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DR. V. D. SCHAFFNER, Graduate of University Maryland, Will be in his office at Lawrencetown, the third and fourth weeks of each month, beginning February 1st, 1900. CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK A SPECIALTY

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5,000 Hides, 15,000 Pelts, for which the highest prices will be paid, spot Cash. Those having hides to sell will please bring them to the tannery.

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BRIDGETOWN, N. S. VOL. 28.

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# There'll be Thousands Awheel

in Nova Scotia in a few days. The Bicycle has become an indispensable agent in the pursuit of Health, Business and Recreation.

## Let us Sell you a Wheel!

In our warerooms next door to Medical Hall we are showing such good wheels as the

"CLEVELAND."

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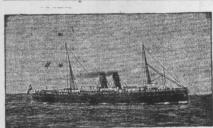
"STEARNS," and "HARTFORD." There can be no better show.

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BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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Bridgetown to Boston \$6.50.

Bridgetown to Boston \$11.50.

Yarmouth S.S. Co'y, Limited THE SHORTEST AND BEST ROUTE BETWEEN NOVA SCOTIA and the UNITED STATES.

2 - Trips a Week - 2 The fast and popular Steel Steamer "BOSTON" leaves Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNSDAY and SATURDAY EVENING after arrival of the Express trains from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis Wharf, Boston, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 2 p.m., resking close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic and Coast Railways for all

outh.
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15 yagents, or to
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### NEW FIRM! **NEW GOODS!**

To the People of Bridgetown and Vicinity: Having purchased the Tailoring business formerly conducted by C. McLellan, we intend to conduct an

Up-to-date Tailoring Establishment. All our work will be guaranteed as to fit and work-

manship. Call and inspect our new stock. Tyke and Blenheim Serges always on hand.

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CHEAP AND GOOD

Shredded Wheat, Quaker Oats, Grits, Rolled Wheat,

Graham Flour, Ralston Breakfast Food, Hygenic Whole Wheat Flour, Arlington Wheat. Celebrated Swiss Food.

Rolled Oats, GOOD VALUES IN TEAS.

BREAD, CAKES and BISCUIT fresh from diret-class bakery always on hand.

T. J. EAGLESON,
Sett Queen St., Bridgerown

Granville Sts.

A heavy stock of Flour, Feed and Meal in Popular Brands.

Corner Queen and Granville Sts.

Over the Green Hills over the green hills that climb to the blue nis message to you; Life, dear, is mingled with daisies and dust Bitter its burdens, though bear them we eet is its love, dear, and tender its

Poetry.

Over the pathways of rose and of hue This message to you : Life, dear, is shadow, though silvered by sun;
Sweet is the joy, dear, of duty well done;
What of the strife, if the victory's won?
Over the green hills this message to you!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Do you ever think, when the skies are blue, And the clouds in the west are an amber

And a shaded red, and a shimmering white, That the great All Father takes delight In seeing his children rest awhile? Has the day been weary, the task been long? Lay care aside, and let a song Rise to your lips as you gaze at the sky, For the glories of heaven seem floating by, And the great All-Father shifts the scenes.

For some life seems but idle play,
While others are burdened with care alway.
But idle seeming oft hides a pain,
As the sun oft shines in summer rain;
Yet the great All-Father sees it all.

And the beauty of sun and cloud and sky,
That gilds the west as night draws nigh,
But shows the love that will safely hold
Each trusting heart, of this carthly fold
Till the great All-Father leads us hone.

-Antha Myra Munsell, in the Club Woman The Dear Little Faces.

[From the Christian Endeavor World.] I wonder, O I wonder, where the little faces go, That come and smile and stay awhile, and never known, nothers hide, so tender eyed, deep in their heart alone.

hend-I mean to say hasten the end." try we call heaven, The land most fair of anywhere will unto them be given,
A land of little faces—very little, very fair—
And every one shall know her own and

Oh grant it, loving Father, to the broken On grant it, loving Father, to the broken hearts that plead!
Thy way is best—yet O, to rest in perfect faith indeed!
To know that we shall find them, ever them, the wee, white dead,
At Thy right hand, in Thy bright land, by living waters led!

From Lucile.

What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its

And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
The army of just men made perfect on high,
The spirits of martyrs who stand by the
Throne
And gaze into the face that makes glorious honest sorrow, Honest work for the day, honest hope for

Select Literature.

Maybury's Repentance.

"I don't pay much attention to what

get on in life by sitting down. My motto is signs of satisfaction. "Most of us have to pull up now and had made one or two friends." again. The human frame"——
"Look here," remarked the City man Toning and Develop-

truculently, "you're not going to frighten me. Although I've had little to do with of you are too sanguine, and others are not sanguine enough, but none of you tell the "A medical man," said the doctor, trying

to preserve his temper, "has to use discre-. A medical man who blurted out the actual truth might well be doing his patient y dear sir, to know our own business best." "That's just what I shall do !" cried Maybury with vehemence. "There's more of humbug among you doctors than"—

"Than on the Stock Exchange?" "Than in any other profession. Those of you who are not sheer quacks"-"Really, Mr. Maybury," said the doctor, offended, "you must allow me to say"-"Are you a specialist in this trifling complaint that I am suffering from ?" "No," replied the doctor, shortly, "I'm

"Then give me," said Maybury, "a note to

"Two, five, two Harley-st !" he shouted. "Right you are, sir," said the cabman. 'Winder up or down ?"

R. ALLEN CROWE. N. B. CHUTE, **Licensed Auctioneer** BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

PLATES,

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ing Solutions.

Customers allowed free use

S. N. WEARE, Proprietor.

GRANITE

IRON

Having bought a large assort-

ment of Granite Iron for cash

before the rise, I am prepared

CREAMERY WORK

attention.

PLUMBING

to give extra bargains.

"My name is Maybury,', he said, deliver

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1900.

ing the note. "Here's my card. A mee ing of directors is waiting for me at Canno Street Hotel; I can only spare five minute Now, just run over me, Dr. Jeyeson, sharp as ever you can and give me a pr

"First give me your symptoms." Mr. Maybury described them. A feeling of depression in the evenings; slight insomthe green hills this message to you ! nia; absence of appetite. The florid man eyed him seriously and held his wrist for s "I may as well tell you." went on May

> bury, with a burst of frankness. "that I am to be married in a few months to a very charming girl; dare say you have seen the announcement in the papers. Miss Tearle, daughter of that Irishman who lost all his money in the"-"Mr. Maybury!" The stout, florid ma

> ment to make to you. Your engageme "Oh, no," said Maybury, with a gesture of protest. "That be hanged for a tale. She'd go and marry some one else, and they wouldn't have a sixpence between them. I

"I have nothing to do with the lady," he said with gravity. "I am only concerned complaint, known to us medical men as"-Maybury did not catch the phrase. "It is

few days to live." nearest chair. His face went very white; his lips moved, but no sound came.

"Serious news to cell a man, I know, but it's best that you should know the truth. something in a whisper. "Ah, it's of no use damning the Riviera. That won't help you. pass like flakes of snow-The dear, wee baby faces that the world has never known,

Accord deap in your life as quietly and as calmly as you can. Be sure not to talk of it; that will only increase the excitement and 'asten the

There was a pause. Maybury looked stupidly at a portrait of Sir James Paget on the walls without seeing it; his adviser drummed at the mantlepiece impatiently. "What-what is your fee, Dr. Jeyeson Shall I give your man a check ?"

With trembling hand Mr. Maybury counted out the amount. "Twenty one sovereigns," he said thickly.

"I'll see you to the door myself, Mr. Maya soul. Make it, I beg, your own secret." Harley st. is really a very straight thorunsteadily toward Cavendish Square, it seemed full of odd convolutions. More than would give pain. He substituted a friendly "that was clever." the Spirit

Echo: He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit.

would give pain. He substituted a friendly order to recover his self-possession; passers by stared at him curiously, and a servant girl said something so years. servant next door nearly slipped down the area steps. In Cavendish Square he be-

his manner to a servant next door that the servant next door nearly slipped down the

The elder servant, answering the ring, apmanaged to do to my practice. Drive back came himself. He was a man used to obatacles; his practice in overcoming them came to his aid now. First he must go somewhere and think. His club? No; there he would "Didn't know you were in, sir. Letters stories of an incident at Bart's. His guest and think. His club? No; there he would find men whom he knew. His flat in Ashley gardens? Yes. He would be alone there.

said, wearily. "And Martha!" "Wish now," he said desolately, "that I A familiar tap on the shoulder walking stick made him start.

"Me dear boy," said Miss Tearle's father, what on earth d'you mean by loafing about medical men, I know there are two sets of Bond st. at this hour of the day? I thought you; the optimists and the pessimists. Some you were always up to your eyes in business. You're taking a day off, maybe?"
"Yes," he said shortly. 'I'm right, then !" exclaimed Miss Tearle's father with surprise. It was, in fact, not

often that he was correct. "What wonder ful perception on my part! I was telling all me powers of insight. But tell me, now is there anything going that you can reccommend to me for an investment ?" "My dear Tearle," said Maybury with im-

adores you, me dear Maybury !" "Are you sure that that is so?"
"Well," said the other, hedging, "she the man at the top of the tree, and I'll go on there in my cab like a shot." The doctor was sorry to lose sight so quick- Maybury. She's never quite forgotten her ly of an important client, but Mr. May. young cousin who died out in West Africa,

of us live forever, unfortunately. And that "Mas reminds me. Have you such a thing as a hope?" five-pound note, me boy, about you that you "Never mind the window. Put your horse | could conveniently spare for twenty-fours? I'm infinitely obliged to you."

"Sir ?" said the grateful old gentleman. young women across the pavement from a brougham to a shop separated them for a

cream of tartar. Safeguards the food

"I want an answer to my question. "Maybury," said Mr. Tearle, placing the note carefully in his pocket-book as though night's mail. "MAYBURY." o hint that it would be disbursed with great "Please send that, Martha," he said. caution, "I'll tell you the truth. Time was "Goodby." when she became engaged to you at my particular request, and there was no great man. "And I do 'ope you'll be back soon." affection on her side. But I'm speaking the nonest truth when I tell you that she is now He repeated these two word

positively fond of you." gentleman, 'let me tell you that you have into the hotel. Something to his surprise some good qualities below the surface, but he found himself able to eat with admirable

"I hate the word goodby," said the six days to live in this world; to tell them effusive old Irishman. "Let us borrow the that he was facing the certain thing with phrase of our lively neighbors and say au self-possession. One of the party commenced

to brag solemnly about an attack of tooth-"Goodby," repeated the other steadily. It was a great relief to him when the lift prop had taken him up to his floor in Ashley He had taken his ticket, and was at the Gardens and he was able to lock the dining- wooden barriers leading to the Continental room door upon himself. The two matronly platform when he saw a clean shaven, anxious servants did not hear him arrive, and they old gentleman scanning the faces of the went on in high pitched tones with a quarrel which was not really a quarrel, but a kind who was going through in front of of sham debate probably started to chase monotony. The elder of the two had been a "Excusservant with his parents; her voice made him think of his mother. One of Maybury's "Comme best traits, and one that he never revealed dites ?" to the world, was his affection for the mem-"My name is Maybury." ory of his mother; for the first time since

Was it too late to make reparation for his acts of the last few years? The clock are certainly not he." and reminded him that there were no mo- "do you think I don't know who I am?" ments to waste. He went to the desk in the corner—there was a writing desk in every "I beg your pardon," he said apologetic room in the flat-and unlocked the station ally, "I had forgotten. Very natural conery stand. He opened his checkbook and quence of a very annoying ci laid it on the ledge, and for half an hour he Tell me! You called at Harley st. about 4 wrote swiftly several letters. It was not o'clock. I found your card there. You had whom he had acted unfairly, but there were did you pay? Maybury with some interest some who, by reason of their association gave the information. "He's a scoundrel f with him, were now in distressed circumdeclared the old man.

stances. To these he wrote letters which "Who?"

affectionate letter, the composition of which perplexed, "that I had but aix days to live, cost him some trouble; when he had finished and that I had better get away from London it he thought for a moment and then tore it at once."

peared in the dining room. Her master with me in my brougham."

was reading over the sheet of paper which

Later the two sat in the doctor's private

lift boy at once. Would you like dinner a be thinking of other matters. "Pack my bag, Martha, please. I'm doctor?" he asked for the fourth time. going away to the South of France." "Be away long, sir ?" inquired the middle aged servant. "'Scuse my asking."

"Oblige me by witnessing my signature here, and call the other maid in to do the sure it has done me good !" same. I have just been making my will." Testament of Arthur Maybury," and placed

editing to begin with the Public Baptism of Infants, and to place the service for Burial funds and continue the work of investig

latter softly to himself, and tears came very near to his eyes now and again, for the words gave him memories. He had heard them read several times; it seemed queer that he had never till now thought of the occasion when they would be read over him.

"Your bag, sir" said Martha, bringing in the portmanteau, "and I don't think I've forgotten anything."

"Martha," he said.

"Yes, sir."

The middle aged woman helped him with his coat.

"I am not very well, and I'm going away to—going away for the benefit of my health."

"Master Arthur! It's nothing serious, I hope?"

New York Liquor Licenses.

New York Liquor Licenses.

New York Liquor Licenses.

For the privilege of selling liquor in this city for the year beginning May I, the tidy sum of \$5,895,815 has been paid to George Hilliard. Deputy Excise Commissioner. This is \$6,000 more than was paid last year, and includes the fees for license from salous.

The receipts on Monday amounted to \$592,000 which was the largest amount taken in on any one day since the present law went into effect.

The excise year ended at midnight last night, and any saloon, hotel, restaurant, ciub, or drugstore not provided with a license for 1900 may be closed by the police to-day.—

Duly Feed Man and Steed.

Feed your nerves, also, if you would have latter softly to himself, and tears came very

BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.

O. T. DANIELS,

(RANDOLPH'S BLOCK.)

Money to Loan on First-Class Real Estate.

zone and said farewell to the room. Opening ter paper and envelopes; there would be time, he hoped, out in the South of France to take further steps to right the wrongs that he had committed. For the first time Harley-st. man's announcement had made in him; the quiet, thoughtful man, with a great affection in his heart for the world, seemed to have no relationship with the assertive, buoyant man who left for the City that

"Cab's waiting, sir," said Martha. "And here's a telegram."
"I won't trouble to open it," he remark-

ed. "It's from my partner, I expect. can't bother about business any more." "It might be private, sir." Only the thought that it might be from Margaret Tearle induced him, as he stood in the passage waiting for the lift, to open the envelope. It was not from her.

"Can I see you at your rooms now ? He scribbled hurriedly a reply on the back.

"Goodby." as the cab took him past the Abbey and up Parliament st. At Charing Cross there was "To be brutally frank," laughed the old time to spare, and feeling hungry he went that it takes time to find them. For my appetite; a small bottle of white wine added part, I feel myself deeply indebted to you." to his content. He felt half inclined to "I suppose you are," said Maybury. next table, and to tell them that he had but

"Comment?" asked the man.

"Glad to have found you," declared the seven hours in which to make your arrange- her death he thought of the possibility of anxious old man. "My name is Jeyeson, of Harley-st." "But she was a good woman," he said. "I think not," said Maybury. "I saw

> "Apparently you do not." possible to make amends to all the people to an interview and you paid a fee. How much

"My new man. I was out when you "There seems," he said thoughtfully, called; if you had gone into the waiting after the half hour's work, "a good deal to room the page-boy would have told you so. To Margaret Tearle he wrote a long, "He only told me," stammered Maybury,

"Wrong!" cried the concerned old man. had always seemed an absurdly premature "Of course he was wrong-all wrong. It thing to do. Now he took a sheet of paper has taken me ever since 5 o'clock to try to

to post, sir? I'll send them down by the was courteously amused, but he seemed to

'you're as sound as a bell. Go slow; marry this charming young woman; settle down. will accept my apology for the shock you've had. I hope it hasn't done you any harm." "Indeed," said Arthur Maybury, "I'm

He endorsed the document. "Will and Testament of Arthur Maybury," and placed it in a corner of the desk. He went again to look at himself in the mirror, and felt gratified to find himself looking sane and normal; a tinge of color had returned to his face. He took the photograph of Margaret Tearle from an expensive frame and placed it carefully in his pocket. Then he looked through the equare revolving bookcase for a volume which it seemed was not there, for he had to ring and thus disturb Martha in her work of packing his portmanteau.

"A common prayer book!" echoed that astonished woman. "Certainly, sir, I can lend you one."

He found the service that he desired to read at the end of the collection. It occurred to him that it was a piece of careful editing to begin with the Public Baptism of Infants, and to place the service for Burial

I'm afraid I've been rather—rather a selfish master during the last few years. If at any time I have been harsh in speaking to you, if I have seemed to forget that you were an old servant of my dear mother's I want to ask your pardon."

"No, no, Master Arthur," said the wo-ause the nerves are properly fed. Hood's Sarsaparilla never disappoints.

**Baking Powder** Made from pure against alum.

came round and stood with his back to the fireplace. "I have an important announ

with you. You are suffering from a rare my duty to tell you, sir, "you have but a Arthur Maybury half fell, half sat on the

What I recommend is that you should go to the Riviera at once." Maybury ejaculated

"Are you -are you sure of this, Dr. Jeye-"I am not in the habit of making mis-"What is the time now?" "The hour now is 2 o'clock. You have

meeting her again, "And can't you give me a presciption or "My dear sir, pray be reasonable ! Yours

"Twenty guineas, if you please. Perhaps you will leave it there on the table. Either

"Rather a lot of money to pay for being told that one's not going to live a week, isn't Know this, surely, at last. Honest love, bury. And above all, don't speak of this to

the morrow,
And these worth knowing more than the oughfare, but to Maybury, walking down hand they make weary,
The heart they have sadden'd the life they
leave dreary?
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of

doctors say," he remarked in his important. Much to think about and much to do before ly jovial way. He was a tall, dogmatic, well- he left Charing Cross that evening. He dressed man of thirty something. "Point would, as the Harley st. man had advised of fact, I've never had occasion to see one before, but"—— would, as the talk of the was no one in the world with whom he would care "You are fortunate, Mr. Maybury. Won't to share the secret. He feared that if he were to tell some men of his acquaintance "No," he replied, "I won't. One doesn,t they would have difficulty in repressing

patience "don't bother me. Besides, you know very well that you have no money to "I am free to confess," acknowledged Miss Tearle's father, "that for the moment I had overlooked that fact. Is there any message for me dear Margaret? How that girl

nim, and even doctors, careful as they are to cloak the fact, have their sensitive moments. He scribbled a note. Mr. Maybury laid on the table an admirable fee, and taking the letter ran out to his cab.

at one of the large houses in Harley st., which bore, like all its neighbors, a square brougham to a shop separated them for a few moments. "I want to ask you somethrough the hall, and without going into the waiting room, opened a side door. A stout, florid man was seated at the table reading the advertisements in 'British Medi
"Me boy! You're not the kind of a man was eased at the table reading the advertisements in 'British Medi
"Me boy! You're not the kind of a man was eased at the table reading the advertisements in 'British Medi
"Me boy! You're not the kind of a man was eased at the table reading the advertisements in 'British Medi
"Me boy! You're not the kind of a man was eased at the table reading the advertisements in 'British Medi
"I can tell, sir," said Martha quaintly, not the way pardon."

"I should like you to think of me," he said, "as I was when I was a boy, and"—the stopped for there was choking in his throat. Ring for a hansom," he said.

"I can tell, sir," said Martha quaintly, not the said, "as I was when I was a boy, and"—the said, "as I was when I was a the watting room, opened a side door. A sorry il—ii anything serious were to nappen stout, florid man was seated at the table reading the advertisements in 'British Medical Journal.' Mr. Maybury banged his silk hat down on the table and shook hands.

The watting room, opened a side door. A sorry il—ii anything serious were to nappen to there was choking in his stuffered much from those who do. sun is not obscured by the other stars, but is obscured by the fog it raises itself.

"I can tell, sir," said Martha quaintly, it so becured by the fog it raises itself.

"He stopped for there was choking in his suffered much from those who do. sun is not obscured by the other stars, but is obscured by the fog it raises itself.

"He looked around when the servant had keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

"Tearle !" "seems to be in a bit of a hurry."

Indeed, this was the usual manner of
Arthur Maybury. When the cab stopped hesitated for a moment. The march of four