ridge. That it was stung and wind-blown had not occurred to the boy. Its chief charm was that it grew where it could not annoy the deacon.

He gazed lovingly down on it, as it stood in a dark mass against the unbroken snow, with its one gleaming point of light on the top. Job, the hired man, had been so good to let him have the lantern, and Malvina and he had fixed it after supper.

It had taken such a hold on his poor starved imagination that ever since Malvina had told him about a Christmas tree he had gone about like one who sees a vision. It had seemed such an easy and direct way of speaking to God—just to hang out a light, and he who knew everything would know what little Jotham meant.

It was Christmas Eve, the Christ-child was coming! That was his last distinct thought as he drifted out of the deacon's old chamber into the blessed sea of dreams. There was no one to see the beauty of that rapurous, tender smile on the upturned face, but it was not lost; that was his own.

The deacon felt more at ease now. He was no rebel, no anger, no pleading in Jotham's face—just muttering and submission.

"Never mind this time. I don't suppose you mean any harm, and it's not in the house!" The deacon never knew why he ended the sentence as he did. It was weak and incoherent, but he wasn't afraid of Jotham's eyes after the child went up with a grave "Thank you, sir." They seemed to leave a little trail of light behind them—the light that he loved—in the darkening room.

The gray ashes fell softly from the dying woodfire as the gray December night closed in. There were two pairs, yellow-painted, split-bottomed shoes. The deacon was anything but a fanciful man usually, but he seemed to see now two little boys occupying them.

"Send Jotham to me," was the brief, stern order.

In a few minutes there came a faint knock at the door, and Jotham, in obedience to the grim invitation, turned the grooved brass knob and came in.

He closed the door gently behind him and walked up in front of the deacon. He was a pale boy, with a sensitive, drooping mouth and downcast eyes. The long, thick lashes that shaded them were darker than his hair.

"What are you doing at the Point?" questioned the deacon, in his own, inevitable manner. It was a manner which terrified a witness into telling the truth, and sometimes into a lie. The deacon was very proud of this manner of his; it had cost him a good deal.

"I'm playing, sir," said the lad, in a low, solemn tone. He spoke with an effort, as one unused to speech.

"Playing!" said Deacon Short, in an astonished tone.

"Yes, sir," said Jotham faintly. He was afraid of the next question.

"What are you playing?" The deacon put the tips of his fingers together and tapped his thumb. It was a way he had, and it meant, "No nonsense, now."

"I'm playing Christmas tree," said Jotham, and he lifted his eyes and looked imploringly at his benefactor.

The deacon stood it a minute and then turned away. There was something in those calm, violet eyes that made him nervous. To begin with, they were much too large for the thin, oval face, and then they had such a clear, limpid light, and such a serious brooding look, that he hunted one. They disconcerted the deacon always, and that made him angry.

Jotham fit this, and he dropped them again.

"I said I would not have a Christmas tree in the house! You know what I think of this Christmas nonsense! What do you make by 'disobeying me'?" and the words seemed to freeze, they were so cold.

A little shiver ran down the lad's back. "I thought you would not mind, out-of-doors, where you could find a tree, and it's only a make-believe tree."

The deacon frowned. It had been a Christmas tree that, ten years ago, had convulsed the Beadwell church, splitting it in two. The deacon led the conservative party, who objected to innovations, while his only brother, the deacon, was the ardent, passionate and indiscreet leader of the other wing. The deacon had left the church, vowing never to put his foot in it, or to speak to his brother again! And he was always a man of his word.

So a Christmas tree was a sore subject; and had Mrs. Barker lived, Jotham would never have attempted even a "make-believe" tree.

THE LIGHT ON THE POINT.

The deacon felt a strange reluctance to move this afternoon, or he would have pulled the frayed bell-cord sooner. He had been working too hard over his cases. He was not as young as he was once. He would see the deacon in Portland next week, unless he fit better. All this he thought on the surface to stifle the gnawing anxiety beneath.

Of course there was nothing wrong with his feet. He could walk as well as any lawyer of his age in the state. Only it was a pity the bell-cord was not near, for he wanted Malvina, so that he could find out what ailed that boy!

For nearly two hours now, the boy had been making mysterious journeys through the side-yard, appearing from the rear and disappearing over the ridge that overlooked the Point and the Cove! Each time he came from the kitchen he had his arms full of bundles. Once he had something that looked like red flannel and another time a peck measure of oats.

Here he was again! This time he had his arms full of pieces of colored paper, knotted together. There was a long end of olive calico bound him, and he stopped in front of the window to gather it up. There was no use calling to him. He was too far off to hear, but what was he up to?

It was not mischief, anyway! There he was a better boy than Jotham! Not a bit like a child, the deacon thought approvingly—just like an old man! He had only to give his orders, and Jotham obeyed them. No talk, no nonsense! That was because he had brought the boy up.

To be sure, Mrs. Barker, Jotham's aunt and the deacon's housekeeper, had helped, but she had been a sensible woman and agreed with the deacon in all his theories.

From the day that Mrs. Barker brought her prey from the poor farm, where his pretty, vain, silly, selfish mother had come to the deacon being lost to her for years for five years, Jotham had behaved himself. He was three years old then, now he must be nearly eleven.

"There's no trouble in bringing up a child," the deacon thought, "if you let a right. Jotham has never been the slightest care. Sometimes I forget he's on the place. Mrs. Barker takes care of his clothes and sees that he goes to school. I hear him say his table of Old Testament kings every Sabbath afternoon. He's not very bright, but he's a good boy!"

This would have been the sum of the deacon's experience concerning Jotham if it had been put in words. The truth was, Jotham did not count for much anywhere, and the deacon was rather surprised at his own curiosity concerning the boy's strange movements. The bundle of knotted papers settled it however. The deacon got up from his easy-chair and pulled the bell-rope.

Malvina, a comely, pink-cheeked, fair-haired German girl who had come to fill the late Mrs. Barker's place, came in with a striking heart. Like the rest of the world, she feared the deacon.

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Ayer's

You can hardly find a home without its Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Parents know what it does for children: breaks

Cherry Pectoral

up a cold in a single night, wards off bronchitis, prevents pneumonia. Physicians advise parents to keep it hand.

"The best cough medicine money can buy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The cough of children nothing could possibly be better."

For

Throat, Lungs

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

brings, impatient way "Nothing of the sort. I was the one. Don't say that again!" But the look was loving, one, as he gently stroked back the gray hair over his thin place on top.

"But, James," said the doctor, after a while, "how did you ever have the strength to hang up the lantern in the tree. Why didn't you call some one?"

"Light in the tree?" said the deacon in wonderment.

Was Jotham! He got the lantern from Job, to hang on his "make-believe" Christmas tree, that the Christ-child might see it!

There was a long silence in the room, but it was a silence that seemed to palpitate with speech. The glad tears were dropping unheeded over the deacon's hard old face, and the doctor rubbed his coat sleeves over his eyes.

It was just then that Jotham came and stood in the doorway, with an excited look on his face. What was the matter? he wondered.

The doctor looked at him. He was not at all merry, roguish Jotham, but he was a child, and would fit the empty, white bed.

"Jotham," said the deacon faintly, "come here."

The boy from the poor-farm came and stood beside the bed, his eyes full of sympathy and pity for the poor deacon, who was sick and crying.

"Jotham," said the deacon solemnly, as he held the little thin hand in his, "the Christ-child came in the night, and he came to stay!" And then a very strange thing happened.

The deacon kissed Jotham—Aunt Sprague Parker.

To Fight for Japan.

Montreal, Dec. 15.—Consul General Monroe has received applications from Canadian citizens to serve in any capacity in the Japanese army and the navy in rank in Lieut. Col. down to private.

These were quite unolicited and Mr. Nosse says it is the greatest tribute Canada ever paid Japan and it is very gratifying to the Consulate. The offer states that Japan has every right to Korea and they wish to assist her in driving back the Bear.

The offer includes 1 Lieut. Col., 2 captains, 2 majors and 2 adjutants. The applications are from all over Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Halifax, St. John, Ottawa, Bloomfield, Strathroy and Winnipeg. One of the officers is a captain in the 48th Highlanders, Toronto.

Rheumatism Cured

Jas. McKee, Linwood, Ont.,
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John Mader, Mahone Bay, N. S.
Lewis S. Butler, Burin, Nfld.

These well known gentlemen all assure that they were cured by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Fire in St. John.

St. John, Dec. 15.—Fire was discovered early this morning in the building of German street owned by the Petre estate, and occupied by Hutchings & Co., dealers in mattresses, bedsteads, etc. Tuffs & Co., dealers in fancy goods, wholesale; Lordly, furniture, and Durham furniture; repainer; the building was damaged. Tuffs' stock was largely destroyed. Durhani Lordly and Hutchings suffered some loss. Tuffs had \$10,000 insurance, which will cover his loss.

Backing Pains in the Joints.

Also every form of rheumatism, neuralgia and sciatica are best cured by Nerviline, the quickest relief for muscular pain yet discovered. It is because Nerviline strikes in and penetrates right to the core of the pain that it gives such unbounded satisfaction. I caught cold in my shoulders while driving, and suffered great pain, writes G. E. Dempsey of Berlin. "I used Nerviline freely and was soon quite well. I have found Nerviline an excellent remedy for rheumatism and neuralgia as well as for cold on the chest. I recommend Nerviline highly, and wouldn't be without it!" Price 25c.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All cures not true the files on hot days. "Summer milk is diverted to customers in solid cakes," "I had once water sets in the people are frozen up till spring."

When the deacon began, "John, I was at fault," the doctor said, in his