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Come and have a look at
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Always Remember the Full Name
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We have received our Spring shipments of
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prepared to offer exceptional values on these lines

We import these goods direct from the factory
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Features: - Roll top high closet, Extra
large reservoir, oven 20x20x14, fitted for
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Nickled price \$43.00. worth \$55.00

Cast, Cooks and Ranges at Bottom
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Hewson - Costume - Cloth
Suitable For All Seasons
HEWSON TWEEDS for Ladies' Suits have more
than beauty of style and coloring to commend them.
They are PURE wool—wear as only wool can—and
may be washed without injury.
Woven in a great variety of beautiful
patterns. Not expensive. Ask your dealer
to show you his newest styles in
HEWSON TWEEDS.

The Making Over of Johnnie.

Johnnie, aged two and a half years,
had given his mother considerable
trouble by pulling the blooms from
her house plants. As soon as a new
blossom appeared it was quickly
plucked by the little hands. Mrs. Ir-
ving threatened and scolded, but with
no lasting results.

Like most children Johnnie was
fond of stories, so one day when he
pleaded "Mover, tell me a story,"
his mother conceived the idea of
originating a story that might
serve as a corrective to her boy's
fault. The story she told was in cut-
line something as follows:

"There was once a poor little boy.
His mother had plants in the window
of her sitting room, but no nice flow-
ers ever came to them, so they did
not look very pretty. There was an-
other little boy lived not far away.
His mother, too, had plants. This lit-
tle boy helped his mother put water
on her plants, he kept the kitten from
jumping over them, and was always
careful to see that the window blind
was up so that the sun would make
the plants grow. At last nice flowers
came that looked very pretty amongst
the green leaves. The flowers stayed
on the plants for so long. The
people passing by on the street used
to look at the window and say: 'Oh,
see all those beautiful flowers in that
window.' That made the little boy
glad, so he watered the plants every
day with a tiny cupful of water that
was just enough. He wanted to keep
the flowers staying on the plants as
long as he could, for they looked so
pretty and made all the people glad."

When Johnnie's mother had finished
telling the story, she put her own
plants all in the window with the
flowers turned towards the glass, and
said: "Now Johnnie, let's play this
house is the little story-boy's house,
and we'll be the people passing by on
the street and looking in at the pret-
ty flowers."

Of course, Johnnie was delighted
with the proposition, so they went
outside and continued the play for
some time, walking up and down in
front of the house and making such
remarks as: "See all those lovely
flowers in that window!" "I wonder
how the people who live there man-
age to get such beautiful flowers on
their plants." "Perhaps there's a little
boy in there who helps look after
them!"

Johnnie took great pleasure in
the play, and often afterwards would con-
vince his mother to "play about the flowers
in the window mother."

The story was a complete success,
for never once after the first telling of
it had the mother to upbraid her
boy for pulling the flowers from her
plants. She had succeeded by her
story in making the opposite line of
conduct so attractive, that it over-
came an ideal to the child.

Johnnie, like many another small
boy, had, when about four years old,
in some inconceivable way, and much
to his mother's horror, acquired the
habit of doing what his brother pleas-
ed to call "snagging things." When
this propensity was first manifested in
her child, Mrs. Irving tearfully talked
it over with her husband in the si-
lence of their own room, exclaiming
in the bitterness of her anguish, "It
isn't us though, he inherited it from
either of us, the dear knows! What
has seen fit to afflict us with a child
of such sinful habits?"

Edward was more matter of fact,
and cheerfully assured his wife: "Now's
the time to break him of it, and we
must do it some way before he is
many months older."

That night, after Mrs. Irving went
to bed, she thought it all over and,
remembering how she had easily won
her boy was younger, broken him of
another bad habit, she determined to
follow the same plan again.

This time her story took something
of the following form. (We give it
only in outline.)

"Pierre went fishing. He sat on a
big stone by the edge of the pond
and near the roadside. When he was
fishing, three tramps came along and
warned him to crawl through a hole
in the high board fence, and get some
apples for them. Pierre said he could
not get the apples for them as they
were not his. Then the tramps said
they would 'duck' him in the pond if
he did not get them. But Pierre would
not go. They told him again, but he
would not go. He said his mother

had told him that it was wrong to
take things that were not his own.
Then the tramps 'ducked' him. When
he got home he was all wet, but his
mother was proud of him, and was
glad he was brave enough to do
right."

While his mother was telling the
story, Johnnie sat perfectly still with
his eyes as wide open as possible,
and at the close at once said: "Tell
it again, mother."

Mrs. Irving was wise enough to
make no practical application to
Johnnie's own case, but at the close
discussed the story a little with him,
for she was somewhat doubtful about
how parts of it might affect him.

She passed very lightly over the de-
scription of the tramps, for she did
not want to instill any needless fears
into her small boy's mind, and did
succeed in avoiding this. She noticed
that after the story was told, the lit-
tle fellow looked very thoughtful, as
though working out something in his
own mind.

No "snagging" was done for several
days after this, and when next John-
nie was found guilty his mother took
occasion to repeat the story, still
making no personal application but
only finishing with such remarks as,
"I guess Pierre was far happier than
if he had taken the apples. People
are always happier when they do
right." How proud Pierre's mother
must have been to have a little boy
that was not mean enough to take
anything that was not his own! Bit
by bit, the story often retold, helped
to accomplish the desired result, and
Pierre became a hero in Johnnie's
eyes and therefore an ideal, which the
little fellow was evidently striving to
copy.

Johnny had another undesirable
propensity which is common to many
small boys: he was very fond of can-
dy. In vain Mrs. Irving limited him
to a certain amount for each day; all
the cents that came into Johnnie's
possession found their way to the
"corner store." When he was old
enough to attend kindergarten, he al-
ways visited grandma on the way,
and on these visits was almost sure
to be treated to chocolate or some
other kinds of sweets. "Got any cents
grandma?" was always his plea. The
consequence was that the confection-
ery shop had to be visited again on
the way home. At last the kinder-
gartner called on Mrs. Irving and, as
delicately as she could, tried to show
her that Johnnie's health was begin-
ning to be affected by his over indul-
gence in sweets.

So Mrs. Irving once more had to
ask herself: "How shall I cure my
boy of this?" Again she determined
to try the story cure. For this story
she took her cue from the fact that
there was nothing in life that John-
nie so much admired as soldiers. The
family lived in a military town, so
Johnnie had frequently an opportuni-
ty of watching the soldiers' drilling
and marching. Over and over again
he declared to his mother: "When I'm
big I'll be a soldier."

Mrs. Irving got her "bite together,"
as she expressed it, and originated
and told her boy this story, which
again we give in outline:

"Two boys, Harry and Dick, were
great friends. They both wanted,
when they grew big, to be soldiers.
Dick bought candy with his cents,
while Harry with his bought fruit or
something that would help him to
grow big and strong. The boys be-
came older and older and bigger and
bigger, but Harry's cheeks grew red
and Dick's pale; Harry grew tall and
strong, like his papa, while Dick did
not grow nearly so tall and could
not lift anything that was heavy. At
last the day came for the boys to go
to the captain to see if they would do
for soldiers. The captain measured
Harry and he was tall enough. He
measured his chest and it was tall
enough, his shoulders and they were
broad enough, etc. Then it was Dick's
turn. The captain measured him, but,
alas, he was not tall enough, his mus-
cles were not strong enough, and he
was not straight enough. So poor
Dick could not be a soldier, after all,
and just because he ate so much can-
dy when a boy."

From the day the story was first
told there was a marked change in
the quantity and frequency of John-
nie's use of candy, and several times
he was actually heard to remark: "I
cannot take any, for I want to grow
strong and tall, so that I can be a
soldier." And, as the mother herself
remarked, "That story had certainly
a stronger and more lasting effect on
the boy than hours of reasoning,
scolding or teaching would have had."

So into Johnnie's world entered
these imaginary people, people who
were just little boys like himself, but
much more attractive than the real
boys and girls of his acquaintance
because were they not "in a story?"
Thus, these "white believe" children
became his heroes and heroines, and
bit by bit, he began to "make him-
self over" after the story patterns
given him.

Spring 1907

Seed Oats and Corn
Seed Barley, Buckwheat
Seed Timothy and Clover
Seed Brown Top, Alsike
Seed Vetches and Rape
Seed Peas and Beans
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Also Flower and Garden Seeds of usual
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Spring and Fall Overcoats
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See our

Blenheim Serges.

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Prices, \$21.50 and 22.00 a Suit.
Satisfaction guaranteed on all goods made up

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We are Head-quarters for garden seeds. Buy
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Bridgetown Boot and Shoe Store

Our Spring Stock Includes the Following Lines:-

For Men	
PATENT COLT OXFORDS BOX CALF BALS.	PATENT COLT BALS. DONG. VICI KID BALS.
For Women	
PATENT COLT OXFORDS DONGOLA OXFORDS.	VICI KID OXFORDS TAN OXFORDS.

Misss'e and Children's Boots and Shoes in all grades, and slipper
in Black and Tan.

E. A. Cochran Murdock Bloc
Granville Stree

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Never before have the ladies of this town had the opportunity
of seeing such a grand display of Millinery as we are showing
this Spring. So great is the variety shown here that becoming-
ness is assured. There are hats both large and small, hats
practical and picturesque, with every possibility in conception.
There are bonnets and toques for the elderly folks. There is
rich and elegant mourning millinery. There are charming hats
for misses and big and little girls.

MISS CHUTE Bridgetown and
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I have a large stock of Canadian and American Wa-
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Butter and Eggs taken.

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