### Little Willie's Lesson.

(From the Chicago Times-Herald.)

Last summer Tommie Jones and me
Were climbin' all around,
And found a bird's nest in a tree
Away above the ground.
We took the little thing away
With all the eggs inside,
And oh the words ma had to say!—
I just sat down and cried.

"You wicked, naughty boy,' she said,
"To pain the birdie so!
Oh, He that watches overhead
Will punish you, I know!
It was a sin to take the nest
And rob the bird of joy!
Now promise God you'll do your best
To be a better boy!"

And when I said my prayers that night,
I promised God I'd do
The best I could to make it right,
As ma had told me to;
I carried crumbs out every day
And left them at the tree,
And tried to get the bird to stay
And make it up with me.

She flew away last fall, and that
Was all I seen or heard
About her till they brought ma's hat
Home yesterday! That bird
Was there as fine as life, stuck through
With wires you couldn't see
To make her look as though she'd flew
Down from the nearest tree!

If God hates Tommie Jones and me,
As ma let on that day,
I'd kind of like to know what He
Above us has to say,
About the one that went and shot
The little bird like that,
And also of the one that's got
It fastened on her hat.

## Sudden Conversion of Dea. Jones.

Deacon Jones and Uncle Amos have been life-long neighbors. Both are of the Mayflower breed, but in Uncle Amos there is a streak of barbarian blood. Deacon Jones is 20 years younger, but he looks older than Uncle Amos. Deacon Jones has seen the pine bushes in his pasture grow to good timber sticks, but 40 years of rugged toil on a Down East farm have wrinkled his brow and whitened his locks.

It takes a good deal of hard work to keep up the fertility of an old farm and keep the bushes down. As soon as cultivation stops the bushes take root in old fields. As the deacon grew older he worked harder, because he saw more work that ought to be done. He was old-fashioned in his farm methods and did not take to labor-saving farm machinery, like some of his neighbors. He used a mowing machine, but to cut along the fences, where the horses can't mow he used a scythe snath that was almost as straight as a hoe handle, because his father had used it before him, and he did not want to spare the money to buy a new one, unmindful that he could do twice as much with a scythe stick of the right curve.

It requires economy and good caculation to keep the buildings up and the bushes down on an old New England farm, and many of these old farms are left to grow up to woods, but Dea. Jones stuck to the old farm, kept the bushes down, in a measure, and the buildings in decent shape. His only son went to the war, and when the war was over married and settled in the South.

It is said the outdoor air and sunshine are good for health and strength. Those who have leisure to ride around in haying time may receive benefit from outdoor life in the sunshine, but those who sweat in the meadow from daylight until dark and milk the cows after dark don't always see it in that light.

The odor of new mown hay, the blooming flowers, the growing corn and the waving wheat had no charms for Dea. Jones. He did not hear the wild birds sing, but he loved money. It was not the desire for the things that money would bring, but it was the desire for the thing—money. For 40 years he was a slave—his master the ever increasing desire to get money—and at 60 he had aged much beyond his years. His form was bent his brow was wrinkled and his step was unsteady, but the desire to save every cent he could honestly, increased with his bodily infirmities.

Dea. Jones had always been an honest man. He was willing to go without the comforts of life to save a dollar, but never received a dollar he did not honestly earn. He was born in the church and said there but he wanted to get into Heaven cheap, and was willing to pay out money for preaching the gospel, but he wanted a cheap minister and long sermons, and did'nt want Uncle Amos' Sunday school to break up the afternoon service. He wanted two long sermons on the Sabbath so as to get his money's worth. Sunday was the only day in which he found rest and repose. Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, took possession of him during the church service, and he did not like to have Uncle Amos' Sunday school cut off his Sunday afternoon nap. Sunday was the only day in which he did not work from early morning until after dark, and if he could sleep through two long sermons Sunday he was refreshed.

Dea. Jones lived up to the precept: "On six days thou shalt labor and do all thou art able, and on the seventh holystone the decks and scrape the cable" that is made fast to anchor in the snug harbor of eternal bliss.

They tried preaching on Sunday afternoons when Uncle Amos' Sunday school was running, but nobody attended the church service except Dea. Jones and his wife. During the first prayer the deacon dropped into a refreshing slumber, and the preacher thought as he was there to put the deacon to sleep he would not continue the service while he was sleeping, but the deacon needed the noise of the sermon to keep from waking up, so the minister continued the service by reading the Bible aloud for two hours, when the noise of the sermon stopped the deacon woke up refreshed, eager for a week's chase after the almighty dollar. He worked so hard week days that he did not sleep well nights, and after the sweet, balmy sleep that he got during two long sermons, he felt refreshed on Monday morning for the labors of the week. The almighty dollar that Dea. Jones had been chasing all his life came hard, and the harder it came the tighter he cluched it. In his younger days the income of his farm was satisfactory, but as he grew older his land grew poorer, and he had hard work to bring out the balance on the right side, but he never failed in 40 years to put by something each year. As his income grew smaller in his declining years he practised more economy. When he had to hire a Frenchman to do part of the hard work on the farm it was close "figgering" to come out on the right side, but he always did by cutting down expenses and saving all the cents.

If the deacon was close with himself he was honest and square in his dealings with others.

One year at hog-killing time he found that he had lost $10 on his hog crop—that his hogs were worth in the market $10 less than they cost. When he came about to see what expense he could cut off to make up the loss on his hogs he decided to cut off his $10 subscription for the support of preaching. Other members of the church followed in the wake of Dea. Jones, and the snow remained untrodd around the portals of the sanctuary all winter long, and the preacher hired out in the logging swamp. Uncle Amos' Sunday school in the vestry, however, moved along in the even tenor of its way. After the preacher went into the woods and the church had been closed two or three weeks Dea. Jones felt the qualms of conscience. The leaven of righteousness that is in every human heart began to work, and he saw himself as he never had before. He looked back 40 years and felt ashamed of himself. The truth slowly dawned on him that his chase after the almighty dollar for 40 years had been a consuming fire, until his soul was burned out so that what there was left of it was no bigger than the "pint" of a cambric needle. As he looked into his own heart he saw there was a big devil there, and when he made up his mind to cast out that devil he felt a joy he had never known before. He was born into the church but he was 60 years old before he was converted. He saw that he had never used himself or his wife half decent. He replenished his own and his wife's wardrobe, and the world looked better to him. All could see that the deacon had met with a change of heart. The house cat, that had always given the deacon a wide berth, got up into his lap and purred and lapped his face. The critters" at the barn were quick to see that the deacon had experienced religion.

After the preacher had been chopping in the woods about six weeks the deacon and his wife came into uncle Amos' Sunday school one Sunday afternoon. It was a cold midwinter afternoon, but the vestry was packed to the doors and there was a good fire in the stove, but what was better, there was the warmth of good cheer in half a hundred little hearts reaching out to each other and bubbling over with the milk of human kindness. The deacon and his wife had on their new clothes. His wife had one of those high-top hats and as she bowed to the children the plumes of her hat waved with an inborn grace that added a charm to the happy scene. The deacon and his wife looked so new and happy that the children got on their feet and clapped their hands. The deacon's wife joined in the songs. The deacon didn't have much of an ear for music, but his heart was alive with the music of supreme content which beamed forth in his countenance.

At the close of the Sunday school services Uncle Amos invited the deacon to pray. It was a prayer of inspiration that can only come from a contrite heart. He thanked the Lord for the blessings of this earth—the rain and the sunshine, the blooming flowers and the running brooks, the cattle and cats, and every creeping thing. His prayer had a whole sermon in it, and it was not that kind of sermon that would put a Christian to sleep.

In closing his prayer he said: "O, Lord, have mercy on me for my shortcomings, as I would have mercy on you if you was me and I was you.

Afterward the deacon was Uncle Amos' assistant in the Sunday school, and the children stuck to him as close as they did to Uncle Amos.

When the minister came out of the woods in the spring the church was opened, the deacon doubled his subcription and did not require but one service on Sunday.

There is now a little heaven at Brown's Corner, and all great and small are in it.

If in the sweet by and by there is a downy couch alongside of St. Peter's chair, I guess Uncle Amos and Dea. Jones will get there.
*—Solon Chase in Boston Herald.*

### Only a Dream Now.

The port of Portland, Me., is much interested in a big scheme that has been proposed by Mr. E. F. Clements.

The Portland, Press says:

"Mr. Clements took a map of this section of the Continent and exhibited it to his hearers. It included that section of the country East of the Mississippi, the Maritime Province the Western Ocean, Ireland, England, the Continent of Europe. From the cities of New York and Chicago on this map, were drawn lines along the existing railway lines to Portland. From Portland was drawn a blue line to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Along the South Coast of Nova Scotia, running Northward was another red line to Sydney. Then there was another blue line to Newfoundland, and another red line across Newfoundland to St. John's, and from there another blue line across the Atlantic Ocean to Valencia across Ireland to Dublin, was another red line.

These red lines are railroads, and the blue lines are steamship routes. The quickest trip across the Atlantic is now made from New York in a little over six days,' said Mr. Clements. 'I am not figuring altogether on speed in this contemplated route, but it enters into this plan not a little. At New York, a man bound for Europe, can take a palatial train run right through to Portland on express time and without change. In the sleeping car he will be landed on a dock alongside a magnificent Clyde built steamer sometime before breakfast time. He boards the steamer with his baggage, and at a 20 knot clip sails out of Portland for Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. He has a beautiful sail along one of the most beautiful coasts in the world and by dark he is at Yarmouth. There is now building from Yarmouth, N. S., Northward, the South Coast Railway. This runs right along the coast of Nova Scotia to Chester, then through to Windsor, then on to Truro and Sydney, and within a few years will be completed. At Sydney transfer is made to another beautiful steamship which takes the passenger over to Newfoundland shore in a few hours. Here another palatial train is in waiting, and he run made through Newfoundland to St. John's. There the swiftest passenger ship afloat should be in waiting. From St. John's to Valencia, Ireland, the distance is 1,500 miles. The Lucania, or some of those crack ships could make this 1,500 mile run in 63 hours, giving only two nights on the Atlantic and avoiding a greater part of that dangerous voyage along the Nova Scotia coast Southward to New York. From Valencia, Ireland, to London, or on the continent, the usual lines of railroads and steamboats would be taken. In this proposed route there is a great variety of scenery and relief from the monotony of ocean travel.

The route is through the most beautiful scenic region in this part of the American Continent. The steamboat and railway accommodations would be of the finest, and the trip would be very expensive, but would become the fashionable and rapid route to England and Europe.

### The Moon's Influence

Upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it it disputed. The moon never attracts corns from the tender, aching spot. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days This great remedy makes no sore spots, doesn't go fooling around a man's foot, but gets to business at once and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Putnam's," and no other.

### Arrow Points.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK, M. A.

—Don't keep what you borrow.

—Your sins cannot be transferred to any other human being.

—The full results of a battle are not felt at first.

—It is hard to cure people who need to be coaxed.

—Affliction's rod is held by God.

—Passion is power run wild.

—A new cross is not a new curse.

—It is one thing to drive, another thing to be driven.

Is the Lord your Master?
Then His word obey;
Not for just a moment,
Not with anxious fear;
But brightly, gladly, promptly,
Keeping conscience clear.

Westchester Station. N. S.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

### Circumstantial Evidence.

A more dismal afternoon could not be imagined. The rain beat against the club windows with monotonous persistency. Miniature rivers ran down the gutters, and the few straggling pedestrians gave anything but a cheerful tone to the depressing picture.

But the exterior gloom was not reflected in the faces of the two members of the club who sat in the warm glow of the merrily crackling fire, their feet on the fender, their heads tilted back, blowing little rings of smoke ceilingward with that air of good fellowship which is only possible under the conditions then existing.

"Yes, it's November, sure enough," said Worthington Thorne, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar.

But it was not that chill, brown month he was thinking of, rather the bright, sunny days of summer; and gradually they became personified by the image of a beautiful girl. Then the question half formed itself in his mind. Had she been sincere with him? When he saw her, would she tell him she wished to be free? He knew these were foolish doubts, but he exclaimed involuntarily:

"Ralph! do you take any stock in all those fairy tales about the fickleness of the summer girls?"

Ralph DeWitt opened his brown eyes with a surprised start, as if the words were the echo of his own thoughts.

"My dear boy," he said, "did you have an experience too?"

"Did I?" queried Thorne, an earnest expression appearing on his face. "Old man, I'm going to tell you something—it will probably be announced soon, anyway. I'm engaged to the loveliest girl in the world."

"Great Scott!"

Ralph's feet came down from the fender with violence, while he added, after a second pause:

"So am I!"

"It would be useless to follow the next hour's conversation, but they waxed eloquent on the topic until it reached the point of describing the young ladies' respective charms.—Here words failed, and their hands went simultaneously to their inside coat pockets. Each drew forth a photograph which, without a word, they exchanged for inspection. There was one explosive exclamation from each, then a painful silence, while they gazed into each other's eyes with a horrified fascination. Mechanically they placed the fatal pictures side by side on the mantel. They were duplicates beyond a doubt!

Not a word was spoken; it was an eloquent silence. One thought reigned supreme in both minds. "That girl" had deceived them both—their faith was destroyed forever.

It was all plain to them now.—Thorne had been to Newport through the months of June and July. She had promised to marry him. When he had departed she had gone to the mountains for August and September, and the unfortunate DeWitt had become a victim there.

When this first anger had in a measure subsided, it was followed by a feeling that the whole world was lost to them. Now, they didn't care what happened. They could see her mocking face in the flames; she was laughing at them; but still they gazed into the leaping, dancing tongues of fire, dreading to look at each other.

Suddenly, without warning, Tom Ferncliffe burst into the room, much to the disgust of the two silent gentlemen occupying it. His quick eye noted something amiss, and he was about to make a hasty retreat when he observed the two photographs, which they had not had time to remove from the mantel.

"Well, I never:" he exclaimed. "If there aren't the Stillwood twins! Know them? Awfully jolly, pretty girls," he rambled on, without apparently noticing the startled glances exchanged by his companions. "No one can tell them apart, and last year they had so complicated a time of it together that this season one went to Newport, and the other went off to the mountains somewhere. Why, what in the deuce ails you fellows? Are you trying to give an imitation of an April day? When I came in, you were like two owls, and now, if I may use so hackneyed an expression, I should say you resembled a couple of Cheshire cats,"

"Tom, your presence is enough to cheer a sphinx," said Ralph, drawing up a chair for Ferncliff, and giving him a cordial though son what late reception.

Thorne took possession of his picture, meanwhile calling himself several choice epithets for not noticing, at once, the superiority, in many respects, of his fiancee over that of his friend, which observation, remarkable as it may seem, was immediately discovered by DeWitt in favor of his fiancee.

Worthington Thorne relieved Ferncliffe's rising curiosity by giving him a brief account of the misunderstanding as a reward for the service he had rendered them. But they afterwards wished they had kept silent; he told it as a joke at their double wedding.

### Shying Horses.

Horses often have what is called the vice of shying—that is, of starting suddenly at the rustle of a leaf or a piece of paper or at the approach of any object to which they are not accustomed. Clearly this is the remnant of an instinct inherited from their wild progenitors in the steppes of prairies, where the sudden rustling of a leaf might indicate the presence of a wolf and where everything that was strange was therefore suspicious.

It is idle as well as cruel to beat a horse for shying, says Our Animal Friends. That only increases his alarm and may easily reduce him to the state of terror in which he loses his head entirely. Horses in that state seem to lose not only their heads, but their perceptive senses, and a horse in that condition may dash headlong against a stone wall. The habit of shying when once formed is difficult to cure, but it may almost always be prevented by such consistent kindness of treatment as to overpower the inherited instinct of instant flight from possible danger in which the habit originates.

### Boot Buying.

People would find less difficulty with ready made shoes, says an experienced salesman, if they would stand up to fit them on instead of sitting down. Nine persons out of ten, particularly ladies, want a comfortable chair while they are fitting a shoe, and it is with the greatest difficulty you can get them to stand for a few minutes even after the shoe is fitted, says the *New York Telegram.*

Then, when they begin walking about, they wonder why the shoes are not so comfortable as they were at first trial. A woman's foot is considerably smaller when she sits in a chair than when she walks about. Exercise brings a larger quantity of blood into the feet and they swell appreciably. The muscles also require certain space. In buying shoes this fact should be borne in mind.

**Tonight**

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of

**Hood's Pills**

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

### In case of Burns.

WHAT TO DO BEFORE THE DOCTOR COMES.

Many lives are lost every year in New York through ignorance of what to do for persons who are severely burned. A little knowledge of what to do before the doctor comes will prevent much needless suffering and often save lives. The information in this article is given by Dr. Edward N. Leavy a surgeon who has made many hurried calls to fires to render aid to the injured. He said to me when I asked him what was the best thing to do for burns:

"Many times a person's clothing is ignited from flames of a gas stove or carelessly dropped matches. In such cases the person is usually a woman; not that women are more careless than men, but their flowing house gowns are more easily ignited. The majority of women, when they find their clothing in flames, will start to run away from the danger.

"Such a procedure is quite likely to prove fatal. If the person is alone a quilt rug or portierre, or any large wrap should be thrown about the body. Then by lying upon the floor and rolling over, the flames can be quickly smothered. If some one is near at hand to give assistance so much the better. In any case, the first thing to do is to see that every spark of fire is extinguished

That duty performed, the clothing should be removed from the burned portions of the body. There are many lotions that will relieve the pain. The one main point that should be kept in mind, however, is to keep the air from the burns.

"Nothing better than flour to protect the burned surface from the air. Make liberal use of the flour and cover every part of the body that the fire has reached. When this is done cover the patient with wraps, protect him from all draughts, and when the doctor comes he will dress the burns. Almost any kind of oil is excellent, except, of course, kerosene and similar oils. The very best oil that can be applied is linseed. This oil, mixed with lime water, forms carron oil, an old remedy for burns which has been in use over two hundred years. Immediately upon application carron oil forms a false skin or film over the burned surface, which effectually prevents the air from reaching the injured parts. Collodion is also an excellent lotion to apply to burns. This preparation is antiseptic, and also a disinfectant. It keeps the burns absolutely clean, free from air, dirt and microbes.

Not long ago, in one of the city hospitals, silver foil was used as a covering for burns. Of course the foil served its purpose very well, but in most households such an article is seldom to be found. And even if the foil is obtainable, it is rather difficult to properly apply it.

"Paraffine or wax candles can be melted and poured over the burns. This quickly hardens and forms a coating through which the air cannot penetrate. This treatment also relieves the pain. Care should be taken that when melted and ready to pour on the injured parts it is not too hot. One argument against the use of paraffine is that it is removed with difficulty. "All these remedies are merely preliminary precautions taken before the arrival of the doctor. In cases where the burns are extensive I should advise the application of flour or linseed oil. Keep the injured person as quiet as possible and out of the air, and send for the doctor at once. Where the burns are slight and the doctor's services are not required the carron oil or collodion will prove excellent remedies. It would be a wise precaution to have a bottle of either lotion at hand. Where a patient is suffering from inhalation of smoke heated milk will aid in reviving him."—*New York Herald.*

Minard's Liniment lumberman's friend.

**OUT OF SORTS?**

If you are run down, losing flesh and generally out of sorts from overwork, worry or other causes, use

Puttner's Emulsion

Nothing else will so promptly restore you to vigor and health.

Always get Puttner's, it is the Original and Best.

1896. B. No. 733.

**In the County Court**

**For the District No. 3,**

Between: OLIVER S. MILLER, Plaintiff,
—AND—
DANIEL MESSENGER, Defendant.

1898. B. No. 822.

**In the County Court**

**For the District No. 3,**

Between: WILLIAM MESSENGER, Plaintiff,
—AND—
DANIEL MESSENGER, Defendant.

To be sold at **Public Auction** by the Sheriff of the County of Annapolis, or his deputy, at the Court House in Bridgetown, in said County, on

**Tuesday, the 17th day of July, A. D. 1900, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon,**

All the estate, right, title, interest, claim, property and demand of the above named defendant Daniel Messenger at the time of the registry of the judgments herein or at any time since, of, in, or to all that certain piece or parcel of land and premises situate in Wilmot, in the said County of Annapolis, and bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at the Annapolis river at the southern end of the line of lands between the said Daniel Messenger, junior, and Hilson Marshall; thence running northerly the course of said line to the main Wilmot highway, crossing said highway and running the course of said line northerly until it comes to the southwest corner of a twenty rod jog, so-called; thence turning and running westerly the course of William Messenger's south line to the Granville cross road, being the dividing line between the township of Wilmot and Granville; thence turning and running southerly the course of said road to the main highway aforesaid, crossing said highway and following the course of the line between the said Daniel Messenger, junior, and Edgar Bent to the Annapolis river; thence turning and running easterly the several courses of the Annapolis River to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less, together with the appurtenances to the same belonging.

The same having been levied upon by the plaintiff, Oliver S. Miller, in the first above mentioned action under an execution issued on a judgment recovered herein by said plaintiff against the defendant and duly registered for more than one year, and the same having been levied upon by the plaintiff, William Messenger, in the second above mentioned action under an execution issued on a judgment recovered herein by the said plaintiff against the defendant and duly registered for more than one year.

TERMS—Ten per cent deposit at time of sale, remainder on delivery of deed.

EDWIN GATES,
High Sheriff of Annapolis County.

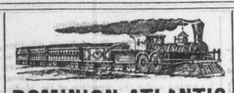
OLIVER S. MILLER, of Bridgetown, N. S., Solicitor of Plaintiff in both actions.

Dated at Bridgetown, June 11th, 1900.—5i

**EXECUTORS' NOTICE**

ALL persons having any legal claims against the estate of BURPEE R. BALCOM, late of Paradise, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate, will please make immediate payment to either of the undersigned.

EDGAR BENT,
NORMAN LONGLEY, } *Executors.*
Paradise, Aug. 1st, 1899. 20 tf



**DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY**
—AND—
**Steamship Lines**
—TO—
**St. John via Digby**
—AND—
**Boston via Yarmouth.**

"Land of Evangeline" Route

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 25TH, 1900, the Steamship and Train Service of this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):—

Trains will Arrive at Bridgetown:

| | |
|---|---|
| Express from Halifax | 11.14 a.m |
| Express from Yarmouth | 1.07 p.m |
| Accom. from Richmond | 4.20 p.m |
| Accom. from Annapolis | 6.20 a.m |
| Express from Halifax, Friday & Saturday | 8.08 p.m |
| Express from Annapolis, Saturday and Monday | 4.16 a.m |

Trains will Leave Bridgetown:

| | |
|---|---|
| Express for Yarmouth | 11.14 a.m |
| Express for Halifax | 1.07 p.m |
| Accom. for Halifax | 6.20 a.m |
| Accom. for Annapolis | 4.20 p.m |
| Express for Annapolis, Friday & Saturday | 8.08 p.m |
| Express for Halifax, Saturday & Monday | 4.16 a.m |

**BOSTON SERVICE:**
**S. S. "Prince George" and "Prince Arthur,"**

2,400 Gross Tonnage; 7,000 Horse Power, by far the finest and fastest steamers plying out of Boston, leave Yarmouth, N.S., Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning, leave Long Wharf, Boston, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic R'y steamers.

**Royal Mail S. S. 'Prince Rupert,'**

1,200 Gross Tonnage; 3,000 Horse Power.

**ST. JOHN and DIGBY,**
**Daily Service** (Sunday excepted.)

| | |
|---|---|
| Leaves St. John | 7.00 a.m |
| Arrives in Digby | 10.00 a.m |
| Leaves Digby | 12.50 p.m |
| Arrives in St. John | 3.35 p.m |

Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on Express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips between Kingsport and Parrsboro.

Trains and Steamers are run on Eastern Standard Time.

P. GIFKINS,
Gen'l Manager,
Kentville, N. S.

**THE NEWPORT NURSERY COMPANY**
**Newport, N. S**

We desire to call the attention of Fruit Growers to the large stock of Fruit Trees of our own growing. Below are a few of the many testimonials we have received in regard to the stock we delivered last Spring:

CANNING, N. S., June 14th. 1899.
The Newport Nursery Co., Newport, N. S.
Gentlemen.—This spring we received from you 2,000 Pear Trees. The stock was the finest we have ever seen, and we are pleased to find a Nova Scotia firm who are so competent to supply the growing needs of this country in the nursery line.
(Signed) THE R. W. KINSMAN CO., Ld'd.
R. W. KINSMAN, President.

PORT WILLIAMS,
Kings Co., June 9th, 1899.
Gentlemen,—The stock sent me was very fine. I can procure you a number of orders among my neighbors. (Signed)
HARRY W. O'KEY.

KENTVILLE, N. S., June 14th. 1899.
The Newport Nursery Co., Newport, N. S.:
Gentlemen,—Last winter I ordered of your Mr. Salter six hundred Apple Trees, which were delivered in good condition last month. The trees were thrifty and healthy, with well formed tops and excellent roots, and were the finest stock ever delivered in this part of Kings Co. Mr. John Burns, and others, who saw the trees, said they were the finest they had ever seen. Of the whole number planted, all have started growing. (Signed)
WILLIAM MCKITTRICK.

GRAND PRE, June 23rd. 1899.
Gentlemen,—This spring I received from you 300 Apple Trees, and although I have been planting trees for a number of years, and from different nurseries, your stock was the finest I have ever had. My neighbors, who have seen my trees, say they will place their orders with you for next spring. If you will send me order blanks I can secure you a large number of orders in this section. (Signed)
W. C. HAMILTON.

Although we have done well by our customers this year we will be in a position to do still better next year, and have to deliver

**OVER 50,000 TREES**

of our own growing, which will be as fine stock as was ever grown on this continent, and of the choicest varieties.

Warranted True to Name.

Aug. 29th, 1899. tf

BRIDGETOWN

**MARBLE WORKS**

The above works, for many years conducted by the late THOS. DEARNESS, will be carried on under the management of MR. JOHN DEARNESS, who will continue the manufacture of

**Monuments,**
in Marble, Red Granite, Gray Granite and Freestone,
**Tablets, Headstones, &c**

All orders promptly attended to.

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

**APPLES A SPECIALTY**

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**N. MAYNBRIGHT-MEYER & CO**

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accept and finance consignments of APPLES, HAY, BUTTER and CANNED GOODS, etc.

Highest market prices with lowest charges guaranteed. For full information apply to their representative

JAMES R. DE WITT,
Bridgetown, N. S.

**NOTICE**

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of EDWARD E. BENT, late of Bentville, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to

ANNIE C. BENT, Administratrix.
REGINALD J. BISHOP, Administrator.
Tupperville, Annapolis County, N. S.
April 3rd, 1900. —6m

What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is the best cod-liver oil, partly digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. What will it do? It will make the poor blood of the anæmic rich and red.

It will give nervous energy to the overworked brain and nerves. It will add flesh to the thin form of a child, wasted from fat-starvation.

It is everywhere acknowledged as The Standard of the World.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
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**GRANITE IRON**

Having bought a large assortment of Granite Iron for cash before the rise, I am prepared to give extra bargains.

**CREAMERY WORK**

will receive my special attention.

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We are showing for the first time

**TWO LINES OF DOWN CUSHIONS!**

Size 20x20 inch, at 75c and 90c.
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**Feather Pillows**

at $3 50, $4 50, $5.00, $5 25 and $5 50.

**Wool and Fibre Pillows made to order.**

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Cotton Top, $3 50, cotton tick.
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**We have a full line of Excelsior, Wool, Fibre and Hair Mattresses.**

**Also agents for the celebrated Ostermoor's Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses.**

**REED BROS.**
**(Successors to H S Reed.)**

**NEW BAKERY!**
**COURT STREET.**

The subscriber offers for sale at the new store on Court Street, Bridgetown,

**Choie Home-made Bread, Biscuits, Pastry, &c.**
**Also Milk and Cream.**

We will make a specialty of Lunches at all hours, consisting of Baked Beans and Brown Bread at 10c. Satisfaction guaranteed, and lowest prices.

**Ice Cream served every Saturday evening.**

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REMEMBER THE PLACE: Two doors north of Iron Foundry. J. M. K.

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Caskets of all grades, and a full line of funeral furnishings constantly on hand.

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**Warerooms at J. H. HICKS & SON'S factory.** 39 y

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THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all Kinds of Carriages and Buggies, Sleighs and Pungs that may be desired.

Best of Stock used in all classes of work.

Painting, Repairing and Vanishing executed in a first-class manner.

ARTHUR PALFREY.

Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 26ly

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A full line of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Women's, Misses' and Children's Fine and Coarse Boots.

**Boots and Shoes made and Repaired.**

**Special attention given to Repairing**

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**WANTED**

Old brass Andirons, Candlesticks, Trays and Snuffers; old Mahogany Furniture. Also old Postage Stamps used before 1870—worth most on the envelopes; old blue Dishes and China. Grandfather clocks. Good prices paid.

Address W. A. KAIN,
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**VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE**

That well-known and valuable farm situate near Bridgetown and formerly owned and occupied by the late T. W. CHESLEY. A portion of the purchase money may remain on mortgage. For terms, etc., apply on the premises to Mrs. Shaw. 49 t

***N. E. CHUTE,***
**Licensed Auctioneer**
**BRIDGETOWN, N. S.**

## The Household.

### Care of the Hair.

Considering that it is her "crowning glory," a woman's hair should receive her most intelligent attention. A well-groomed head of abundant hair confers upon its owner a distinction independent of any other part of her toilet. Good hair, like good looks, runs in some families; so also, unfortunately, does a tendency to a thin, scanty growth, but much may be done to improve the thinnest, driest locks by proper care and attention. Too heroic treatment is scarcely less injurious than neglect. Some women wash their hair regularly once a week, and feel aggrieved that the result is no reward for their pains. Every head of hair is a law unto itself in the matter of shampooing, but it is a very oily scalp indeed that requires soap and water oftener than once in a month or six weeks. Borax and ammonia have a tendency to dry the hair, but a few drops of kerosene in the water is cleansing and leaves the tresses soft and glossy. After the hair has been washed in soap and water—the soap should be as carefully chosen for the scalp as for the face—it should be rinsed in several waters, dried with a soft towel as much as possible by squeezing the water out, not rubbing. The hair must be left till it is thoroughly dry, and the process should be hastened by separating the tresses, and having some one fan heated air into them, or by sitting in the sunlight. Do not attempt to brush or comb them till they are quite dry, or it will be a combing "out" literally. If the hair is inclined to be dry and coarse, twice a year is often enough to shampoo it. In that case there is not much oil in the scalp to hold the dust, which may be all removed from the tresses by the use of a fine brush with flexible bristles. Every woman who is ambitious to possess a fine luxuriant head of hair must never fail to wield her hair brush every night till every bit of dust and loose dandruff has been removed. This cannot be accomplished unless the brushes themselves are clean, and they require cleaning twice a week at least. Gasoline is an excellent cleanser for hair brushes as for many other things. The greatest precaution should be observed in experimenting with this highly inflammable liquid. Dip the bristles into the gasoline, rub quickly, and place the brush in the open air to dry. If the bristles are wiped with an old newpaper crumpled soft, after the brush has been used, they will remain clean longer.

A healthy scalp sheds some of the old hair every year, usually in the fall or spring, so that no alarm need be felt when the hair begins to fall out, providing it does not keep up the falling out process too long. At such a time the brush used should be very soft and light; one with a convex brushing surface is best. When the scalp is very dry, a little vaseline or lanoline may be rubbed in with advantage, just enough that the pores may absorb it all and leave none to make the hair sticky and uncleanly.

The faith in massage is great nowadays, and in truth any sufficiently patient individual can help her hair a great deal by massaging it daily in the proper manner. The general impression of massaging is rubbing; and while that is very well as far as it goes, the definition does not apply to the massaging of the scalp. To do this effectively, place one finger firmly but not severely on any spot and push the scalp under it with a regular rotary motion. After a few seconds, lift the finger and repeat the process in another part, till the whole scalp has been gone over. It sounds tedious enough, but it is a sure method of inducing the hair to grow, and woman is generally willing to persevere in a good cause.

### Be Natural.

The desire to be beautiful is praiseworthy, but it is unwise to allow the physical beautifying to predominate. Unless the mental beauty is there, the physical loses much of its charm. An affected manner is always noticeable and detracts from the attractiveness of the person who assumes it. Be natural. Be yourself. Do not try to imitate some other person. There is a certain undefinable charm about a woman who is unassuming but dignified in her manner; free from affectation, and hence bearing a personality all her own, stamping her with an individuality at once honest and sincere.

### Dont's for Every Day.

Don't forget the "good morning" at the early morning meal. Well-bred people, on entering the breakfast room, generally give a salutation, which is a rule in good form.

Don't laugh continually when talking. Many young people do it to hide bashfulness; others acquire this habit; but in either case it is a breach of good manners.

Don't let your politeness be always for the visitor. An agreeable speech a tender word, a compliment now and then is much appreciated, even by your own family, softening the rough roads in life and making an encouragment when needed.

### Care of the First Teeth.

An experienced dentist says that the majority of parents are entirely to careless with their children's teeth. The first teeth should be preserved and cared for until actually pushed out by the second, so that the jaw cannot contract in the interval. The first set should be brushed with the softest possible paste and a good antiseptic powder, and when signs of decay appear, the tooth should be treated at once. In this way the child grows up with sound even teeth.

—The woman who can control herself under the most trying circumstances is the woman who holds the strongest power. No matter how beautiful and brainy and fascinating the bad-tempered woman may be, or how lengthy her bank account, her power is infinitesimal compared with that of her amiable sister. And amiability is not only power; it is mental progression and health and happiness and long lives to one's friends and family.

### Cucumber and Potato Salad.

Pare and cut the cucumbers into thin slices, soak in cold water for one hour and drain, add half the quantity of cold boiled potatoes, sliced, and a little onion if liked. Pour a French dressing over them and mix thoroughly.

—Colored lawn petticoats have not usurped the place occupied by silk skirts but they are a very welcome feature in this department of dress as they are much cooler than silk. They are worn with cotton gowns chiefly and ought to match the gowns in color. Some of them are elaborately trimmed with lace.

—In baking a custard, set the dish in a pan of water in the oven. Custard can be baked in small glass cups in this way and served with whipped cream heaped on the top.

—To cut hard boiled eggs in a satisfactory manner so that the yolk does not crumble, and the white comes out in smooth, regular strips dip the knife in cold water.

—Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

## Joker's Corner.

### A Reminiscence of Exhibition Day.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

"Well, no," the boy said, "the thing didn't go off exactly as I expected. You see I was the sixth boy in the class, that was next to the head when the class formed left in front, and I was pretty near the first boy called on to declaim. I had got mighty good and ready and had a bully piece too. Ah, it was a rip staver."

And the boy sighed as he paused to lift a segment out of a green apple, and placed it where it would do the most good for a cholera doctor. We asked what piece it was.

"Spartacus to the Gladiators," he said. "Just an old raker of a piece. I got it all by heart, and used to go clear out to the Cascade to rehearse and hook strawberries. Old Fitch"—Mr. Fitch was the boy's preceptor, one of the finest educators in the state—"he taught me all the gestures and inflections and flub dubs, and said I was just laying over the biggest toad in the puddle—"

"Excelling all your competitors, probably Mr. Fitch said," we suggested.

"Yes," the boy replied, "he's a toney old cyclopedia on the patter, is old Fitchy. But him and me was both dead sure I was goin' to skin the rag off the bush—"

"Win all the honors," we gently corrected.

"Yes," he said, "and the way it went off was bad. You see, I did not feel easy in my Sunday clothes on a week day to begin with. And my collar was too tight and