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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, AND NOTARY PUBLIC. OFFICE IN MIDDLETON. (Next Door to J. P. Melanson's Jewelry Story Every Thursday.

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R. MORSE, B.A., M.D., C.M. OFFICE AT PRESENT: RESIDENCE OF DR. MORSE. LAWRENCETOWN.

Lawrencetown, April 26th, 1896, F. L. MILNER, Barrister, Solicitor, &c. ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE, MONEY TO LOAN.

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

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Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Apples and all kinds of Farm Products.

Special Attention given to Handling of Live Stock. Posal of goods. 27 y

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MIDDLETON.
Telephone No. 16. DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL

DENTIST, Offers his professional services to the public Office and Residence: Queen St., Bridgetown

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James Primrose, D. D. S. Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its ranches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week. Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891.

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O. S. MILLER, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC Real Estate Agent, etc.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

The Best Returns For the Least Money ARE OBTAINED FROM THE OLDEST, LARGEST AND MOST POPULAR CANADIAN COMPY,

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S. E. MARSHALL,

Nov. 28th, 1894. tf Agent, Middleton.

Direct Evidence A. STANLEY BANKS.
erville, Kings Co., Nov. 12, 1896, 18 ly

For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL Use

The Doctor's Signature and directions are on every bottle.

If you can't get it send to us. Price 35 cents; six \$2.00. Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free.

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The former delay at St. John over night avoided.

Leave Digby daily (except Sunday), by the magnificent and palatial side-wheel

MONDAY.... 2 p.m. For Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston.
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TIME-TABLE!

Steamer "PRINCE RUPERT,"

at 10.30 a.m., arrive at St. John at 1.90 p.m., where you can make connections with the teamers of the International Line until September 21st, as follows, avoiding all delays, and rriving in Boston the next day at 3 o'clock, p.m.:

AT All agents in the east sell through tickets and check baggage through. Call on containing the containing the case of the ca

of KENTVILLE,

Tailoring Business

at the old stand in MEDICAL HALL

A LARGE ORDER OF

HAS JUST ARRIVED.

WEDDING PRESENTS

JOHN E. SANCTON & SON.

Watchmakers and Jewellers.

Bargains of an Exceptional Nature in Parlor Suits, Bedroom Suits,

Side Boards, etc., will be offered.

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INDUCEMENTS!

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FURNITURE

Call and see us.

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Boston



SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

· · WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1896.

NO. 22.

Poetry. We stated a week or two ago, says the Monetary Times, in writing upon improved country roads, that the Canadian farmer required to be shown that good roads would put money in his pocket before he would take much trouble to secure them. An instance which came up in our reading since, may serve to illustrate to Canadians how improved roads act in bettering the fortunes BY J. S. HOLMES, Never give up, it is wiser and better, Always to hope, than once to despair. Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetmay serve to illustrate to Canadians how improved roads act in bettering the fortunes of a locality. Conditions such as recently existed in a small town in New Jersey twelve miles from Philadelphia, form a fitting object lesson on the profit of good roads. In consequence of the bad roads the wagon-makers near the town in question, constructed four horse vehicles to carry 55 bushel baskets as a maximum load, which was regarded as heavy hauling. Real estate thereabouts had gone a begging for years; there was no possible market for it. It had been impossible to settle up estates because no purchaser could be found for the land. But a few years ago the people of the community woke up. ters, And break the dark spell of tyrannical

Never give up, or the burden may sink you, Providence has kindly mingled the cup, And in all trials, and troubles, bethink you, The watchword of life must be, never give

ges,
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
As through the chaos, high wisdom arranges
Ever success, if you'll only hold on. Never give up, for the wisest is boldest, Knowing that Providence mingles the cup, And that of all maxims the best as the old-

Or the full thunder cloud over you burst, Stand like a rock and the storm or the bat Little shall harm you though doing their

Never give up, if adversity possesses, Providence has wisely mingled the cup, And the best counsel in all your distresses Is the brave watchword of never give up.

JOE CROSBY ARRIVED LATE, BUT FOUND THE

ago the people of the community woke up. The town issued \$40,000 worth of bonds, and applied the proceeds to making better roadways. As a result the New Jersey wagon-makers of the vicinity of Philadelphia are making two-horse vehicles to carry not 55 bushel baskets, but loads made up from 90 to 125 bushel baskets. Now that the roads are improved two horses are able to do more work than four horses. It is stated that on the old roads four horses, with a wagon weighing 1,900 pounds, could take two and one-half tons of product to market and bring back an equal weight of fertilizer, making one return trip a day. To-day, on the good roads one man with two horses, and a wagon weighing 2,300 pounds, takes four tons to market bringing back an equal weight and making two return trips a day. Here is an enormous saving. If this result could be brought about in Canada and the United States generally it would mean a heart-warming profit to tens of thousands of producers and carriers. Select Ziterature. The Wolf Hunt.

SALE OF Valuable Property!

ago the people of the community woke up. The town issued \$40,000 worth of bonds, and

MIDDLETON,

20th day of October, A.D. 1896, AT THE HOUR OF TWO O'CLOCK, P.M.,

A. E. CALKIN & Co., under mortgage given by Elenor Foster and Marsden Foster, granting the hereinafter described lands to James N. Clarke, of St. Stephen. New Brunswick, to secure payment of the sum of \$400.00 and interest, dated May 1st, 1885, and duly registered in the registry office of the County of Annapolis, in book 84, pages 152-153, which said mortgage, lands and premises were duly transferred, assigned and set over by deed of assignment from said James N. Clarke to Edwin J. Miller at present of Halifax, N. S., dated the 19th day of March, A. D. 1887, which said registry.

Said sum of \$400.00 still remaining due and unpaid and interest thereon from the 1st day of May, A. D. 1884, under and by virtue of possession taken by the said Edwin J. Miller, the mortgage, and under and by virtue of possession taken by the said Edwin J. Miller, the mortgage, and under and by virtue of possession taken by the said Edwin J. Miller, the mortgage, and under and by virtue of the terms and provisions in said mortgage contained, duly transferred to Edwin J. Miller as above set out.

Public welfers the property of the time of the provisions in said mortgage contained, duly transferred to Edwin J. Miller as above set out.

Public welfers the property of the time of the time of the provisions in the pro have purchased the FRANK SCOTT Tailor Stock, and terms and provisions in said mortgage contained, duly transferred to Edwin J. Miller as above set out.

Public notice is hereby given that at the time and place aforesaid all the land and premises above set out will be sold as aforesaid, to wit, all that certain tract, plece or parcel of land struate, lying and being in Wilmot aforesaid, but that certain tract, plece or parcel of land struate, lying and being in Wilmot aforesaid, but the sold of Look Out for Bargains 3 as the present stock must be sold promptly to make ready for new Fall Stock. Prices, \$12.50 up. Fit and workmanship guaranteed. ter, bearing date the 25th day of August, A.D. 1864, and recorded in the office of the Registry of Deeds for Annapolis County, in liber, 64, folio 25, together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, and the rights and appurtenances to the said land and premises belonging or appertaining. Possession given immediately after sale. Possession given immediately after sale. The sale of (Signed), EDWIN J. MILLER,

IN THE SUPREME COURT. GEORGE MURDOCH, - Plaintiff.

SIMON WILSON, - Defendant. To be sold at Public Auction by the Sheriff of he County of Annapolis, or his deputy, at the ourt House, in Bridgetown, in said County of THURSDAY, the 17th day

We are overstocked with Watches, so will make A BIG CUT ON THEM. Call, get prices and examine them, and if you want a good time keeper do not let September, A.D. 1896, AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE FORENOON

TERMS.—Ten per cent deposit at time of sale, balance on delivery of the deed. and it is to those that the old and reliable Furnishing House, formerly J. B REED & SONS, and now under their management, wish to call attention by acquainting them with the fact that for the next few weeks EDWIN GATES, Chief Deputy She County of Annag Dated Annapolis, Aug. 10th, 1896. 20 6i

MILLINERY. All persons requiring anything in the line of HOUSE FURNITURE who will take the trouble to call, will find that our stock is thorough and complete, and that many of the articles are offered at PRICES THAT CANNOT PROVE OTHERWISE THAN SATISFACTORY. Call and inspect.

Goods at cost

Undertaking!

Besides the usual complete stock always to be found in store at the establishment on Granville Street, a branch has been opened who will give every attention to the requirements of the public. Ladies' Trimmed Hats that Ladies' Trimmed Hats that were \$1.50 will be only \$1.10

Ladies' and Misses' Untrimmed Hats and a few nice Sailors below cost.

PIGNIC PARTIES

Pleasure Exeursionists wishing to spend a delightful day's outing should visit the Crosskill Lake—only half an hour's drive the Crosskill Lake—only half an hour's drive the Stroundings are all that could be the surroundings with the surroundings with the surroundings with a surrounding the surroundings with the surroundi who has the largest stock in the County to select Fundy breeze to cool the atmosphere.

#2The spot is the banner picnic ground of
the county, and has already received a large
patronage this season.

For further particulars address a post card to
CAPT. T. W. TEMPLEMAN, the lessee, at
Bridgetown.

"Don't turn so tast!" sne exciamed.

"Jour turn so tast!" sne exciamed.

"I out think you were crazy! Wanted to
go to the wolf-hunt pretty bad, didn't you?"

She spoke very gently—so gently that Joe
thought he might safely refrain from answerohildren. A. J. MORRISON, Merchant Middleton, N. S.

ing the question. He moderated the energy of his wringing. He heard the kitchen clock strike nine, and it occurred to him that the washing was unusually well along struggles with his feet tended to pull his body downward all his pulling only served to draw his head more tightly into the narrowing rift.

the schoolhouse pasture and strike them there. You go and get your gun and start

wolf-hunt if you want to! A boy only four-teen years old, and small of his age like you, coming along the edge of the woods. He would go to meet them, and, continuing the wolf yelped louder than ever, and travelling from morning till night, and like

no grass in western woods, but underneath

that monotonous washing-machine back and forth, back and forth, in the murky, sudsy atmosphere of the slippery kitchen shed! the almost ceaseless west winds bent them thus. The west wind was blowing now, and the hunt was coming from that direction. But he was an extremely conscientious boy. The thought of his mother, grown prematurely old in a woman's hard work on a large Wisconsin farm, doing all that laborious a deep sigh and an aching heart Joe placed the tin boiler on the back part of the kitchen stove with a little water in the bottom of it, and went out to pump enough more to fill it

He saw the Ordway boys drive up, with guns resting between their knees. They

t up; no washerwomen allowed on this tears welled to Joe's eyes, but did not come out. He kept on almost desperately at his preparations for the washing. His father and brother, armed with rifles, and the hired man, Gus, carrying his, Joe's, own special shot-gun, drove away through the gate. His father had seen how the land lay, and said nothing more to Joe about going. The splendid June morning advanced. In the intervals of his dreary rubbing of the

clothes in the washing-machine, Joe glanced across the little prairie toward the Big Woods, thinking of all the splendid things of his heart.

It was the wolf himself—the same big gray creature that Joe and Henry Amory had seen racing across the schoolhouse pasture!

The animal was now crouched on his haunthat he was missing.

There really was a wolf; he knew that well enough, for he and Henry Amory had ches, his jaws open, his tongue thrust out, been the first to see the animal two months before as it was crossing the schoolhouse and his fierce, bulging eyes looking straight at the boy, who stood there with his back pasture at a rapid run into the Big Woods. It was a shaggy, crazy-looking gray tim-ber wolf of the largest size; it had been braced against the trunk of the tree, his

jacket on his arm, and not even a stick or b stone near him. separated from all others of its kind in their wanderings toward the wilder north, and Joe was not so sick with fright but tha had strayed into this comparatively wellhe could see that the wolf had a crazed look. Evidently the creature had been running settled country. For several weeks it had swiftly; he was panting heavily. He did not sit still now, but lunged forward a few inches every other moment, as if he were preparing for a spring, but had not yet quite preyed upon flocks of sheep, flitting wildly and in hunted fashion from one tract of woodland to another. made up his mind to it.

nating to Joe's romantic immagination about this vagrant relic of savage days slinking Meantime queer thoughts were passing through Joe's head. He afterward confessed about thus, a lone outlaw of the woods, in the midst of a country that had been thickly planted with farms for more than twenty years. Now that he was not in the hunt, Joe's sympathies were decidedly with the wolf, and he hoped that it would get away. But it was not likely that it would. The

But it was not likely that it would. The farmers had lost so many sheep that they were thoroughly aroused. Two or three persons beside Joe and Henry Amory had caught glimpses of the animal making for the Big Woods—a long, crescent-shaped remnant of the original forest, which extended for a dozen miles along a ridge which crossed as many farms.

He heard the wringer creaking, and the water dripping into the tub. "Go and get your gun and start," his mother was saying. "So—he—has!" so—he—has!" and then he seemed to try south American Rheumatic Cure. After using two bottles I threw away my stick and went to work, and have worked every day since, and that was two and a half years ago."

KIDNEYS.—"I believe it saved my life," away in the woods. The wolf started up, is the nositive testimony of Mr. James Mc-

de with awful slowness, "So—he—has?"

All at once Joe really heard a voice far away into woods. The wolf started up, is the positive testimony of Mr. James Mo Brine of Jamestown, Haron Co. Ont., in speaking of the miraculous cure of a complication of the other, sweeping every part of it. Several men who were particularly good shots were to skirt the edge of the woods somewhat in advance of the main body, to shoot the wolf if he took to the open; and several more were in hiding at the farthest extremity, to head him off there.

Joe knew all these arrangements, but it did him little good to know them. He went back to the house and rubbed desperately at the washing machine. By-and-by his mother or called him to the wringer, and he turned the crank nervously while she fed the dripting of the internal part of the cold, blue water in the rinsing tub.

"Don't turn so fast!" she exclaimed. "I should think you were crassy! Wanted to go to the wolf-thunt pretty bad, didn't you?"

She spoke very gently—so gently that Joe
thought he might safely refrain from answer.

ing the question. He moderated the kitchen clock strike nine, and it occurred to him that the washing was unusually well along for the hour. He reflected then that his mother had been working with almost as much nervous energy as he had himself.

"There now!" she said, presently, when the clothes basket had been filled up and packed down with well-wrung clothes; "Joe, think you were going to stay at home, but I might have known you would. You're an awful good boy to your mother."

Joe said nothing.

"Now," his mother went on, "we've got along first-rate with the washing, and I can do the rest easily enough. They haven't got any further than Weeks's by this time—they couldn't have. You can out through the schoolhouse pasture and strike them there. You go and gat your and set you got and gat your and the rest casily enough. They haven't got any further than Weeks's by this time—they couldn't have. You can out through the schoolhouse pasture and strike them there. You go and gat your and steart with the was at the schoolhouse pasture and strike them there. You go and gat you and gat your and steart with the was and the present year. I don't know exactly why it was, but was, but was, but was, but which is the spice of the city of the city of the good people of the city of the city of the good people of the city of the city of the good people of t

as he could, thrusting it forward value, yelping and whining in a half-choked way, and all the time scratching the edges of the THE LITTLE PAMPHLET CAUGHT MY EYE AND CHAINED MY PANOX

as not getting shot by some of those greenhorns banging round with rifles after a wolf
that's more likely to be Lon Gaylor's great
gray dog than any wolf! I don't see what
your father's thinking about!"

"But, mother—"
"But, mother—"
"Oh, I say you can go, and I'll do the
washing all alone, of course, and bring in all
the water and run the machine and turn the
wringer, without any help."

"But would go to meet them, and, continuing
along the edge of the woods, reach the main
line of the hunt and pass on behind it until
the narrow space in which it had been stuck.
Then the animal fell back out of Joe's sight.
There came a quick thump against the tree
itself just back of the boy's head, accompanied by a sort of spattering sound, as if pieces
of bark were being split off.

More pop-guns, rather louder, were heard
him much longer than fifteen minutes.

streak off to that ridiculous wolf-hunt, but the washing's got to be done!"

That settled the matter of going to the wash his mother's especial and only assistant, particularly on washdays. His mother had ordinarly no help about the housework except such as he gave her; and as the regular farm work went on very well with his father, his oldest brother and the hired man, Joe had been left much about the house to take care of the very tall young poplars, hickories and black of the vergetable garden and help his mother. How he did hate to move the handle of that monotonous washing-machine back and forth, back and forth a manufactured at the tall saplings of second-growth woods like this there is, in the late days of June, a lux-mind for June and mostly hitting the tree.

He did not know how thin a shell the trunk might be, At any rate, they would probably shoot until a ball had plerced the wood and hit him.

He sank down and curled up in a heap at the bottom of the hollow, his head close to the entrance. He wanted to scream, but could not. Outside, as he went down, he saw thewrithing body of the wolf, and his own torn jacket.

The firing cased, and he heard a man's footsteps approaching. Once more he tried to call out, but could

Then he heard what was plainly another endeavoring to realize that we were

rifle-shot close at hand.

"I don't know," said Joe, faintly, "but I guess I had to get in!"

He was right. Under the desperate necessity of escape from the maddened wolf Joe had squeezed his body into a smaller compass than he could possibly occupy in his limp condition afterward.

Joe had the chief honors of the day, for no one could tell whose bullet had really brought down the wolf; and if the animal had not stopped to attack the boy it would undoubtedly have escaped. By a blunder on the part of the men in advance, the space at the edge of the woods at Weeks's had been left unguarded, and the wolf had evidently been making for it.—J. E. Chamberlin in Youth's Companion.

"SAVED MY LIFE."

WONDERFUL TESTIMONIALS

Meantime queer thoughts were passing through Joe's head. He afterward confessed that he did not meditate any plan of escape or resistance, but that his mind was rehearsing the scene and the dialogue when his mother had told him that he might go to the hunt.

He heard the wringer creaking, and the water dripping into the tub. "Go and get your gun and start," his mother was saying. "But Gus has got my gun!" "So—he—has!" and then he seemed to hear nothing but those three words, repeated with awful slowness, "So—he—has!".

All at once Joe really heard a voice far "WONDERFUL TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM.—The Great South American Rheumatic Cure is safe, harmless, and acts quickly. Gives instant relief and an absolute cure in one to three days; works wonders in the most acute forms of rheumatism and neuralgia. "I was crippled so that I had to use a stick to get about," writes James A. Anderson of Calgary, N.W.T. "At times I suffered untold misery. I tried every medicine under the sun—spent six weeks at the hospital under special treatment, without any relief. I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Ture. After using two bottles I threw away my stick and went to work, and have worked every and with a wful slowness, "So—he—has!".

All at once Joe really heard a voice far

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C., BARRISTER, SOLICITOR.

ONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE

Fire Insurance in Reliable Companie:

the schoolhouse pasture and strike them there. You go and get your gun and start —""

"But Gus has got my gun!" oried Joe, desperately, his jaw falling.

"So—he—has? Well, never mind; you go and tell your father that I said you could go, and he"ll have Gus give you your gun. I guess there are fire-arms enough in that crowd to kill all the wolves they"ll find.

Come, get your jacket and run along now!"

In five minutes more Joe was running across fields and pastures in hot anxiety to intercept the hunt at Weeks's farmhouse, which stood near the edge of the woods about four miles from the starting place.

He walked, out of breath, up the lane that led past Weeks's house into the woods. No one was in sight there. He went on to the edge of the woods and ant down on the top of the rail fence. No one was to be seen there, and nothing to be heard but the bark in first the field.

Suddenly in the midst of the snarling and scratching to be heard but the bark in his very face, Joe heard a sound that seemed to his sinking senses exactly like the report of a leaden pop-gun that he owned lark in the field.

The wolf yelped louder than ever, and we ling and so the dege of the woods. The woods, he dimly wondered.

The wolf yelped louder than ever, and we ling and string place the mode and the loud singing of a meadow lark in the field.

The wolf yelped louder than ever, and we ling and so here else; but it was too wide to give him a chance to climb by putting his feet and hands against the opposite sides. He crouched in the back part of the cavity, expecting that every moment the decayed wood of the tree would give way before the wolf's tearing paws, and that then the frightful jaws would reach him.

He felt himself growing very faint. No words of any kind were echoing through his brain now. This was rather strange, because words of some sort were always seeming to ring in Joe's ears—it had always been so.

Suddenly in the midst of the snarling and scratching place.

The he heard another like it, and another. Who could be sho

the water and run the machine and turn the wringer, without any help."

"But you aren't going to wash to-day, mother?"

"Yes, I am going to wash to-day! I tell you that washing's got to be done just the same. All the men-folks in the country can the words and looking for tracks. There is up, and the men were shooting at the words and looking for tracks. There is up, and the men were shooting at the words and looking for tracks. There is up, and the men were shooting at the wolf, and the men were shooting at the wolf, and the men were shooting at the wolf, and there were heard outside, and there were more spattering thumps against the tree. Joe understood it he could they 'ave gone past already? Had he come too late? His heart sank again at the thought.

He could settle the question by going into the words and looking for tracks. There is up, and the men were shooting at the wolf, and there were heard outside, and there were more spattering thumps against the tree. Joe understood it he come too late? His heart sank again at the traveller right here that for cleanliness, good fare and kind attention these are the words and looking for tracks. There is up, and the men were shooting at the wolf, and there were heard outside, and there were more spattering thumps against the tree. Joe understood it he come too late? His heart sank again at the traveller right here that for cleanliness, good fare and kind attention these areas and kind attention these areas and kind attention the words and looking for tracks. There is outside, and there were more spattering thumps against the tree. Joe understood it he come too late? Had he come too late? His heart sank again at the traveller where heard outside, and there were more spattering thumps against the tree. Joe understood it he come too late? Had he com

thus. The west wind was blowing now, and the hunt was coming from that direction.
Underneath the trees the green carpet of mandrake leaves was everywhere undisturbed. There were no tracks—no sign that anyone had been here for many days.
Joe went a little farther into the woods to make sure. He stood for a moment on an old, fallen log, and then walked some eight or ten rods farther to a big old bass-wood tree, which had a rift on the easterly side of it opening into a hollow and dark interior.
The tree was a spared relic of the old forest, standing amidst the second-growth.
He leaned against the sound side of the trees facing toward the direction from which he knew the hunt would come. He in them he had a thump, and a brushing, though he knew well that the hunt was to be conducted stealthily.
But what was that: He certainly heard a thump, and a brushing, rustling sound not far away, as if somebody or something had jumped over a log into the bed of mandrakes.
He peered past the sapings toward another of larght what was that: the certainly heard a thump, and a brushing, rustling sound not far away, as if somebody or something had jumped over a log into the bed of mandrakes.
He peered past the sapings toward another of log farther into the woods, and there evold of garther into the woods, and there of log farther into the woods, an

that it has ever been my good fortune to visthat it has ever been my good fortune to visit. It commands a perfect view of the harbor and bay; while down at the entrance
we see the grim outlines of Cape Forchu, on
which stands Yarmouth light. The grounds
are very tastefully laid out and the air is like
a taste of paradise to the inhabitant of one
of our hot dusty cities. The park is owned
by Hon. L. E. Baker, and judging from the
appearance of things we should say he does
nothing by halves. We had some clam
chowder over there, and straightway connothing by haives. We had some claim chowder over there, and straightway concluded that it beat anything that we had yet tasted. But I must reserve the rest of our visit along the shore and to the beautiful city of Halifax for another time, as this may be wearisome, except to those who are as enthusiastic as ourselves over "beautiful Nova Scotia".

A Million Dollars

Would not bring happiness to the person suffering with dyspepsis, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many thousands of cases of this disease. It tones the stomach, regulates the bowels and puts all the machinery of the system in good working order. It creates a good appetite and gives health, strength and happiness.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

slave of the Confederate general, Robert E. Lee. At the outbreak of the Civil War he struggle he was the body-servant of " Mara

Afterward he was a sort of attendan Thousands of Southern men who were stu thirty years were impressed by the dignified bearing and Chesterfieldian manners of Uncle

representatives of some of the most honore families of the South, and the funeral addres

-Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Where will I get my Spring Suit and Spring Overcoat? Get them where you can get the Best Value for your Money. BEFORE PURCHASING CALL AT A. J. MORRISON'S.

from. Anything you want to wear at the lowest price.

P. S.-The Latest Style Hats and Furnishings.